LORD OF THE MYSTERIES

by Cuttlefish That Loves Diving

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LORD OF THE MYSTERIES

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- BOOK 6 -

-AUTHOR-
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[Atlas Studios (Webnovel)]

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CHAPTER 501
BAIT

After sending out the telegram and cleaning up the desk, White Shark Hamilton relaxed completely. He was finally in the mood and had the ability to think about the details of what had happened to him.

The first question that popped into his mind was: *What about the bouncers outside?*

He propped himself up with both hands and walked heavily to the door. When he opened it to take a look, he found that several of his men were standing there unsteadily, telling each other jokes involving women.

Hamilton's anger rushed to his head, but he soon calmed down. The muscles on his face twitched slightly as he pounded on the open door.

Thump!

The bouncers were startled and instinctively turned to look at the door.

"Boss…”

"Boss…”

Seeing who was making the sound, they hurriedly stood there and stammered.

White Shark took a deep breath and asked, "Did you see anyone enter my room?"

"Yes, Lardero. He said that there was a situation downstairs." The bouncers were confused by the question. "Boss, you were the one who let him in…”

As soon as they finished talking, they suddenly thought of other explanations and asked, "Boss, was something inside stolen?"

Hamilton's expression sank, and he shook his head.

"Don't doze off!"

Thud! He drew back and closed the door, leaving the few bouncers puzzled as they exchanged looks, suspecting that their boss was drunk.

In the room, the tall and fat Hamilton frowned and started pacing back and forth.

"Lardero, Lardero, they saw Lardero… That guy, that guy, can he change into someone else's appearance?" As a collaborator who helped pirates sell their loot and gather intelligence, White Shark Hamilton was no stranger to all sorts of sea rumors. The first thing he thought of was the former Pirate Admiral Qilangos who was said to be capable of turning into anyone.

However, he quickly made more connections.

It might not be this mystical ability. If it's really close to the description in the rumors, illusions, cues, and mental manipulation can all do similar things.

Hmm, there's something amiss. That fellow appeared refined and gentle on the outside, but he's inwardly mad and has terrifying strength. With the character he showcased, he should've knocked unconscious or killed anyone who had seen him, before strolling to the door and very politely knocking on the door!

If it's to avoid creating a huge commotion so as to not leave behind too much information or exposing secrets related to his Sequence, then he

could've used a more covert method, like climbing through the window…

Very contradictory… There's only one explanation for this contradiction. He was putting on an act!

Was he disguising his personality or disguising his strength? Or both?

When he thought of this, Hamilton suddenly stopped and put all the details together.

That guy is a novice! His madness is a disguise! His strength is demonstrated by relying on some mystical item!

Yes, that must be it!

This can explain the contradictions. He didn't climb up the walls and enter through the window, because he's a Low-Sequence Beyonder, and he isn't good in such aspects. The focus of his mystical item isn't in this domain… In order to successfully enter my room, he was willing to lower his head and address me as "boss" because he was purely relying on the mystical item. He wasn't too confident about himself and doesn't have enough pride and madness… He acted like a madman so as to match the mystical item's effects of generating horror in others. He created pressure to ask for information.

This can also perfectly explain why he left just like that. The reason why he came to find me is because he obtained such a powerful mystical item. With his elevated ambition, he wants to capture and kill some pirates to make a fortune. Once he knew that I'm serving Silver Coin Viper Oder and Admiral of Blood's intelligence officer, Old Quinn, to the point of being involved with the Queen Mystic, he got scared and fearful, so he chose to leave after acting perfunctorily. He didn't dare to kill anyone!

The more Hamilton thought, the closer he felt to the truth. He hurriedly set up the radio transceiver again and flipped through the passcodes and added a telegram to concisely describe his theories.

He didn't believe that he was being targeted by a hunter, because everything that had happened was a result of the inflated ambition of a young man who simply had a fortuitous encounter. He also gave the corresponding characteristics of the target.

"Blond, blue eyes, not crazy, and even a little timid.

"Possesses a rather mystical item that might allow one to change their appearance and create illusions. In consideration of the sense of horror, the latter is more likely to be true.

"He's just a novice who doesn't have much experience. He specializes in mimicking a powerful aura with the help of the item!

"He knows a thing or two about me, and he doesn't look like an outsider who's here in Damir Harbor for the first time."

Tap. Tap. Tap. Hamilton stopped his finger and leaned back in satisfaction, his chair creaking under his weight.

The corners of his mouth curled up a little, as though he had already seen the ending of that bastard from just now.

"It wouldn't end well for a fellow with a very low Sequence despite possessing a powerful mystical item at sea. Many greedy sharks would rush towards him!

"When the time comes, I'll no longer have to worry about my problems being exposed!"

…

Under the night sky, the harbor was rather quiet. After leaving the Flying Fish & Wine, Klein made a detour in the distance. He first walked quickly before moving slowly, his pace gradually turning into a stroll.

When he was sure that no one was following him, he turned his face back to Gehrman Sparrow as he passed through the shadows. He stuffed the hem of his shirt into his trousers.

He adjusted his sideburns and took out his gold-rimmed glasses, placing them on the bridge of his nose. It gave him a coldness despite his refined appearance.

He began to rely on the stars to find his way back to the White Agate.

As he walked, he let out a soft chuckle. Amidst the cold wind, he leisurely thought, *I hope White Shark isn't that foolish and is able to see the flaws I left behind…*

The persona he had set up tonight was of a new adventurer who lacked experience and made mistakes. And this person, on the other hand, knew a lot about Damir Harbor and White Shark. He had a tempting mystical item on him which had messed with his mind, making him a little crazy deep down.

Klein's initial idea was that pirates would wander around the ocean, and even the navy would have a hard time finding them. If he could get more accurate information from White Shark, he could of course go straight to them. If that didn't work, his identity could be used as a bait to lure some knowledgeable pirates to a predetermined location to complete the initial hunt.

When it was discovered that White Shark could contact Old Quinn, the intelligence officer of Admiral of Blood, Klein's plan was completed. His acquisition of the passcodes and the frequency spectrum had allowed him to monitor the corresponding situation and grasp the target's movement. Then, by interfering with the divination of others, he could, at the most appropriate time, use the combination of having a powerful mystical item and being a weak adventurer as bait, to catch a number of big fish.

Now, the problem I have is that I don't have the equipment to monitor their communications… It's basically impossible to buy it at sea… I'll have to use The World's identity to get Miss Justice or Miss Magician to buy one in Backlund. I'll receive the delivery via a sacrificial ritual… This is the advantage of the Tarot Club! With this in mind, Klein sighed.

Seeing the White Agate in sight, he quickened his pace a little and found that Donna's family and Cleves were returning from another street.

Cleves greeted him by nodding his head. Just like when they officially met, he said in a low voice, "I heard there was trouble at Flying Fish & Wine?"

Very well-informed and rather familiar with Damir Harbor… Klein smiled and replied, "I only taught two cheats a lesson."

Cleves's brows twitched slightly, suddenly feeling that his impression of Gehrman Sparrow was a little wrong.

After his previous observation and interaction, he felt that, although this young adventurer was a bit sharp, a bit reserved, and a bit cold, he could still be considered someone who smiled, was polite, and knew when to advance or retreat. But now, he was a bit uncertain. He felt that there might be a hidden flame of madness hidden in the recesses of his heart.

At this moment, Donna's father interrupted, "Mr. Cleves, who is this?"

"A colleague, Gehrman Sparrow," Cleves introduced in a very simple manner.

With a polite smile, Klein extended his right palm.

"It's my honor to meet you. In the future, if you need anyone, and if you can't find Cleves and the others, you can consider me."

"No problem. I hope you're as strong and professional as them!" Donna's father shook hands with Klein with apparent warmth and introduced

himself, "Urdi Branch."

Klein had just released his grip on the box when his spiritual perception was triggered. He felt that there was something strange inside the gift boxes the Branch servants were holding.

He quietly activated his Spirit Vision and discovered that the gift box contained strips of cured meat. However, the surface of the cured meat had very rich colors at the red, white, and black spots. They looked they were things from the spirit world.

There's the aura of the spirit world, but they're practically harmless… This cured meat is very special… Klein was surprised.

Noticing his gaze, Donna's father laughed and said, "This is a specialty of Damir Harbor. In the center of the island, there's an extinct volcano. There are a few cracks in the surrounding underground caves where a natural hot wind blows. Curing meat there allows the meat to gain a wonderful and unique flavor. It can be used as gifts for friends.

"Mr. Sparrow, if you wish to buy some, it's not too late."

Unique flavor? The taste of the spirit world? Klein had a rough idea of what was going on.

According to theories in mysticism, the spirit world completely overlapped with reality without interfering with it. One had to rely on the strength of a Beyonder to open up a gap, but this wasn't an absolute situation. There were places in the world, which had the spirit world being strong enough to slightly influence reality.

In such regions, it was very easy for the dead to turn into water ghosts, zombies, and the like. There was also a non-trivial possibility that residences in such areas would have paranormal activity.

*A similar situation should've occurred in the interior of Damir Harbor's underground caves, but it's not serious and doesn't cause any abnormalities, only giving the cured meat a unique flavor… There wouldn't be any problems if one doesn't eat too much of this in one sitting… *Klein responded with a smile.

"I'm not interested in cured meat."

Only at this moment did he finally confirm that the cured meat that the bartender had previously served him was ordinary and nothing special.

At this moment, the little boy, Denton, pointed at the moon in the sky and said, "It's so very red!"

"Yeah!" Donna nodded in agreement.

Very red? Klein looked up and saw that the red moon was no different than usual.

Because a child's spirit is relatively pure, he temporarily possesses certain Spirit Vision powers after being tainted with the spirit world's aura from eating such cured meat? Would the children on this island be in a similar situation? Heh heh, this might be the source of Damir Harbor's folklore… Klein observed for a moment and found the answer.

The group strolled back to the ship, moving up the gangway and arriving on the deck.

Klein bade them farewell and went to the second-class cabin.

Suddenly, his mind stirred and he once again activated his Spirit Vision.

He saw the huge skeleton messenger appear in front of him and drop a letter.

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CHAPTER 502
THE SCENE IN AZIK'S MEMORIES

Pa!

Klein stretched out his hand and caught the slightly heavy letter.

The large skeleton messenger didn't stay, and it immediately disintegrated into a fountain of bones. One bone after another fell to the deck and disappeared, as though it didn't want to stay a second longer.

With the letter firmly in his hand, Klein didn't lower his head to examine it. Instead, he instinctively turned around and looked at the wooden staircase leading to the first-class cabins.

He saw Donna and Denton with their eyes wide and mouths agape, as though they wanted to scream at the sight of the scene, but everything they saw was over before they could make a sound. As a result, they even wondered if they were hallucinating.

The children who eat the special cured meat in Damir Harbor gain temporary Spirit Vision to a certain degree… Klein's brows twitched slightly as he raised his left hand's index finger vertically and placed it against his mouth to silence the two young ones, just like he did while the murloc hunt was happening.

The already rather tall Donna immediately raised her hand and covered her mouth. She nodded in fear and excitement, indicating that she understood.

When she looked diagonally down, she saw that her brother was still in a daze. She quickly grabbed his arm and pushed his hand against his mouth.

Cleves and Cecile sensed that something was wrong with them. They stopped and looked at Klein, but they discovered nothing.

Facing their stares, Klein calmly nodded and continued walking to his room.

A gold coin had appeared in his hand without anyone realizing. It was tossed up, and it tumbled around as though it possessed life.

Ding!

The gold coin landed with a number facing up, indicating a negative result.

This meant that the tiny episode wouldn't be detrimental to Klein.

Seriously, the current messenger isn't polite at all. It's not like the previous one who would tap my shoulder or nudge my body to give an advance warning, or just convert my surroundings into a spiritual world to prevent ordinary people from seeing him… Klein lampooned as he took out his key and opened the door.

He sat down on the edge of the low bed, lit a candle with only half its length remaining, and opened Mr. Azik's response letter.

As he pulled out the items inside, the first one that caught his eye was the Dark Emperor card.

Looking at that face which pissed him off, Klein let out a breath of relief and eased his worries.

He wasn't afraid that Mr. Azik wouldn't return it to him, as he had that minimum level of trust. After all, the potion formula and corresponding rituals could be copied, and only the convergence properties of high-level

materials couldn't be imitated. And since this was clearly not Azik's pathway, nor was it one of the switchable paths available to him, so a powerhouse like him had no need for it.

Klein was worried that the messenger would be robbed, losing the Card of Blasphemy which would help him tremendously while in his Spirit Body state.

This wasn't impossible. The number of strange creatures in the spirit world was hard to count, so it isn't hard to end up having a few who were good at locating messengers and robbing them.

The Dark Emperor card was returned along with the copper whistle from the Numinous Episcopate.

After temporarily putting away these two items, Klein unfolded the important letter and read Azik's reply.

“…That card that depicts the Dark Emperor reminds me of certain scenes. The tall-as-a-mountain Blood Emperor who wore a red cape with 'His' eyes being abnormally crazy, containing almost zero reasoning. He was on the brink of losing control. There was the true Dark Emperor who had revived. 'He' sat on a gigantic throne, overlooking the land.

"When I looked up at them, I lost consciousness when the Blood Emperor looked at me.

"I should have, in some form, participated in the War of the Four Emperors, but the exact details still require me to recall them. Perhaps it was because of an injury from back then that caused me to lose my memories again and again as I repeatedly died and reawakened.

"The legend of Death's treasure trove in the Berserk Sea doesn't ring any bells. Perhaps I'll be able to sense something and be naturally attracted to it when I travel to the Southern Continent by boat and pass through that sea.

"The experiences of the owner of that copper whistle resemble that of an Undying's ritual, but there are also clear differences. I can sense evil auras and the premonition of danger. I believe the owner of the copper whistle is in a strange and terrifying state.

"It's best that you don't blow that copper whistle and summon the messenger. This will bring extreme danger. We can make further attempts when I fully recover my memories and figure out what that experience really means.

"The feather left behind by the copper whistle's owner that you mentioned can be used in the domain of the undead. It's a unique material that's rich in spirituality. When I recall more, I'll organize the knowledge of some rituals and charms you can use with it for you. Speaking of this matter, I recall that you'd asked me about the method for ridding the mental corruption of a Beyonder characteristic. This will likely need more time. At the very least, I'm still a blank slate in this aspect.

"Also, I vaguely remember that in the Southern Continent, there are strange creatures called Feathermen.

"It's best to seal that card; otherwise, it might attract powerful enemies and many disasters. I can give you some techniques. This isn't too difficult. First, an improved wall of spirituality…"

As expected, the Card of Blasphemy has a convergence effect upon activation… It's a good thing that I've left it above the gray fog in the past… According to Mr. Azik's descriptions, he shouldn't be an amnesiac Death. Otherwise, he wouldn't have looked up to the Blood Emperor and the Dark Emperor… It's likely that he's a son of Death, participating in the War of the Four Emperors by accompanying that deity. Unfortunately, he suffered from severe injuries… As he thought, Klein produced a flame and burned the letter.

Then, he tried the sealing technique and practiced what Azik had taught him in the letter.

After doing all of this, he held a ritual and brought the Dark Emperor card and the Numinous Episcopate's copper whistle into the mysterious space above the gray fog, eliminating all possibilities of any accidents.

There was no doubt that Klein had no wish to suddenly meet the King of the Five Seas, Nast, at sea.

…

Early in the morning, the sun rose above the horizon and dyed it golden.

Klein went to the not-so-well-stocked second-class buffet cafeteria and ate two slices of toast with bacon and butter and drank a cup of lemon tea.

After filling his stomach, he went to the deck to breathe in the fresh air and enjoy the beautiful early-morning scenery.

Then, he saw a drunk Captain Elland returning, his straight sword swaying.

Thinking back to last night's incident, Klein came over and said without a smile, "Good morning.

"White Shark didn't cause you any trouble, right?

"He should be able to determine that I'm a passenger of the White Agate."

Dressed in a dark red coat, Elland took off his ship-shaped hat and laughed.

"This is his own problem.

"Actually, he wanted you to pay half the repair fees for the bar counter, but that isn't much. It's just a few soli. I happened to win six pounds last night and gave him some extra tips, and that was the end of it."

Captain, are you afraid that a crazy adventurer like me will blow the whole thing up just for the sake of face, so you ended up choosing to bear the

compensation? Klein was silent for a few seconds.

"I understand."

Then, he turned and walked back to the bow, leaving two soft words: "Thank you."

When Klein returned to his original position, he felt the sea breeze blowing against his face. He slowly let out a breath, feeling that it was too goddamn hard to force a persona.

After enjoying the wind for a while, he was about to return to the cabin when two figures suddenly appeared beside him. They were Donna and Denton.

Cecile, who was in charge of protecting them, was a few paces away.

Donna had obviously not slept well last night. Her eyes were puffy, and her face was gloomy, but she was in high spirits. She was obviously imitating Klein's taking in of the scenery, but her eyes were darting around nimbly.

Just as Denton, who was in a similar state as her, wanted to speak, she spoke first.

"Uncle, who was that last-last night?"

As she spoke, she looked ahead without turning her head, but her body was trembling slightly, as though she was recalling the scene she had seen.

"It was a messenger. You can think of him as a postman." Klein also didn't look at the two little kids, as though he was talking about what he had for breakfast.

"Messenger?" Denton almost lost control of the volume of his voice.

"The world is so huge, so there's bound to be some strange creatures in this world. Trust me, although this creature looks very ferocious and terrifying, it's actually very gentle and professional… It just sent me a letter on behalf of a friend who's far away," Klein explained slightly, trying to describe the four-meter-tall messenger as pitiful, weak, and helpless.

After a night of panic, and because she hadn't been harmed in any way, Donna was much calmer. Her eyes lit up as she said, "Well, that's amazing!

"It's like listening to a story!"

"Very cool!" Denton also expressed his opinion.

Then, he puzzledly asked, "But why didn't anyone else see it? No one had any response!"

"That's because your hearts are pure." Klein smiled.

This was a white lie. After all, he couldn't just say that it was a problem with the special cured meat. That would only make the two curious little fellows fail to resist making attempts.

This way, ignoring the fact that ingesting large amounts of it would cause one to fall ill, just randomly having Spirit Vision activated was a very dangerous matter. Even though Klein could now sustain the consumption of his Spirit Vision for a long period of time, he ultimately didn't dare keep it open. Sometimes, seeing things he shouldn't have seen could lead to madness or death!

"C-can we have a messenger of our own?" Donna asked, curious and excited.

"That will depend on luck," Klein answered simply and calmly.

He couldn't help but lampoon inwardly, *I don't even have a messenger of my own!*

In order to obtain a messenger, he had to design an accurate summoning ritual and prepare the corresponding spirit world creature contract. This was a specialized field of knowledge, and randomly doing so could easily summon something bad, so Klein didn't dare to recklessly try it.

"Yeah. Yeah." Donna looked forward to it.

Then, she said in a tiny voice, "Uncle, we'll keep this a secret for you."

Beside her, Denton nodded solemnly.

At this moment, a new passenger that intended to board in Damir Harbor carried his suitcase as he walked onto the deck.

After sending the telegram, Blazing Danitz considered that the Captain might instruct him on certain matters. So he decided to cut the holiday short and await orders at the capital of the Rorsted Archipelago.

Through his own channels, he had obtained a ticket, put on a wig, blackened his eyebrows, and easily boarded the White Agate, waiting for the liner to blow its whistle.

Sigh, as Emperor Roselle said, capable people always have to do a little bit more work… As Danitz walked towards the cabin, he looked around leisurely. Suddenly, he saw a familiar figure.

It was a young adventurer in a black coat, gentle in appearance and mad in nature. He was standing at the bow of the ship, beaming at him like a gentleman.

The muscles in Danitz's face began to stiffen.

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CHAPTER 503
HOSTAGE

Discovering a pirate who was worth 3,000 pounds board the ship in disguise, Klein immediately felt wary. He smiled to Denton and Donna who were beside him and said, "I've got a friend."

He calmly walked towards the Rear Admiral Iceberg's fourth boatswain, locking his eyes on the other party.

The smile on Blazing Danitz froze when he saw the young adventurer, with crazy blood flowing through his veins, slowly approach. He suddenly had a thought, *Run! Run as fast as you can! Do your best to escape! Even if I have to use Beyonder powers and expose my identity, I have to flee immediately!*

In his eyes, the reserved and stern adventurer was a genuine monster draped in human skin!

Just as Danitz was about to make his move, he suddenly calmed down because he remembered what happened last night: the adventurer hadn't attacked him and had allowed him to leave!

*That is to say, he doesn't necessarily have the hostile intention of hunting me down. He can be reasoned with to resolve this crisis… Directly running away would only lead to conflict… *Thoughts ran through Blazing Danitz's mind. Relying on his rich experience, he forcefully controlled his legs and appeared to wait in place.

Klein walked over, one step at a time, and smiled.

"Good morning, we meet again."

That gentle and courteous smile of his made Danitz shudder for some inexplicable reason. He pursed his lips and said, "Good morning."

Klein maintained his persona, his expression turning cold.

"What are you doing on the ship?"

"Heading to the Rorsted Archipelago," Blazing Danitz, who was also considered a famous pirate, answered honestly.

"Why are you heading there?" Klein calmly asked.

Danitz forced a smile and said, "Waiting for our Captain's orders. Perhaps there will be a mission arranged for me."

He's probably going to chase me off the ship. In any case, there's a potential risk to have a pirate board a ship… After he finished speaking, Danitz speculated about the possible developments.

For him, this was considered a pretty good result. At most, he would waste a ticket.

Klein fell silent, so silent that Danitz's hair stood on end.

It was a full five or six seconds before he spoke again.

"Which cabin do you live in?"

"First-class, Room 312." Danitz raised the ticket in his hand to eye level.

He didn't dare to look down for fear that the enemy would seize the opportunity to launch a surprise attack.

Klein nodded indiscernibly.

"Is there a servant room?"

"Yes," Blazing Danitz subconsciously answered, but his heart was at a loss. He had no idea why the man was posing such a question at him.

Then, he heard the man say to him in a flat tone like he was speaking to a subordinate,

"You'll sleep there."

*Ah? Where? I'll be sleeping in the servant's room? Aren't you going to chase me off the ship? *Danitz was somewhat stunned as he blurted out, "Why?"

Klein glanced at him and said one word in a faint voice, "Hostage."

*Hostage? He's worried that I'm a planted agent on the ship, making it easier for the pirate fleet to plunder the White Agate, so he plans to use me as a hostage? That's reasonable. If it really is as he suspects, then it wouldn't stop the pirate fleet's attack even if I'm chased off the ship. It's better to hold me hostage to aid in the negotiations… Dogsh*t. I hate this kind of arrogant, cold person who doesn't say much. They always only say a word or two, or even just an utterance, leaving me to guess the rest! I-if I'm really not his match, then I wouldn't even mix with such company! Why did I previously think that his temper matched my tastes? I must've been mad…* Danitz gritted his teeth as he thought.

"Fine." He exhaled helplessly.

"To your cabin." Klein maintained the perfect Gehrman Sparrow persona.

Phew… Blazing Danitz carried his suitcase, reluctantly leading the monster draped in human skin to the cabin. They went to the upper deck and arrived at Room 312.

After opening the door, Klein took a quick look and found the place several times better than second class.

The living room was about thirty square meters and was connected to a master bedroom and three servant rooms. It had a separate bathroom, a standard wardrobe, and a mahogany desk.

Danitz put down his suitcase and glanced at the servant rooms. He suddenly thought of an important question.

"Is the master bedroom going to be left empty just like that?"

The moment he finished speaking, he already knew the answer.

"It's mine." Klein smiled in a gentleman-like fashion.

As expected, to watch over me… Danitz felt depressed.

Klein paced on the carpet in the room and said while pointing to the door, "Come with me downstairs."

“…Alright." Danitz was a little lost, unsure what the man was up to.

The adventurer and famous pirate duo soon arrived at the second-class cabins and found Klein's original room.

After opening the door, Klein didn't enter. He pointed inside and said to Danitz, "Tidy the things on the desk and put them in the suitcase."

What? Tidy things? You want me to help tidy things up? Danitz was almost stunned.

In a blink of an eye, he felt a surge of anger rush to the top of his head.

How can I, Blazing Danitz, Rear Admiral Iceberg's fourth boatswain, a famous pirate with a bounty of 3,000 pounds, be driven like a servant!

My dignity and my reputation won't allow me to accept such humiliation!

Klein gave him a cold look when he saw that Blazing Danitz was standing motionless like a petrified statue.

Danitz's body suddenly trembled.

He took a deep breath and replied with a smile which looked worse than crying, "Alright."

Aggrieved, he bent over and entered the cabin that didn't have a very high ceiling, swiftly putting the items that were scattered outside into the suitcase.

Without needing Klein to remind him, he placed the things in order, even more carefully than how he dealt with his own luggage.

After doing all this, he carried the suitcase and followed Klein upstairs.

Along the way, he always had the impulse to sneak attack the man's back, but in the end, he held back.

After returning to Room 312, Danitz clenched his teeth, swallowed his saliva, and said, "How should I address you?"

"Gehrman Sparrow," Klein responded succinctly.

Gehrman Sparrow… Danitz ruminated over the name inwardly, swearing that he would definitely not forget what had happened today. He vowed to let the man before him have a taste of something similar in the future!

Captain will definitely help me! he thought with anticipation.

For the sake of his persona, Klein didn't choose the reclining chair. Instead, he randomly chose a hard wooden chair to sit down on.

He leaned back in his chair, his body slightly hunched as he clasped his hands together, and said to Blazing Danitz, "Tell me about the famous pirates you know of."

"There are a lot of them," Danitz replied, feeling somewhat stumped.

He stood where he was, afraid to move, like a servant.

Klein slowly curled his lips up and said, "Do it in accordance with the bounties."

With that, he pointed to the chair opposite him.

"Have a seat."

With a sigh of relief, Danitz hurriedly sat down.

He suddenly felt that the man wasn't too bad; he was at least willing to give him a seat.

…

Woo!

The White Agate sailed out into the open sea and moved at a speed of 13 knots until noon.

Blazing Danitz, whose mouth was going dry from all the talk, was finally permitted to stop. He took his ticket and led Klein to the first-class dining restaurant.

The restaurant was decorated elegantly, with violinists playing in the corner and barriers separating the tables to ensure the privacy of one's dining environment.

After walking a few steps, Klein met Donna's family and Cleves. They occupied a large table and were waiting for the waiter to serve the dishes.

"Uncle Sparrow!" Because of their shared secret, the little boy, Denton, had changed the way he addressed him.

Donna blinked, fully expressing her doubts.

She clearly remembered that Uncle Sparrow lived in a second-class cabin and wasn't supposed to be in this restaurant.

Klein waved his hand with a smile as a greeting, then he pointed at Danitz and said, "He's treating."

"Is that so…" Donna sized up Danitz curiously, and they felt that the gentleman looked odd, especially his eyebrows which looked extremely unnatural.

Cleves put down his fork and knife, and, after two seconds of silence, he asked, "Your friend?"

Klein chuckled and turned his head to Danitz.

"What do you think the answer should be?"

Danitz gritted his teeth, then he forced a smile.

"Gehrman once saved me."

*Yes, that's right. Otherwise, I might've already been killed by him for the sake of claiming the bounty… *Danitz consoled himself.

Cleves looked Danitz up and down a few times and said nothing more.

Passing the Donna family, Klein found a table by the window.

The waiter came with great enthusiasm and handed over the menu.

"Charcoal steak, red wine foie gras, vegetable salad…" Danitz scanned the menu and couldn't help but sigh. "Ships that dock for resupplying every two to three days are better. There's plenty of fresh food. When you encounter a ship that floats on the sea for one to two weeks, you can only cycle between beer, cured meat, and various canned goods. It's so monotonous that it drives you crazy. However, the sea itself will also provide fresh food. Heh heh, but this requires one to have sufficient judgment. We had a sailor on our ship who once had a beautiful lobster, only to suffer diarrhea until his ass nearly…"

As a pirate, he had the habit of using vulgar language for descriptions, but after he looked at Gehrman Sparrow's expression, he changed his vocabulary.

"Suffer diarrhea until his ass nearly fell off."

I have reason to suspect that there were other factors. Although your captain is a woman, there should be very few women in the crew. Furthermore, with the sailors unable to get ashore for a long period of time, they must be thirsty… Klein silently lampooned, took the menu, and drew a line according to the price.

"All of these."

"Alright." The waiter's expression didn't change at all.

At that moment, Klein saw Captain Elland enter the dining room and pass by, so he simply greeted him.

When he looked back, he saw that Blazing Danitz was already looking out the window, as if he was watching the scenery.

"The Captain knows you?" Klein asked in a tone close to a statement.

Danitz let out a hollow chuckle.

"We fought his crew back when he was the boatswain of the Wilhelm V.

"Besides, I'm also considered quite a famous pirate…”

At this point, Danitz recalled his current situation and suddenly became depressed. Hence, he changed the topic.

"I've always wondered why Just Elland would suddenly quit the Navy. By then, he was already an Arbiter."

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CHAPTER 504
RED SKULL PIRATE CREW

*A Beyonder was allowed to leave the fleet? *Without Danitz's deliberate explanation, Klein easily understood why he found it strange.

In a Nighthawks team, even the civilian staff would experience strict restrictions. Even a normal resignation would require them to sign a life-long confidentiality agreement. They weren't allowed to leave the Nighthawks team's area that they originally belonged to, and once they were approved to move to another city, they had to immediately register at the local Evernight Church.

From such rules, it could be seen how the officials treated Beyonders powers and related matters. A Beyonder who had drunk a potion wouldn't be able to leave their organization so easily.

Klein clearly remembered that Miss Justice initially had the means and channels to become a Beyonder, but she didn't attempt them. The reason given was that she didn't want to lose her freedom.

Similar thoughts ran through his mind, but they didn't become words, because the polite but cold Gehrman Sparrow wouldn't be interested in such rumors.

"So what?" Klein looked at the tableware on the table and calmly asked.

Do you know how to make conversation!? Blazing Danitz secretly drew a breath and squeezed out a smile.

"Haha, I just found it strange. We all suspected that he had joined MI9, and that he was using his identity as a captain to monitor the sea routes."

It's possible… Klein picked up a glass of water and took a sip.

The dishes he ordered were served one by one according to their type. The restaurant even gave him two complimentary cups of sweet, bubbling, and light gold pre-meal wine.

Klein stopped talking and concentrated on enjoying the food, feeling that it was indeed much better than the second-class dining room.

The melodious tunes of a violin resonated amidst the sounds produced from the slight contact between the cutlery and plates. The blue and open sea outside the window rippled quietly, and everything seemed perfect.

As Klein was about to be served dessert, a crewman came stomping in and ran to the table where Elland was sitting.

"Captain, there's a pirate ship!" He didn't suppress his voice.

Most of the passengers were shocked and stopped eating.

Klein looked up, looking across him at Danitz with his eyes dark and cold.

Blazing Danitz stiffened for a second, then he smiled bitterly. He lowered his voice and said, "If I were to say that this has nothing to do with me, will you believe me?"

Klein's eyelids twitched as he slowly smiled.

"Guess."

*Guess? You son of a b*tch!* Danitz was so furious that he almost cursed.

He maintained his smile and said, "Your wisdom is enough to judge everything."

At that moment, Elland quickly asked about the situation. He stood up and said to the panicking first-class passengers, "There's only one pirate ship. We have enough power to deal with it.

"Ladies and gentlemen, please return to your rooms in an orderly manner and await the arrival of good news. Believe me, the damage caused by chaos far exceeds whatever damage those pirates can do. I don't wish to hear rumors in the future that although we, the White Agate, had succeeded in repelling the pirates, a handful of passengers had fallen and injured themselves."

Under his arrangements, and with the support of the crew, Donna and the others left the dining room and returned to their own cabins, which included Klein and Blazing Danitz.

"I thought you were going to temporarily take over the White Agate and try to keep it safe from harm," Danitz commented inside room 312 as he closed the door, as though he was watching a play.

To be able to immediately throw out an olive branch and talk about creeds and remuneration after finding a suitable candidate showed that he was an extroverted boatswain who liked to talk with others.

Klein glanced at him, then went to the window, and looked out. He saw a large ship with a red skull flag fluttering as it cruised towards them. There were chimneys and sails.

"Know them?" Klein held his hands in his pocket and stood behind a thick glass window.

Danitz walked to a spot diagonally behind him. After looking into the distance for two seconds, he said, "Red Skull. A small-medium band of pirates.

"The captain is Sea Wolf Johnson with a bounty of 900 pounds. The first mate is One-Eyed Anderson with a bounty of 500 pounds."

In the pirate world, a bounty was an important reference point that determined one's status and standing.

Considering that he didn't have the ability to move underwater adeptly, it would be easy to have innocents die if he allowed the pirates to board the ship. Klein was silent for a few seconds before asking, "Do they know you?"

"Of course!" Danitz instantly straightened his back. "They're qualified to participate in distinguished gatherings between pirates. I once kicked them in the ass."

As expected of a famous pirate worth 3,000 pounds… Klein's asked without a change in expression, "Do they have binoculars?"

"That's an essential item. Even if a ship is placed under control, there will be sailors standing on the observation deck, using binoculars to observe the surroundings to prevent any surprise attacks," Danitz replied scornfully.

He could finally tell that this dangerous fellow was a new adventurer, and it was very likely that this was his first time at sea.

Was he a famous bounty hunter? A member of a secret organization? Danitz subconsciously guessed Gehrman Sparrow's past.

"During such times, will the captain and the first mate use their binoculars to observe us?" Klein originally wanted to address them as 900 pounds and 500 pounds, but he found it a bit impolite.

"Definitely, they have to keep track of their target," Danitz replied, slightly puzzled.

He didn't understand Gehrman Sparrow's goal for asking such questions. From his point of view, if he had his powerful strength, he definitely would've allowed the Red Skull pirates to approach, find an opportunity to board their ship, and then eliminate everyone.

Klein tilted his head and looked at Danitz before revealing a gentlemanly and warm smile.

"That's good."

What do you want to do? Don't smile like that! Danitz suddenly panicked and summoned the courage to fight back.

"Take off your wig," Klein calmly ordered.

Ah? Danitz was puzzled as he slowly removed the wig from his head.

Klein took out a special bottle of extract from his secret pocket and handed it over.

"Wipe your eyebrows and face clean."

This was a mystical "Makeup Removal Extract" he had prepared before advancing to Faceless. He had used it when attacking the Wraith from the Rose School of Thought.

Although Klein no longer needed it anymore, he had been reluctant to throw it away.

"…” Danitz was even more confused. However, he was unwilling to throw himself into an irreversible situation unless he was really attacked, physically. He had no choice but to do as he was told, removing the disguise on his face and restoring his original appearance.

Putting away the small metal bottle, Klein opened the window and let the sea breeze pour in.

"Stand here and look outside," he pointed directly behind the window and said to Blazing Danitz.

Danitz warily walked over in a daze and stood firmly behind the window.

Klein observed for a few seconds, then he calmly said, "You have two choices. One, crawl out and hang there in an eye-catching manner. Two, you get held by the collar by me and hung there in an eye-catching manner."

"What do you want to do?" Danitz blurted out.

Klein revealed his amiable smile again.

"Show you to the pirates. I believe Rear Admiral Iceberg's fourth boatswain holds sufficient weight to persuade them to retreat."

"No, don't do that!" Danitz subconsciously rejected the notion.

He could imagine what the people from the Red Skull pirate crew would think when they discovered him. Either Blazing Danitz had been captured, and there was a very terrifying powerhouse on the ship, or the ship was already being targeted by Rear Admiral Iceberg, and that other pirates were to immediately keep their distance.

And the way I'm hung up decides which thought they would have… Danitz thought sadly.

Klein smiled even more genially.

"I'm a very easy person to get along with, really—as long as you do as I tell you."

At this moment, Danitz once again felt the indescribable sense of hunger. He felt as if his flesh and soul could be torn from his body at any moment.

After weighing the pros and cons for a second, he half raised his hands, gritted his teeth, and smiled.

"I'll do it myself."

Holding back his anger and grievances, Danitz turned and climbed out of the window. Using his balance and strength from years of experience, he hung himself off the cabin with his forearm.

"Don't try to escape. I'm not a patient man." Klein's face turned cold as he gently reminded.

Phew… Danitz resisted the urge to release his forearm and jump straight down.

On the pirate ship in the distance, the crew responsible for observing the White Agate sent a message to Sea Wolf Johnson.

"Boss, there's a weird guy hanging out the window over there!"

Johnson was stunned for a second. He raised his binoculars and placed it in front of his eyes.

He quickly discovered the strange fellow who his subordinate was talking about. The man's position was simply too eye-catching.

Isn't that Blazing Danitz? Johnson's brows twitched as he recognized the man.

How did he get on the White Agate? What's the meaning of him hanging outside? This is Rear Admiral Iceberg's prey? After a series of questions, Sea Wolf came to a conclusion.

He raised his right hand and said, "Everyone take note; stay far away from this area immediately!"

…

In room 305, Cleves stood by the window with the revolver gripped tightly in his hand as a precaution against the potential sea skirmish.

Donna's family was a little frightened. They didn't return to their respective bedrooms, but they instead sat in the living room, waiting for the bombardment to begin. Cecile and the other bodyguard, Teague, stood guard beside them, fully alert.

At this moment, a look of confusion appeared in Cleves's slightly aged eyes.

After a few minutes, he took a step back, lowered his muzzle, and said to the people, "The pirates have left."

"What?" This development left Urdi Branch and the others surprised and confused. They had no idea what the pirates were thinking.

…

Room 312.

Blazing Danitz crawled back and couldn't help but give a snort.

"You're borrowing my captain's reputation! She really hates these kinds of things!"

Just wait for Rear Admiral Iceberg to teach you a lesson! Danitz thought angrily.

Klein quietly listened and asked, "I remember her reward in Loen was 26,000 pounds?"

…*This madman…* Danitz couldn't find the words to respond.

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CHAPTER 505
A SERVANT WORTH 3,000 POUNDS

"Captain, the Red Skull pirates have fled!"

A sailor rushed into the captain's quarters.

"They fled?" Elland lifted his telescope and looked quizzically at the calm sea, just in time to see the Red Skull disappear into the horizon.

He frowned, completely unable to understand how such a development could've occurred.

From his point of view, the White Agate's armaments definitely weren't capable of scaring off the Red Skull pirates. It was guaranteed that both parties would have to circle around each other dozens of times during the skirmish and fire multiple shots in order to ensure that the other party found them a tough nut to crack. Without daring to engage in a prolonged, they would then rationally choose to retreat.

Could it be that the Red Skull was just passing by and had no intention of plundering us? However, if they weren't here to plunder, why would they enter this sea route? This is the easiest place to be stopped by the naval fleet and the Church's ships. Even the Four Kings and Seven Admirals would still try their best to keep a low profile when they pass by the surrounding seas… Elland was filled with doubts, and he felt that things weren't that simple.

Being careful keeps one away from disaster, I mustn't be carelessness… Elland put away his yellow-brown telescope and paced back and forth.

He half raised his hand and said to the navigator, "We shall dock at Bansy Harbor tonight.

"Report our encounter with the pirates to the Navy and the Church."

According to their usual plan, the next stop for the White Agate would be the Tiana Port, and it would probably take three days at 13 knots to reach it. From Tiana Port, it would finally reach the capital of the Rorsted Archipelago, the City of Generosity, Bayam.

And there was a faster way to sail from Pritz Harbor to Bayam, which was to stop only once in the middle of the voyage, at Bansy Harbor, about 120 nautical miles from Damir Harbor.

…

"The Red Skull really left?" Donna's father, Urdi Branch, walked to the window and looked out into the distance.

Cleves calmly nodded and said, "Yes."

Just as he finished his sentence, a sailor's shout sounded from outside.

"The danger has been averted! The danger has been averted!"

Upon receiving official confirmation, Donna and Denton finally relaxed and had the courage to approach the window and look outside.

"Are the Red Skull pirates that powerful?" Donna's eyes widened as she searched for a ship that had already gone far away.

"Very powerful." Cleves gave his answer.

"How powerful are they?" Denton immediately pressed.

On the other side, the bodyguard, Teague, straightened his hair and chuckled.

"Even if we don't include the cannons and hundreds of pirates on the ship, just Captain Johnson and the first mate Anderson are extremely powerful on their own.

"Anderson's nickname is One-Eyed. The bounty reward for him in the kingdom is 500 pounds. All of us in this room added together, together with the help of a few sailors, might be able to defeat him in battle. As for Johnson, who's nicknamed Sea Wolf, he can easily finish such an opponent. If he were to board the ship, no one would be able to stop him. His bounty is worth 900 pounds, nearly 1,000 pounds!"

"Is that a lot?" Donna was surprised at the potency of Sea Wolf and One-Eyed, as well as their bounty.

In her memory, her father earned a total of 1,500 a year!

"A lot, this is a reward that they or their heads could directly be exchanged for. The items they have on them and the things they've plundered will also belong to you. The kingdom will buy it at the market price, and you will still have the chance to obtain the bounties from other countries," Cecile explained. "On the sea, pirates with a bounty of more than 300 pounds are rather powerful. For those who are close to or above 1,000 pounds, they'll be rather famous in the sea they plow. And I mean vast sea expanses like the Sonia Sea or the Fog Sea."

"Therefore, the Four Kings and Seven Admirals are considered famous throughout the Five Seas?" Donna innocently asked.

Cleves replied seriously, "Yes."

"In that case, are the Red Skull pirates very famous in the entire Sonia Sea?" Donna asked with concise logic.

"Yes." Teague nodded.

"But why did they flee?" Donna blinked.

"It might not have been them fleeing…" Cecile didn't know the reason either.

Cleves looked out the window again as he knitted his brows.

"Maybe there's another reason. Maybe they had no plans to plunder us at all. They just came across us."

Other reasons? Donna suddenly had a guess.

*Could it be Uncle Sparrow's tall-as-a-house, gentle messenger that scared them away? Yeah, it's really scary! *Donna's mind bubbled like boiling water.

She turned her head excitedly and looked down to realize her brother's eyes were shining as well.

The two of them pursed their lips and immediately realized that their thoughts were the same.

"Let's go out and get some air on this level." Donna found a reason to drag her brother out of Room 305.

Outside, Denton said in a suppressed voice, "Are we going to find Uncle Sparrow?"

"Exactly!" Donna smiled with a spirited look. "I saw him enter Room 312."

…

Inside Room 312.

Blazing Danitz, who no longer mentioned Rear Admiral Iceberg, looked at the Red Skull which had turned its bow around and tsked with laughter.

"They must've been frightened by the declaration of the Navy's cannons and the news that a pirate crew had been destroyed recently. They actually took the risk of raiding this sea route in order to earn enough money before leaving the sea.

"Heh, so what if there are giant ship cannons? The Navy and the Church have a lot of powerful things, and they've always existed. But never have they made it impossible for us to continue being pirates. We can't beat them head-on, but we can always escape, right? They can't possibly stay with the merchant ships forever, can they?

"I know, the ironclad warship is getting bigger and bigger, and the steam engine installed in it will also become stronger. One day, the speed will break through 18 knots, 20 knots, and once they're on your tail, one can only wait to be caught. However, the sea is so vast. Tens of thousands of ships can't even fill a corner even if they were all thrown there. There are also a lot of unexplored areas at sea. One can hide in those places after doing something. Although it's dangerous, there are still opportunities."

This fellow is indeed the talkative type… Don't you think that a crazy adventurer wouldn't care about these things? Klein looked away and scanned the room.

His gaze finally fell on his leather suitcase. He then raised his chin and said, "Wash the dirty clothes inside."

The expression on the garrulous Danitz's face froze. He yearned to burn the entire ship down.

He felt that his anger was like gushing steam that had lifted the gate of reason.

Danitz opened his mouth and took a breath before repeating it again.

His flushed face softened as he asked without a smile on his face, "Is that all?"

"Only the dirty ones. The coat just needs to be brushed." Klein was almost amused by the man's show of anger, and he felt that this was what Danitz deserved from robbing the innocent.

The clothes in his suitcase were the ones he changed out of last night after a shower. As he felt a little lazy, he had only washed his underwear.

*Calm down, don't lose control. Calm down, don't lose control… *After admonishing himself several times, Danitz walked over to Gehrman Sparrow's suitcase, opened it, and took out the clothes that needed cleaning.

Just as he was getting busy in the bathroom, he heard the doorbell jingle.

Klein opened the door to find Donna and Denton.

"Uncle Sparrow, I hope I didn't disturb you?" Donna's eyes darted left and right.

"No." Klein stepped aside.

The two little fellows entered the room and were surprised to see Danitz doing the laundry.

"Where are the servants?" Denton asked subconsciously.

"Didn't bring them along," Klein answered for Danitz.

Donna asked, in apparent confusion, "But there are laundry maids attached to first-class cabins. They're charged by the barrel."

Before she could finish, Danitz froze.

He had been so angry that he had forgotten about it.

Danitz shook the water from his hand, turned, and forced a smile at Gehrman Sparrow.

"Can I hire the laundry maid for help?"

Klein didn't insist on seeing the pirate make a fool of himself, so he smiled and said, "I only care about the results."

Phew. Danitz heaved a sigh of relief.

Their back and forth question and answer exchange made Donna realize that something was wrong. The young lady asked in suspicion, "Uncle Sparrow, aren't you two friends? W-why does he look different from before!?"

Klein found a chair and sat down. Without hiding anything, he calmly said, "To be exact, he's my prisoner of war."

"Prisoner of war?" Denton looked around in a daze, not remembering when the two uncles had a conflict.

At first, Donna was puzzled, but then her heart skipped a beat. She cheerfully asked, "Is he… is he a pirate?"

"Yeah." Klein nodded gently.

"The Red Skull pirates were also scared off by you, Uncle Sparrow?" Donna pressed in excitement.

Klein shot a glance at Danitz and replied without an expression, "In a way."

Having all her questions answered, Donna felt abnormally pleased. She glanced at Danitz and unknowingly lowered her voice.

"Uncle Sparrow, does he have a name? No, does he have a bounty on him?"

*No! I mustn't let anyone know of what happened to me! *Danitz opened his mouth in a bid to answer before Klein.

"I'm Sieg!"

At this moment, Klein said with a fleeting voice, "Danitz."

"Danitz…” Donna and Denton looked at each other without asking any more questions.

The siblings didn't stay long and soon took their leave. They kept feeling that the pirate's eyes were fierce.

When they returned to Room 305, they saw that her father and Uncle Cleves were still in the midst of their discussion. Donna deliberately interjected innocently with a question.

"A lot of people were talking about pirates just now. Someone mentioned Danitz. Is he very powerful?"

"Danitz… Blazing Danitz. He's Rear Admiral Iceberg's subordinate, the fourth boatswain of the Golden Dream…” Cleves answered simply.

Upon saying this, he suddenly turned silent as he retracted his gaze, seemingly in recall.

A Pirate Admiral's subordinate… Donna pressed out of curiously, "How much is his bounty?"

Cleves returned to normal and said in a deep voice, "3,000 pounds."

Th-three thousand pounds? Donna and Denton opened their mouths, little by little, almost forgetting to close them.

The captain of the Red Skull pirates only has a bounty of 900 pounds, but the man who looks like a servant is worth 3,000 pounds? The siblings looked at each other, unable to utter a single word.

…

At 6 p.m., the White Agate entered a harbor again.

"Bansy Harbor? Elland is very cautious…" Danitz stood by the window, looking out at the darkened harbor and the tall lighthouse.

Without waiting for Klein's response, he laughed and said, "It seems like there are some nasty legends here."

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CHAPTER 506
THE WEATHER MUSEUM

Klein already had a basic understanding of Danitz's character, so he didn't take the initiative to ask about the legends. He continued sitting in his chair and calmly looked at him.

Danitz, who hadn't been interrupted, shook his head.

"Legend has it that 300 years ago when the Loen army first occupied this island, more than 500 soldiers mysteriously disappeared after a fog. Not long after that, a lot of bones appeared by the beach and on the mountain, and similar incidents happened several times. This continued until the Church of Storms built a cathedral here and sent a bishop."

Although historians accredited the official start of the colonial era to when Roselle sent a fleet to find a safe route to the Southern Continent, in reality, for a long period of time before that, the countries of the Northern Continent had explored the surrounding seas and gradually colonized a few islands. The only difference was that these operations weren't systematic or wide-scale enough.

*Disappearing mysterious in the fog… Bones appearing by the beach and on the mountains… *Klein thought of the Forsaken Land of the Gods for some baffling reason. According to Little Sun's description, there was no sun there, with only lightning and the night. Furthermore, when humans were "surrounded" by darkness without a sliver of light, they would encounter strange or terrifying events.

Looking at the lighthouse that stood out in the setting sun, Danitz continued, "And according to the tombs and murals excavated on the island,

the natives here seem to have a tradition of cannibalism.

"This island experiences intense weather changes, making it often encounter earthquakes, storms, and heavy fog; thus, the natives experience disasters time and time again. In order to survive, they began worshiping a God of Weather they created for themselves. Every year, they would hold four rituals. Heh, the rituals involve killing chosen worshippers as they shared in the blood and flesh before burying the worshippers' heads in the sacrificial altar.

"However, a similar tradition has long since been replaced by the Storm's sacrificial ritual, and the original language of the natives has also disappeared."

*God of Weather… A conquered island that had once retained the tradition of live sacrifices… *Klein made his preliminary judgment.

Danitz retracted his gaze and casually said, "Because of these legends, there are two unique customs in Bansy Harbor. One is to close the door tightly on nights with heavy fog or huge changes in weather. They don't head out or respond to any knocking.

"The other is that they love the blood of all kinds of animals and have learned from migrating elves to add salt, solidifying the blood into strange lumps which are tender and fragrant when matched with the acrid condiments native to this land."

Isn't that blood cake? Klein was stunned for a second, his eyebrows furrowing in puzzlement.

"Elves?"

According to the stereotypes he had formed in his previous life, elves were supposed to be elegant vegetarians. How could they research the correct method for eating blood, as well as the hundred methods involved in making blood cakes?

"That's right. Rumor has it that many elves like solidified blood." Danitz spread out his hands in response. "Unfortunately, it's already very difficult to find such creatures who have good culinary skills."

…Little Sun previously mentioned that the ancient god of the Elves, Elf King, Soniathrym, wielded the authority of the storm. In that case, the elves should be a race equivalent to Beyonders of the Sailor pathway… Hmm, so it's not inconceivable that elves enjoy blood-related food… Perhaps, they even possess the attribute of being irritable as well… That's quite a scene to behold… Klein's thoughts raced, and he gradually turned his attention to blood cakes.

*It's been a while since I ate that… *He suddenly had the urge to alight from the ship and taste the delicacy.

At this moment, Danitz took the initiative to suggest.

"There's a Green Lemon Restaurant here that's very famous. Pig blood is especially delicious. Do you… Do you want to try it out?"

He kept having the feeling that being alone in the same room with Gehrman Sparrow was very dangerous. He was worried that this monster in human skin would suddenly go crazy.

He should be more restrained in places with more people… Holy Lord of Storms, I hope this trip comes to an end as soon as possible! Danitz prayed without confidence.

As a pirate, he also believed in the Lord of Storms, but he didn't have enough respect for the Church.

After hearing Blazing's suggestion, Klein, who already had such intentions, was immediately moved.

However, the legends and customs Danitz had told him of made him feel a little uncomfortable. Thus, he took out a gold coin and performed a

divination right in front of Danitz.

The result was that there were no dormant dangers in Bansy Harbor for him.

Hmm… Klein looked at the gold coin in his hand without moving his eyes away for a few seconds. He still felt uneasy.

As Danitz watched this scene, he suddenly understood that this monster in front of him was skilled in divination.

This… Even if I were to secretly flee, it would still be very easy for him to find me… Blazing felt a wave of depression as a faint sadness welled up in his heart.

He had just recovered from his disconsolate mood when Klein suddenly stood up and walked over to the washroom.

Before closing the door, Klein expressionlessly turned his head around and said, "You can use this opportunity to escape."

With that, Klein slammed the washroom's door.

Danitz spread his hands open and clenched them tightly, took two steps towards the door before coming to a halt.

The unknown was the scariest. He didn't dare take the risk of creating conflict before he had any clear understanding of Gehrman Sparrow's Beyonder powers.

At-at least he's kind enough to me and hasn't actually hurt me… He'll likely let me go when we get to Bayam… Danitz's hopes of him getting lucky had taken hold of his mind.

In the washroom.

Klein pulled out a paper figurine, disguised it, and took four steps counterclockwise to head above the gray fog.

He sat down at the end of the long bronze table, removed the pendulum from his left wrist, and wrote the corresponding divination statement: "There is danger dormant in Bansy Harbor."

He hung his spirit pendulum and adjusted his posture. After muttering a few times, Klein opened his eyes and saw the topaz pendant rotating clockwise. Furthermore, it was with a high amplitude and frequency!

This meant that for Klein, there was a great danger lurking in Bansy Harbor!

*How could this be? This place was colonized by the kingdom for more than three hundred years, and it has become an important port on the main trading route for over a hundred years. There have never been any rumors of danger being spread… Could it be that several powerful pirates are cooperating to sack this port? No, those cannons defending the port aren't for show… *Klein frowned, performing another divination on whether he would encounter any pirate-related mishaps, but the answer was no.

Hmm… He fell silent for a few seconds, then he allowed his spirituality to envelop his body before plummeting through the gray fog.

Returning to the real world, Klein pressed the mechanical button on the toilet, put away the paper figurine double, and went to the nearby washing basin to wet his hands with water.

In this short period of time, he quickly sorted out his thoughts and decided to do his best to hide. His priority was to stay safe.

Pulling out a tissue and wiping his hands, Klein opened the door and saw that Danitz was still standing in the middle of the living room.

A pirate who's cautious to the point of being a little cowardly… In a sense, Rear Admiral Iceberg's subordinates are all adventurers who are part-time pirates… Klein looked at him and calmly said, "To the first-class dining room"

"…Alright." Danitz didn't understand why Gehrman Sparrow had suddenly changed his mind, but in the end, he chose to not raise any disputes.

…

Walking down the gangway, Cleves suddenly said to Donna and the others, "Head to the Green Lemon Restaurant first.

"I have some matters to do with Captain Elland. I'll join you soon."

"Alright." Although Urdi Branch was surprised, he wasn't too puzzled.

Cleves was halfway aboard the ship when he met Elland with his straight sword at his waist.

"I'm going to visit Gehrman Sparrow." Cleves turned around for the first-class cabins after saying that.

Elland was momentarily dazed, unable to understand his out-of-the-blue intentions.

There's no need to inform me that you're visiting Gehrman Sparrow… Elland was startled for two seconds before he vaguely grasped the true meaning behind Cleves's words.

He's telling me so that if—if anything happens to him, it would be because of his visit to Gehrman Sparrow… But if nothing happens to him, it means that his suspicions were incorrect and there's no need to further disturb Gehrman Sparrow any further… Elland stopped in his footsteps and said to the first mate beside him, "Wait fifteen minutes."

…

Thump! Thump! Thump!

Klein and Danitz, who were on their way out, heard a rhythmic knock on the door.

Danitz, who received a signal, hurried over and opened the door.

It was Cleves outside. He looked at Danitz, who had disguised himself again, before turning to Klein and said, "Blazing Danitz?"

At lunchtime, he had found Gehrman Sparrow's friend somewhat odd and familiar, but he hadn't connected the face to the picture on the bounty notice. It was only when Donna mentioned Danitz that the inspiration struck him, making him realize that the two were very similar.

As expected… Klein was about to nod and answer when Danitz said with a laugh, "My friend, you have the wrong person. Although I look like the famous pirate who's worth 3000 pounds, I'm really not him. People have always had misunderstandings, bringing me a great deal of trouble."

Klein raised his hand and covered his mouth. He almost laughed out loud and destroyed his persona.

He restrained his expression and calmly replied, "Yes."

Sigh… My reputation… Danitz stretched his neck and looked at the ceiling.

"What are the two of you planning?" Cleves drew in a silent breath and asked directly.

Klein jerked his chin towards Danitz.

"Watching over him."

"Watching over?" Cleves couldn't understand Gehrman Sparrow's words.

Sir, you must learn to make associations by yourself. Learn to infer on your own. You can't have me explain in detail. That doesn't match my persona! Confronted with the doubtful look in Cleves's eyes, Klein casually said, "He boarded at Damir Harbor and I recognized him, so I decided to watch over him to prevent any accidents."

After looking at Klein for a few seconds, Cleves nodded his head and said, "Will you be fine?

"Do you need any help?

"No," Klein replied quietly.

Cleves glanced at the depressed Danitz and took a step back.

"Then, I'll take my leave."

Just as he was about to leave, he was suddenly stopped by Gehrman Sparrow. He heard the mysterious young adventurer say, with some solemnity, "Return to the ship as soon as possible.

"There is danger dormant in Bansy Harbor."

…

In the Green Lemon Restaurant, Donna had just laid out her napkin when she saw through the window that Uncle Cleves had arrived hurriedly downstairs.

At this moment, the weather in the port suddenly changed. Strong gales rose up from all directions, causing the trees to sway back and forth.

As expected of Bansy Harbor, the Weather Museum… Donna studied the outside scenery with interest.

She saw a man in a black cloak trudging through the wind with a lantern in his hand.

Seemingly sensing that he was being watched, that person turned his body sideways and looked up at the second floor of the restaurant.

Then, Donna discerned his appearance and saw that the area where the person's head was supposed to be was empty inside the black cloak. There was only a bare neck with bright red blood spewing out of it.

The person slunk his body back down, pulled at his cloak before continuing forward.

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CHAPTER 507
BANSY HARBOR IN THE WIND

Donna jerked back, her pupils constricting, her mouth half-open as her scream reached her lips.

If she hadn't seen the messenger before, then she would've long lost control of herself and staggered to her feet in terror, unconcerned whether she would flip over the tables or chairs.

Fortunately, she was no longer the young lady who was completely ignorant of the matters of the sea when she first boarded the White Agate. Her voice had only become slightly sharper as she pointed outside the window and stammered, "Th-there's a zombie!

"A headless zombie!"

She used the most commonly seen zombie in folklore to describe the terrifying thing she had just seen.

Cecile shot to her feet and rushed to Donna's side. She looked curiously out of the window where the raging wind was blowing and observed for a few seconds.

"There's nothing," she said truthfully.

Donna shrank back, mustered her courage, and cautiously leaned forward only to see the trees outside swaying, with random clutter flying everywhere. There wasn't a single pedestrian.

"Th-there really was someone there. H-he was wearing a black cloak, and he had no head. His neck was bleeding!" Donna said while gesturing in an attempt to convince the adults in the room.

Her father, Urdi Branch, propped himself up from the table, went to the window, and looked out for a moment.

"Donna, you aren't allowed to read that 'Fonce's Horror Stories Anthology' anymore tonight!"

"B-but…” Donna felt aggrieved and wanted to defend herself.

At this moment, Cleves came up to the second floor and approached, asking, "What happened?"

"Donna said she saw a zombie, a headless zombie," the other bodyguard, Teague, explained with a chuckle.

Cleves was silent for two seconds, then he nodded at Donna.

"It's okay, this shall pass.

"The wind outside is very strong and dangerous. We'll leave when things calm down."

In the eyes of Donna, Uncle Cleves's words indicated that he believed her and had chosen the safest solution. But in the eyes of Urdi, Teague, and the others, this was merely a clumsy tactic to comfort a child.

Seeing that Donna was still a little nervous and that his real employer wasn't too satisfied, Cleves pulled out a chair and sat down as he calmly said, "There's a strange tradition in Bansy Harbor. They don't leave the buildings or respond to any knocks on the door when the weather turns stormy at night."

"If you open the door, will you be taken away by the zombie?" Denton suddenly asked in enlightenment, having seen the messenger with his sister.

"You can think of it that way." Cleves picked up a glass of water and took a sip.

So that's how it is… Donna calmed down, believing that she wouldn't encounter that horrible zombie as long as she didn't leave the restaurant.

It was only then that she noticed that the surrounding customers had all cast their gazes over due to the commotion.

Being stared at by so many people, Donna felt uncomfortable from head to toe. She instinctively wanted to lower her head to avoid everything.

*I didn't do anything wrong! I really saw it! *Donna obstinately straightened her neck and looked around.

She saw the gentlemen in tailcoats and the ladies in their beautiful dresses retract their gazes. She saw them lower their heads, pick up their spoons, and scoop the dark red blood blocks in their bowls to stuff into their mouths.

Their lips were stained with a tinge of red. Their faces appeared pale under the light of the crystal chandelier. The contrast between the two made Donna feel an inexplicable sense of fear.

She turned her head back and waited for dinner, secretly praying to the Goddess that the gale would cease as soon as possible.

…

Bansy Harbor Telegraph Office.

As soon as Elland and his first mate finished sending their report to the Navy, they realized that the wind outside was howling and that the nearby

doors and windows were rattling.

"Really, the weather here is always so unstable." Elland put on his boat-shaped hat and sighed with a laugh.

His first mate, Harris, laughed out loud.

"Otherwise, how could they call themselves the 'Weather Museum'?"

"It's best if you don't head out. Legends say that you'll lose your head because of that." the telegraph office's staff, a young lady with curly brown hair, reminded them in a slow voice.

"I know, but I've tried a few times and nothing happened." Without a care, Harris opened the door to leave.

Elland stopped him and thought for a moment.

"Will it be okay to go to the cathedral next door?

"Your telegraph office will be closing, right?"

"No problem." The lady with the curly brown hair was still as slow as ever.

Elland nodded, opened the telegraph office's door, and trudged toward the Storm cathedral, dozens of meters away, against the gusts of wind that seemed to be capable of sweeping away a child.

First Mate Harris, who was holding onto his hat, followed the captain as if to express his desire to rush directly back to the White Agate.

However, the moment he opened his mouth, strong gales gushed into his mouth and his whole voice was miserably stuffed back into his mouth.

After croaking for a while, he wisely shut his mouth and stopped making obviously unrealistic proposals.

It was still fifteen minutes to seven, and even in the evening, the main doors of the Storm cathedral were still open for its congregation.

The gale weakened significantly when it reached the area. At the very least, Elland and Harris no longer had to worry about their hats abandoning them.

Upon entering the cathedral, they walked down the dark and solemn aisle. They stepped into the prayer hall and saw a man in a dark blue priest robe sitting in the front pew. He was quietly gazing at the huge Storm Sacred Emblem, made up of the symbols of the wind, waves, and lightning, on the altar.

Elland smiled as he moved closer, patting the familiar figure on the shoulder.

"Jayce, where's your bishop?"

With that pat, the priest's head wobbled.

Then, it fell forward, and with a loud thud, it fell to the ground, continuously rolling about.

Blood gushed out of the priest's neck like a fountain, soaking Elland's face.

A cold and damp feeling reached his heart, and Elland's eyes were blinded with a rich red color.

All that was left in his line of sight was a world of blood, as well as a head that had finally stopped rolling and was staring upwards with a glazed look in its eyes.

…

At 7:15 p.m., Klein and Danitz, who came out of the first-class restaurant, noticed that the wind which had been shaking the boat had calmed down considerably.

After thinking for two seconds, Klein walked all the way to the entrance of the cabin and asked the crew, "Who else isn't back?"

The crew member had seen this passenger enjoy the delicious murloc meat with the Captain, so he didn't hide anything as he said, "Other than the Branch family and the Timothy family at the Green Lemon Restaurant, all the other passengers have returned before the gale started. Heh heh, that place is quite far away, and it also takes quite a long time to dine there.

"Oh right, Captain and First Mate went to the telegraph office, but they haven't returned yet."

Klein nodded indiscernibly and returned to Room 312 in silence.

He stood by the window, looking at the waves that were stirred by the wind. Even without using the mysterious space above the gray fog to divine, his own spiritual intuition made him vaguely sense that something bad was brewing and happening.

After waiting another five minutes, he still didn't see Captain Elland and Donna's family return.

Klein glanced sideways at Danitz, making the famous pirate slouching in the reclining chair sit up straight.

Klein looked away, said nothing, and went into the washroom.

He closed the door behind him, took out the paper figurine, disguised himself, and went above the gray fog, ready to make another divination.

Before, he had considered the potential risks of Bansy Harbor, but now, after the wind had picked up, he intended to confirm the current level of danger.

"Bansy Harbor is dangerous."

Klein held the spirit pendulum and began to recite the statement in a low voice.

After repeating this over and over again, he opened his eyes and discovered that, although the topaz pendant was rotating clockwise, it wasn't spinning at a fast frequency or with large amplitudes.

There's danger, but it's within acceptable limits… This is in contradiction to the revelation from before… Klein whispered to himself as he leaned his elbows on the edge of the long bronze table.

He quickly thought of one possibility, and that was that the current danger wasn't equal to the dormant danger. Only by triggering something or investigating it thoroughly would the iceberg hidden beneath the sea appear.

This dormant danger might've existed for three or four hundred years, or perhaps even longer, and not because of my arrival… Hmm, the current danger might even have nothing to do with the dormant danger. It's a pity that I don't have the necessary information to make a divination based on this conjecture… After interpreting, Klein quickly returned to the real world, left the washroom, and found a chair to sit on.

He was silent, hesitant, and didn't move for a long time, which made Blazing Danitz feel strangely uneasy.

Ever since Gehrman Sparrow mentioned that there was danger lurking in Bansy Harbor, this infamous pirate had been constantly worried.

To be able to make this monster change his mind and avoid the danger at Green Lemon Restaurant, it must be very terrifying… Why is my vacation so miserable? I'm plagued with bad luck! The atmosphere was so stifling that Danitz had to get up and pace back and forth.

It was then that he saw the monster, Gehrman Sparrow, suddenly stand up, button his double-breasted frock coat, and walk over to the coat rack by the door.

After taking his silk hat, Klein looked at Blazing and said without any expression, "You're free."

"Huh?" Danitz only found it surreal.

He suddenly understood what the monster was thinking of doing, and he blurted out in shock, "You want to save the captain and those ordinary people?

"Y-you were the one who said it's dangerous outside!"

Klein put on his half top hat, picked up his black wooden cane, twisted the door handle, and replied calmly, "They cooperated with me.

"They kept my secret for me.

"He treated me to murloc meat.

"He helped me pay compensation for White Shark's loss."

"…”

Danitz didn't react for a moment. Subconsciously, he asked, "How much was the compensation?"

"A few soli." Klein opened the door and walked out.

*Madman! This fellow is completely mad! Be it his treatment to others or himself, he's a madman! *Danitz's mouth was half-open as he felt speechless.

*Luckily, I'm a normal person! I'll stay in a safe place! *Danitz retracted his gaze and thought in mockery and amusement.

Just as this thought came to him, the wind howled again, rattling the windows and causing the candles in the room to flicker.

Looking at this dark and turbulent scene, Danitz suddenly thought of a problem.

The ship is anchored in the harbor, which was also part of Bansy Harbor. It's not safe either, and it could also be in danger!

If I were to stay here on my own, then I might as well follow that monster. At least… At least, he's very strong! He ran out of Room 312 and caught up with Klein just as he was about to leave the cabin.

Klein turned his head to glance at him. Although he didn't say anything, his puzzlement was very evident.

Danitz hurriedly laughed.

"If I were to choose to retreat in the face of such trivial risks, I'll be mocked by all the pirates of the Sonia Sea!"

An excuse… Without exposing him, Klein borrowed a lantern from the crew.

Carrying the dim yellow lantern and holding his hard wooden cane, he walked alongside the boat and entered the dim port in his black suit.

As Danitz lamented, he followed closely beside him.

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CHAPTER 508
DON'T GO OUT

Unlike mainland cities such as Backlund, Tingen, and Pritz Harbor, colonial islands such as Bansy Harbor lacked gas. The lamps lining the two sides of the street were sparse. They had candles caged in glass, waiting to be lit.

Unfortunately, the wind had picked up early, so no one went out in the evening. The candles didn't shine at the predetermined time, and the road was pitch black. The faint outline of the crimson moon shone through the clouds.

Compared to before, the wind was much calmer. At the very least, Klein didn't need to be distracted keeping his hat on.

The thin fog gradually pervaded the air, and the doors and windows of the mainly two-story houses were shut tight. It was pitch black and devoid of any light, as though no one had lived in the area for a long time.

With a yellow lantern in one hand and a hard wooden cane in the other, Klein walked quickly down the quiet street in the direction of the Green Lemon Restaurant which Blazing Danitz had pointed out.

Woosh!

Amidst the fog, the wind began to swirl as Klein felt a baffling chill down his neck.

He lifted his right hand, which held the cane, and propped up the collar of his double-breasted frock coat, completely covering his neck.

It was at this moment that a scene suddenly appeared in his mind!

In the scene, a black shadow the size of a watermelon appeared from the fog and lunged for his ear.

Without thinking, Klein swung his arm and forearm and struck out with his cane.

*Bam! *

Just as the black shadow came close, it was struck head-on and sent flying a long distance away.

With the help of the lantern's light, Klein finally recognized the thing that had attacked him.

It was a head!

It was a head that had lost its body, a head that had its esophagus hanging down!

The head floated in midair, its face resembling dried cheese with mildew all over it. There was a yellowish-green liquid flowing down its skin as it outlined the face's contours.

There were only two black holes left where its nose was supposed to be. Its bulging eyes were mostly white without much black. Its lips were mostly rotten, revealing sharpened teeth mixed with blood!

*Dogsh*t!* Blazing Danitz silently cursed when he saw this scene, his heart trembling.

Even though he had embarked on many treasure hunts and had fought many monsters, such a disgusting and horrifying thing was still rare.

At some point in time, a classic revolver had appeared in his hand, and he was about to fire it with his elbow held down.

At this moment, he saw a pure ray of light descend from the sky, landing on the somewhat stiff head.

Ah!

A blood-curdling screech rang out, and the shriveled and hideous head was quickly vaporized before dissolving into ashes. It didn't leave a single trace behind.

How weak! Danitz subconsciously commented.

Is this monster, Gehrman Sparrow, from the Sun pathway? Doesn't look like it… He likely relied on what should be some sort of mystical item… I didn't even realize it just now, but Gehrman Sparrow had already discovered the enemy and attacked. He really is very strong… Danitz quickly turned his attention to something else.

Just as his thoughts were settling down, he saw a similar head fly out from the fog to his side from the corner of his eye. It was trying to bite his neck.

*Bang! *

Danitz calmly pulled the trigger.

The brass bullet accurately hit the head covered in mold, shattering the head's glabella as it fell backwards and stopped in midair.

Soon after, a crimson ball quickly expanded above Danitz's empty left palm, and a fiery light began to swirl.

He leaned forward and dragged his arm before "throwing" the fire ball, causing it to crash into the stiff head.

Flames soared up as the head burned red. The skin on the head quickly charred, emitting a sizzling sound.

However, it lunged forward with its mouth wide open, ready to bite Danitz's neck as though it wasn't affected.

This turn of events was somewhat out of Danitz's expectations. He nearly failed to dodge in time, and he hurriedly rolled forward, barely dodging fatal damage.

A bright scarlet color appeared on his left palm once again, but the flame didn't expand this time. Instead, it shrunk, layer by layer.

Within a second, Danitz threw out the orange fireball, which was only the size of an eye, while dodging.

The fireball was controlled by his spirituality. It drew an arc in the air and accurately flew into the mouth of the shriveled head.

Boom!

The fiery light flashed, and the explosion splintered the flying head from the inside out. Countless pieces of it, along with its blood, splashed everywhere.

I've finally finished it… Danitz rolled to his feet and breathed a sigh of relief.

Only then did he realize that this monster which only had a head wasn't easy to deal with. Yet, Gehrman Sparrow had killed one with ease.

It's mainly because the Beyonder powers in the Sun domain restrains such things! Danitz added scornfully in his heart.

As he thought of this, he turned his head to the side and realized that Gehrman Sparrow hadn't waited for him. With his cane and lantern, he was

jogging into the distance, his black coat fluttering behind him slightly.

*…Dogsh*t! Wait for me… Wait for me!* Danitz's pupils contracted as he widened his pace to chase after the man. He didn't dare to stay on his own in the thin fog and dim surroundings.

…

Inside the Green Lemon Restaurant.

Donna looked at the white porcelain bowl in front of her and the dark red blood cakes in it. She thought of the strange horror she felt when seeing the customers eating just now, as well as the blood oozing out of the headless cloaked man's neck.

Her throat moved and she almost vomited.

Donna decided to give up the delicacy, even though the fragrance had already seeped into her nose.

She ate some salad and mashed potatoes without much thought and waited for the wind outside to die down. She felt the clock on the wall moving ever so slowly.

Time passed by the second. The customers at the table paid their bills and left the second floor. The second floor became quieter and quieter as it turned emptier and emptier.

Thud! Thud! Thud! Donna felt that the sound of feet on the wooden steps as they descended were frustrating.

Finally, she noticed that the trees outside were no longer swaying, and the ground was littered with all sorts of junk.

"The wind has stopped!" Donna said, pointing excitedly to the window.

Her father, an import and export merchant, Urdi Branch, pinched his forehead and growled, "Where's your table manners, Donna?"

"But…" Just as Donna was about to argue, Cleves raised his palm and pressed it down.

"It's 7:40 p.m. and we're almost done with dinner. Let's head back as soon as possible. There are many nasty legends about the night in Bansy Harbor."

Every merchant who depended on the sea for a living was more or less superstitious, especially when it came to the legends of the natives. Therefore, Urdi fell silent and agreed with Cleves's suggestion.

He quickly foot the bill and led his family and bodyguards down to the first floor.

Cleves was about to open the door to find his way when a creaking sound came from a nearby room. Donna almost screamed out in fright and gripped Denton's hand tightly.

A figure walked out, glanced at them, and calmly said, "It's fogged up. It's best not to go out."

The figure wore a black tailcoat without a hat. There was a pair of glasses on the bridge of his nose. His face was fleshy and almost circular.

"What are you trying to convey, Mr. Fox?" Cleves recognized him to be the owner of the Green Lemon Restaurant.

Fox said without much of an expression, "In Bansy, during the nights when the fog and weather drastically changes, it's best not to go out or respond to any knockings. Otherwise, one might encounter… bad things."

The more Donna listened, the more scared she became. She loudly emphasized, "People have already left ahead of us!"

Fox pointed to the rooms on the first floor.

"They chose to stay."

Creak! Thud!

As soon as Fox's voice fell, the doors to the various rooms opened either softly or heavily. The gentlemen and ladies from before came to the doors and quietly watched Donna and her family, who were considering to leave.

"Perhaps we should respect the customs here," Urdi Branch said in deliberation. "Staying a night here won't affect our boarding of the ship."

According to the experience Cleves was equipped with, he should've followed Fox's advice and stayed at the Green Lemon Restaurant, but he remembered Gehrman Sparrow's reminder. It was a reminder of a powerful adventurer who was watching Blazing Danitz!

There is danger dormant in Bansy Harbor… It doesn't refer to it being indoors or outdoors… Cleves quickly made his decision and said to Urdi, "Mr. Branch, please trust in my profession."

"Yeah, I've seen a lot of folklore, but none of them are pragmatic," another bodyguard agreed.

Before he finished his sentence, knocking sounds came from the restaurant's door and a series of screams could be heard from afar.

"Look, there are knocking sounds. Don't respond," Fox said slowly.

Urdi's heart palpitated as he was about to choose to stay the night.

Donna looked at the gentlemen and ladies standing at their doorways, and she felt that their gazes looked abnormally weird.

"No, we have to return!" the young lady stressed, almost screaming.

Cleves could also feel the indescribable pressure and the coldness that seeped through his bones, and he once again stressed his opinion.

"If there are any problems, then it'll be more dangerous staying here. There are cannons on the ship, as well as sailors with guns and sabers."

This reason convinced Urdi, who motioned for Cleves to open the door.

Cleves waited for the knocking to subside, then with one hand holding a gun, he pulled open the door with the other.

The wind's howling had quietened and the darkness was deep amidst the spreading fog. It was as if there were many monsters hidden within.

Donna held her younger brother, Denton, and, hiding behind Cecile, left the restaurant one step at a time.

Creak!

The door to the restaurant suddenly closed, preventing them from returning.

At this moment, they were like ships stranded in a storm, as though they were the only ones left in this world.

With the lantern in hand, Cleves walked in front when he suddenly saw something fly over and crash into the ground, rolling a few times.

Donna and the others subconsciously looked over and immediately let out cries of terror.

It was a shriveled, rotting head!

Then they saw light.

Light fell from the sky, and the disgusting head melted into nothingness.

"This…” Urdi and the others swallowed hard, their bodies trembling.

At that moment, they saw a faint yellow light approaching from the depths of the fog.

It was a figure holding a lantern, wearing a half top hat and a double-breasted frock coat which shared the same color as the night. The lines of his face were distinct, and there was an obvious sharpness in the coldness.

"Uncle Sparrow!" Donna and Denton cried out.

They felt their hearts settle down.

Klein tossed the lantern to Danitz beside him, and he walked over with his cane in hand before calmly saying to Cleves and the others as if nothing was out of the ordinary, "Let's go to the telegraph office first.

"What about the Timothys?"

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CHAPTER 509
REQUEST

"Timothys?"

"They're still in the restaurant," Urdi Branch subconsciously replied.

He then pointed to the area where the moldy head had been purified and anxiously asked, "What was that just now?"

Maintaining Gehrman Sparrow's persona, Klein didn't answer and glanced at Danitz before walking directly past Donna's family to the tightly closed door of the Green Lemon Restaurant.

Blazing Danitz held his lantern and was relieved having finally completed a goal. He straightened his back, looked at Urdi and the others, and scoffed.

"You don't have to worry about what that was. Just know that it's a monster that will harm you."

If Gehrman Sparrow wasn't only a few meters away, he even wanted to proclaim: Only I, Lord Blazing Danitz, can protect you!

Cleves exchanged glances with Cecile and Teague before taking the initiative to step forward. He comforted his employers and said, "Leave your questions to after we get back to the White Agate."

Frankly speaking, the three bodyguards had all been adventurers for varying periods of time. However, their understanding of monsters was still stuck at the level of folklore or stories of their drunken peers. They still found it rather surreal, as though they were in a dream.

However, since they had seen creatures like murlocs before, it wasn't that hard to accept other things. At most, they were a little weirder and uglier than murlocs.

When they thought of this, their hearts calmed significantly, and the guns in their hands seemed to regain their strength.

However, the pure light that descended from the sky still exceeded their scope of understanding. They only felt that their world view, outlook on life, and values that had long been formed had begun wavering. All they could do was temporarily ignore it, suppressing all their emotions to the bottom of their hearts.

Klein stopped at the door of the Green Lemon Restaurant, raised his right hand, and tapped it with his fingers.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

After he knocked three times in a rhythmic fashion, no one answered and there was silence.

If not for the candlelight shining through the windows and the cracks in the door, Klein would've thought it was an empty building that had long been abandoned.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

He knocked three more times.

Within the restaurant, the silence continued. Everyone seemed to be abiding by the custom of not responding to any knocking in foggy weather.

Klein retracted his right hand and patted the hem of his double-breasted frock coat.

Suddenly, he leaned back, lifted his knees, and kicked his right foot forward.

With a bang, the restaurant's door suddenly opened wide, and all the nails that had fixed the copper lock popped out.

Wearing a tailcoat, the boss, Fox, with his pudgy, nearly-round face was still standing in his original position. The ladies and gentlemen who had chosen to stay the night all opened the doors one by one and stood quietly at the door, looking over without a word.

"What… do you want?" Fox didn't flare up; his tone the same as before. However, he had a revolver in his hand.

With his Spirit Vision activated, Klein turned his head and looked around. He didn't find any traces of evil on any of the humans present.

His gaze landed on the boss of the restaurant, and his gaze turned heavy. He looked into the owner's eyes and asked, "Where's the Timothy family?"

Fox repressed his emotions, as though a storm was brewing in his dark brown eyes while he looked at the man for two seconds. Finally, he unnaturally turned his head and said, "There's another table. Foreigners. Upstairs."

"Get them to come down," Klein ordered coldly.

Fox was silent for a few seconds, until the man quickly drew his gun and aimed it at his head.

He took a deep breath and sent a waiter up to the second floor, leading the Timothy family down the stairs.

"What happened?" Timothy was a man who was more than thirty years of age. He was on vacation with his newly wedded wife.

Klein lowered his gun and flatly said, "Something unexpected has happened in Bansy Harbor.

"Are you coming back with me to the ship or staying here?"

"Something unexpected?" While Timothy ruminated over the words, he saw Urdi Branch outside nodding at him solemnly.

He knew that the other party was a very rich import and export merchant who had three bodyguards with him. He believed that if there were any unexpected circumstances, then it would be safer to stay with them, so the answer was obvious.

As for the unique customs of Bansy Harbor, it was just a custom! He held his wife's hand and walked towards the door, politely smiling as he said, "All our things are on the ship. Of course we'll stick with you."

"Thank you," he and his new wife expressed their gratitude in unison, walked past Klein, and joined with the Branch family outside.

Klein withdrew his revolver, politely bowed at Fox and said, "Excuse us."

With that, he turned around and walked towards Cleves and company, who were illuminated by the light leaking out from the restaurant.

With a thud, the door of the Green Lemon Restaurant closed once again, swaying slightly in the wind.

Klein had actually noticed an unusual, subtle atmosphere just now, but since his Spirit Vision failed to obtain anything, he didn't wish to investigate it too deeply, lest he ignite the huge danger lurking in Bansy Harbor.

He returned to Danitz's side and did a headcount with the light of the lantern.

Donna's family of four, their three bodyguards, the Timothy couple, and several servants are all present… Klein switched the hands in which he held his revolver and cane with, lifted his gun-wielding right hand, slipped it deep into the double-breasted frock coat, and rubbed the Sun Brooch.

With a flash of dark golden light, an invisible force quickly spread outwards, flooding everyone present like a wave.

Instantly, Donna and the others felt as if they had arrived in the south, like they were bathing in warm sunlight that dispersed the cold chill within their bodies.

They were no longer as nervous and worried, as if they had found their courage again. The remnant black colors obtained from the special cured meat from Damir Harbor quickly disappeared along with the extremely minute amounts of wicked feelings.

Sun Halo was able to enhance the courage of one's companions within a twenty meter radius and purify any evil forces within them!

With the help of the brooch and while under the control of Klein's spirituality and psyche, he could use the power of the sun to bypass any targets he didn't wish to help.

"Let's head to the telegraph office first." Klein repeated himself as he held his cane in his left hand and his revolver in his right. After getting his bearings, he proceeded forward.

Danitz followed his directions and walked diagonally to the side. Cleves, Cecile, and Teague very professionally took charge of security for the other two flanks.

*With a party of more than 15 people, it's easy for us to suffer losses once we're attacked. Moreover, only Blazing can truly be considered a helper… What should I do? *Thinking back to the monsters he had encountered,

Klein suddenly slipped the revolver back into his underarm holster and handed the cane to his right palm.

He reached into his pocket with his left hand and removed the wall of spirituality around an iron cigar case. He took out Azik's copper whistle and held it in his hand, occasionally tossing it up.

He believed that such an action would divert the attention of the undead monsters which only had one head left from the others, leaving the brass, ancient whistle as the only thing in their "eyes!"

This way, I don't have to worry about not being able to rescue them in time. That's the effect of an MT 1! Klein sighed and quickened his pace.

At this moment, three shriveled heads covered in mold flew out from the thin fog in front of him. They charged towards Klein from different directions like arrows, completely ignoring the existence of the other delicious meat.

Three! Danitz's pupils contracted, a little worried that Gehrman Sparrow would end up flustered, but he also looked forward to seeing his true strength.

*Three… *Klein calmly shook his left hand and threw Azik's whistle into the air.

The heads with esophaguses hanging down from them immediately drew an arc and headed for their primary target.

Klein took a step back and, without any expression, raised his hand and squeezed the Sun Brooch.

All of a sudden, dense golden flames were produced where the copper whistle was as a holy aura was emanated.

Fire of Light!

The three skinny heads let out miserable shrieks at the same time, turning into dust under the golden light.

Klein took two steps forward and reached out to catch Azik's copper whistle.

…*That can actually work? Another mystical item?* Danitz froze for two seconds, flabbergasted at how easily the assault had been resolved.

At that moment, Timothy and his wife also clearly saw what the things which were attacking them looked like. One of them turned pale from fright while the other asked, flustered, "W-what was that?

Donna immediately turned around and nodded seriously.

"Leave your questions to after we get back to the White Agate."

With that said, she put her finger to her lips, mimicking Uncle Sparrow's meaning of "silence."

Remembering the holy aura displayed by the young man in front of him, Timothy swallowed hard and pulled at his wife's hand. He fell silent while remaining alert, and his servants had no choice but to obey upon seeing this.

The group continued on through the moonlit streets. The lights of the houses on either side of the streets were extinguished, leaving only darkness behind the oriel windows.

Donna felt as if pairs of eyes were following her and the others, but for some reason no one showed up.

They must all be afraid of Uncle Sparrow! She held her brother's hand tight and walked amidst the protective circle of her parents.

Suddenly, a figure appeared at the side of the street. He wore a black cloak and leaned forward, revealing a neck that was still bleeding. There was

nothing above the neck, with the interior of the cloak reflecting the moonlight.

Gasp!

The headless figure let out a beast-like growl that sounded like gasping as it rushed towards Klein, stomping on the street to the point that the ground slightly shook.

A spot it passed by just happened to be in Danitz's path. This infamous pirate cursed and flung an orange-yellow fireball which had been repeatedly compressed from his hand.

Boom!

The fireball exploded, causing the headless man to retreat several steps.

His clothes were tattered, and his skin quickly charred while his cloak was set on fire.

However, to the monsters that had already lost their lives, this wasn't a serious injury.

And in that instant, with a crisp crack, the scarlet flame on the black cloak suddenly soared into the air, as if it were blooming.

Klein, in his coat, jumped out of the flames, borrowing the momentum from his fall and his own strength in order to stab the cane he held in both hands directly into the headless man's neck.

Splat!

The cane sank into the headless man's body and emerged from his crotch.

Bam! Klein's back muscles bulged, forcefully throwing the headless monster to the ground!

Taking advantage of this opportunity, he stood behind the monster and continued to grip the cane tightly while he poured his spirituality into the Sun Brooch.

He had already used his Spirit Vision to determine that Holy Light Summoning, Cleave of Purification, and Fire of Light were all unable to deal with this blackish-green monster in a short amount of time, so he could only use another method.

Five seconds, four seconds, three seconds. The headless man struggled with all his might, but like a snake, he fell to his knees and was firmly nailed to the ground by the cane.

Two seconds, one second!

Klein opened his mouth and spat out a word in ancient Hermes.

"Sun!"

Specks of radiance appeared and turned into water droplets that sprinkled over the headless man's body.

*Sizzle! *When the blackish-green gas was emitted, Klein let go of his cane and took two steps to the side.

Within the sparse "rain," the headless man continuously twitched before finally calming down, eventually melting into a pool of blood.

*No Beyonder characteristics… This means it's not the real enemy. At most, it can be considered as a created "servant"…*Klein withdrew his cane, turned, and walked back to the group.

"So cool!" Denton let out a belated cheer.

Donna's eyes sparkled.

He was still borrowing the powers of a mystical item… However, his phasing away during the flames has indicated his true strength. He really isn't easy to deal with… Blazing Danitz retracted his gaze, feeling that his decision not to mindlessly run off had been extremely wise.

Seven or eight minutes later, the group that cleared out two more waves of monsters arrived at the Bansy Port's telegraph office.

Cleves took the initiative and knocked on the door.

"Who is it?" A gentle female voice came from inside.

"We're looking for the captain of the White Agate, Mr. Elland," Cleves answered through the door.

In the quiet night, the woman's voice spoke at a moderate pace.

"He and his first mate went next door to the cathedral."

The person speaking sounds odd, or is she like that only on similar nights? Klein flicked a gold coin and confirmed that she wasn't lying.

As they were preparing to leave, the female voice in the telegraph office hesitated and said, "Can… Can you guys… help me… take note of someone?

"He's my… colleague. He went out before the wind started tonight… and never came back.

"His name… is Paavo Court."

Footnotes:

Ch 509 Footnote 1

Main Tank. A term used in gaming for a character that takes on all the aggro and damage.

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CHAPTER 510
THE RETURNING BISHOP

Paavo Court… Cleves didn't directly answer the woman behind the telegraph office's door. He turned to glance at Gehrman Sparrow, waiting for his decision.

In the eyes of this former adventurer, it was a difficult task for fifteen people to get back to the White Agate safely. They couldn't and shouldn't be distracted by helping her search for someone. However, he was well aware that the current pillar of support was Gehrman Sparrow and Blazing Danitz. They were the only ones who had the right to decide on the matter.

Klein remained silent for two seconds, then he spoke in a measured voice.

"What does he look like?"

He believed that having more information would help him escape this strange, foggy city, so he casually asked in passing. As for whether he would help take note of the person's whereabouts, it all depended on what happened next.

While inquiring, Klein also warned himself not to pursue the matter too deeply or else it might risk triggering the danger dormant in Bansy Harbor.

Between understanding the situation and avoiding the risks, he had to engage in a balancing act—no more, no less, without leaning too far left or right.

This might be an easy or difficult feat, because no one knew what would happen once he took the step. He could only judge based on his experience

and intuition, and he could fall into a pit at any time. This left Klein highly stressed as his mind whirled at an unprecedented speed.

In the dense darkness and thin fog, the telegraph office's door remained tightly shut. The woman inside paused and said, "He's… a very handsome… man.

"He has two eyes, two ears, a nose, and a mouth."

*Why does this answer sound so scary… Is there something wrong with this woman? According to the customs of Bansy Harbor, she shouldn't have even responded! *Blazing Danitz had the urge to kick open the door, rush into the telegraph office, and check the situation inside.

It was at this moment that he saw Gehrman Sparrow put his hand on his hat and turn to the side.

"Storm cathedral," Klein briefly stated their destination.

He didn't bother with whether there was anything wrong with the woman at the telegraph office. It was just like how he didn't delve into the secrets of the owner of the Green Lemon Restaurant or the customers who had chosen to stay the night.

The wind was getting lighter, and the fog was thinning. The candlelight from the cathedral was shining through the narrow windows high above, like a beacon in a storm.

After Klein used Sun Halo again, Donna and the others regained some of their courage, like people who had fallen into the water and desperately grabbed onto the last straw. They hurriedly walked on the empty streets in silence.

Soon they arrived outside the Storm cathedral, but the doors were shut tight.

Glancing at the Storm Sacred Emblem on the door, Klein raised his hand and knocked three times.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

A vigilant male voice immediately came from behind the door.

"Who is it?"

"Gehrman Sparrow," Klein replied straight away.

He could already tell that it was Captain Elland.

"Why are you here?" Elland asked again without opening the door.

Klein raised his cane and calmly said, "You helped me pay White Shark's compensation."

After a moment of surprise and amusement, Elland made an initial confirmation that it was the real Gehrman Sparrow outside. At the very least, even a monster adept at disguising wouldn't have known something that was privy only to the two of them.

He still felt hesitant until Cleves, Urdi Branch, Donna, and company sounded out in succession. Only then did he relax and allow his first mate, Harris, to unlock and open the door.

A heavy clunking sound rang out, and Klein saw Elland in his boat-shaped hat, sword in one hand, and musket in the other.

"Something happened here too?" he keenly asked, based on his conclusion from the situations from before.

Elland stepped aside to let Donna and the others in. Then he pointed at the prayer hall and said, "The priest I knew, Jayce, died in there. He was

decapitated, and Bishop Millet is nowhere to be found. Same for the other priests. Also, the servants in the church are all gone."

A dead priest with a missing bishop? The whole cathedral is devoid of the living? This is a little problematic… Klein gripped the cold Azik's copper whistle, his heart sinking.

Of course, he was very clear that the priest and the bishop weren't the main force of the Church of Storm that managed Beyonder matters in Bansy Harbor. Underneath this cathedral, there was definitely a Mandated Punisher team formed out of 6–8 Beyonders, as well as an indefinite number of Sealed Artifacts. Even High-Sequence Beyonders wouldn't be able to wipe out this force in a short span of time without causing a stir.

As long as they're alive and able to use Sealed Artifacts, the problem shouldn't be too terrible… So, at this point in time, what is the Mandated Punisher team doing? Based on his previous experience as a Nighthawk, Klein made a guess of the standard operating procedures.

In the process, he followed Elland to the prayer hall and examined the body of the deceased priest.

Jayce died a tragic death, as if his head had been decapitated while he was still alive. Unlike the monsters outside, his esophagus and head were separated.

With Klein's Spirit Vision, this priest no longer had any remnant spirit. It would be very difficult to have a successful spirit channeling ritual.

*Is it due to a unique killing technique, or has it been dealt with accordingly… It's different from the monsters outside. Was it because the operation happened in a rush? *Combining all that he knew, Klein concluded his previous speculation.

He felt that there were two possibilities. One, there was something of local origins, perhaps a living Sealed Artifact or a Mid-Sequence Beyonder, who

had lost control underground. It escaped the cathedral and killed Jayce while fleeing, causing the abnormal changes in Bansy Harbor. The bishop, priests, and Mandated Punishers were in desperate pursuit, attempting to form a seal again or get rid the perpetrator. The servants had been led underground and were under the protection of the remaining Mandated Punishers.

But this didn't explain the strange behavior of the residents of Bansy Harbor.

The second possibility was that the primitive sacrifice ritual to the God of Weather had been resurrected in a number of people in Bansy Harbor, and that the flying heads and headless monsters were in adherence with the descriptions of flesh and blood consumption in the sacrificial rituals and the burying of heads in the altar. And due to some unknown reason, this group of people had raided the cathedral and killed Reverend Jess. The rest of the population had more or less understood the situation, but they had opted for silence.

They might've already assaulted the area underground and are currently engaged in an intense battle with the Mandated Punishers, priests, and the bishop, who are aided by Sealed Artifacts. They might've transformed all the servants into monsters or thrown them out. It can also be that they're under pursuit from the Beyonders of the Church of Storms, and the servants have been sent underground to receive protection to prevent any accidents… From the fact that Jayce's corpse hasn't been used, there's a possibility that it's the latter development… If I were to head underground to confirm the situation, I'll definitely be attacked since we're unfamiliar Beyonders… Besides, the remnant strength might not be sufficient… Klein looked at the priest on the ground and realized that his Beyonder characteristic had condensed into a blue sapphire by his neck.

He retracted his gaze and didn't pick up the item. He didn't want to attract the violent retaliation from the short-tempered Church of Storms so he turned to Elland and Harris.

"Let's return to the ship first."

He casually tossed the gold coin and confirmed that there was no battle currently going on underground.

In any case, regardless of whether there were any Mandated Punishers present, the cathedral grounds were no longer suitable for prolonged stays. After all, Klein wasn't sure if his guess was right, and he could only make the safest choice.

"Alright!" Elland had no desire to stay here either, being in a situation where he waited nervously for any changes to befall him.

As long as he returned to the White Agate, he would have many cannons and many sailors that could withstand accidents to a certain extent.

After a short rest, the group left the cathedral.

With the addition of Elland and Harris, the team's defense clearly became much tighter. Klein no longer needed to toss the copper whistle to attract the monsters, so he stuffed it back into his pocket.

"Shall we send a telegram to the Church of Storms's headquarters to report on Bansy Harbor?" After a few steps, Elland made a cautious suggestion.

This way, even if there were major unforeseen events, as long as they held on, they would eventually be saved.

Klein didn't object. Walking through the thin fog ahead of him, he calmly said, "We'll pass by the telegraph office."

Phew. Blazing Danitz breathed a sigh of relief, then his heart skipped a beat.

He was afraid that the Church of Storms would perform investigations and discover that an infamous pirate had played an important role in this matter, and by then, he would probably still be trapped on the White Agate.

Although I saved people, the Mandated Punishers aren't friendly to those who don't belong to them, especially when I'm a pirate… Stumped for a moment, Danitz decided to get over the immediate danger before considering other matters.

After walking for a while, they saw the telegraph office in sight. A faint yellow light suddenly emerged from the side street and approached them from the depths of the fog.

It was a middle-aged man carrying a lantern.It was a middle-aged man carrying a hurricane lamp.

He wore a dark blue bishop robe embroidered with the symbol of the storm. His head was bowed and his face was pale. He was wheezing as he staggered while walking.

Elland focused and blurted out, "Bishop Millet?"

The middle-aged man looked up, raised his hurricane lamp and said,"Elland, is it?"

At this moment, Klein took a step back, letting Elland stand out. He didn't wish for the bishop of the Church of Storms to pay notice to him.

Danitz even shrunk his neck back, using Urdi's plump body to block himself.

"Yes, Your Excellency. Jayce is dead. What happened?" Elland wasn't a novice, so he didn't directly step forward.

Bishop Millet coughed and said, "An old custom has been revived, and a group of heathens with dirty blood running through their veins are beginning to offer live sacrifices and are consuming their flesh and blood.

"Jayce noticed that they were problematic and ended up being killed by them.

"The matter can no longer be covered up. They used the sacrificial ritual to change the weather and tried to attack the cathedral. They were defeated by the Mandated Punisher and fled to the mountain. They escaped to the cave where the altar is.

"I was injured in combat. Without being able to hold out much longer, all I could do was slowly make my way back."

Just as he finished speaking, a bright ball of light burst out of the distant fog, as if countless bolts of lightning were striking down.

With the help of this light, Klein and the others could see the fog-covered mountain range by the shore, as well as the peak which was connected to thunderstorms.

To a certain extent, this confirmed Bishop Millet's claim.

Elland was about to step forward to support the Storm bishop when he saw Gehrman Sparrow take out a gold coin and mutter in a low voice, "He has ill intentions."

Ding!

The gold coin flew up and then tumbled in the air before landing in Klein's palm, heads facing up.

It meant a positive result!

Bishop Millet stared straight at this scene, his light brown eyes suddenly flashing with a dark red light.

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CHAPTER 511
"SNITCH HALO"

Woosh!

A strong gale blew out from Bishop Millet's body, lifting up his dark blue bishop robes.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! The branches of the nearby trees snapped as they flew into the air.

Donna's body involuntarily rose a few meters into the air before being thrown out several meters. Her body ached all over when she fell to the ground.

It wasn't just her; Cecile, Denton, Timothy, Harris, and the others were all blown up by the wind and landed in different spots. Only Cleves, Teague, and Urdi, either because of their training or abnormally heavy weight, staggered to the ground and tumbled a few times.

Elland, who was facing Bishop Millet directly, did a series of retreating and backward somersaulting actions, dodging the incoming blow from the wind.

Klein and Danitz didn't attempt to resist it head-on; instead, they flew backward like kites. Although they looked like they were about to collapse to the ground, they ultimately managed to keep their balance.

As soon as the hurricane stopped, six figures emerged from the dispersing fog. They were all wearing black cloaks and were headless. Left with only bleeding necks, their hoods were supported up by the eddies of the hurricane.

Gasp! Gasp!

Their throats emitted the low grunts of a beast like the moment before they were ready to attack.

Sou! Sou! Sou!

A series of thin and sharp wind blades shot out, leaving a clear and deep rift where Klein was somersaulting.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

From both sides of the lantern wielding Bishop Millet, whose dark blue bishop robe had flared up slightly, six headless men rushed at Klein, Elland, and the others, stomping on the ground until it trembled.

*One headless monster is already hard enough to deal with, but now there are six of them… And there's even a bishop who's obviously corrupted! *When Blazing Danitz saw this scene, he couldn't help but feel his scalp tingle.

At this moment, a bronze beam streaked past his eyes and shot into the distance.

Dang! Dang! Dang! Azik's copper whistle dropped to the ground and bounced a few times.

With a whoosh, the six headless men changed direction at the same time, rushing towards the location where Azik's copper whistle came to a stop, leaving Bishop Millet standing alone in his original spot.

Klein seized the opportunity, lifted his left hand, tearing off the Sun Brooch inside his coat, and threw it to Captain Elland who was closest to him. He shouted succinctly, "Inject your spirituality. Five seconds. Holy water."

After saying this, he ignored his silk top hat that had been blown away, and instead, he bent his body, dashing towards Bishop Millet in a zigzag manner.

Sou! Sou! Sou!

One after another, wind blades were shot out in close succession, all of them aimed at Klein.

In a flash, the ground showed signs of being cut and slashed. Klein either somersaulted, lunging forward, or jumping up by supporting his body with his hands to avoid the first round of concentrated fire.

The dark red light in Bishop Millet's eyes grew brighter as he raised his hands.

Sou! Sou! Sou! Sou! Sou!

At this moment, the wind blades inundated him like a machine gun. Klein only had enough time to dodge half of it before his body was torn apart, turning into thin and light shreds of paper that flew into the air.

Klein appeared in another direction and continued to charge at Bishop Millet, trying to close the distance between them to an effective distance!

…

After catching the Sun Brooch, Elland immediately felt the heat. He wished that he could take off his clothes and jump into freezing water.

He thought for a moment about the words Gehrman Sparrow had left him before taking out a tin-colored alcohol flask from the inside of his clothes, unscrewed the lid, and poured out all of the Lanti Proof inside. The strong aroma of the wine rapidly spread in all directions.

Blazing Danitz looked around, feeling certain of the situation.

With a grimace, he genuflected and suddenly pressed both his palms onto the ground.

Two scarlet fire serpents appeared out of thin air, clinging to the ground as they spread towards Azik's copper whistle and created four burning walls of fire.

His original plan had been to throw a fireball at Bishop Millet and let Gehrman Sparrow use the flames to easily jump towards the bishop and launch an attack. However, after seeing that the area around the bishop was filled with freezing gales, he rationally gave up on the idea. He was prepared to first clean up the headless monsters to prevent them from disturbing Gehrman Sparrow ability to use his true strength.

Cleves, Cecile, Teague, and Harris had already stood up again and had drawn their guns. They surrounded Urdi, Donna, and Timothy in the middle, guarding them against any other monsters that might appear.

Their experience taught them that, without any prior teamwork training, it was best not to interfere in a battle that was beyond that of ordinary humans.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

The six headless men, oblivious to the burning flames, burst through the scarlet walls of fire and began to pounce onto Azik's copper whistle like ravenous dogs.

This gave Elland time to inject his spirituality into the Sun Brooch with composure. After the holy water condensed, he dripped them into the alcohol flask.

Seeing the headless people in a frenzied bunch, Danitz's heart skipped a beat. He bent down halfway and, with a flushed face, condensed a scorching-white flaming spear in his right palm.

Taking a step forward, he twisted his waist and swung his arm, throwing out the flaming spear. It whistled as it hit a headless man and nailed it to the ground.

A blazing white light soared, and the headless man's body was reduced to ashes. The remaining half of his body was also burning, continuously releasing blackish-green gases.

Seeing that his attack had succeeded, Danitz was about to continue this attack method when he suddenly sensed a particular kind of crazy, terrifying hunger.

At this moment, he felt as though he had arrived in front of a deep abyss, just one step short from falling in.

He knew that Gehrman Sparrow was no longer suppressing the crazy soul inside him.

After using Paper Figurine Substitutes three times, Klein finally entered a predetermined distance.

The glove on his left palm suddenly exploded with a hunger that had been suppressed for a long time, and dark golden scales began sprouting from it as it squirmed.

Klein's pupils faded away, as if they had turned vertical.

Immediately after, his pupils reflected Bishop Millet's fluttering dark blue robes.

Without a sound, the middle-aged man who was about to produce a large number of wind blades suddenly tilted his head backwards, and his body froze for a second.

His eyes, which were glowing with a dark red light, lost their rationality as they were filled with a sense of madness. His skin became smooth and

colorful, like the skin of some aquatic creatures.

He let out a panting sound, as though it had come from the depths of the ocean, as slippery, disgusting tentacles suddenly drilled out from under his dark blue robe!

Psychiatrist's Frenzy!

Klein originally only wanted to use this to interrupt the enemy's attack in order to create an opportunity for him later, but after going berserk, Bishop Millet immediately lost control!

The moment the fallen or corrupted man lost his final shackles of reasoning, he immediately stepped into the abyss of losing control!

Klein's pupils shrank as he saw the situation. He no longer hesitated, and he switched the soul he was driving.

In the midst of his frenzy, the glove on his left palm became stained with a gold color. His expression became dignified as his gaze once again locked onto Bishop Millet.

In an instant, his eyes lit up like two bolts of lightning.

All of a sudden, Bishop Millet let out a blood-curdling screech, his palms and tentacles retracted as he covered his head.

His psyche had been penetrated, causing him indescribable pain.

Interrogator!

Klein pushed himself up with his right hand, and his left hand lit up with a resplendent brilliance.

Right on the heels of that, he leaned back and opened his arms as if to embrace the sun.

A thick, pure, and blazing brilliance descended from the sky, landing on Bishop Millet and enveloping him within it.

The surroundings changed as though it was daytime. The strong gales came to an abrupt halt.

Sequence 5 Priest of Light!

Bishop Millet's body began to evaporate, first his skin, then his tentacles, and finally his flesh.

By the time the brilliant pillar of light disappeared, he no longer looked human. Instead, he had turned into a monster made of bones and flesh. Whatever was left of his aura was rather weak.

However, he wasn't dead!

The vitality of a Rampager was stronger than ever before!

Klein's expression didn't change. He took a few steps forward and rushed to the battered body of Bishop Millet. He genuflected, leaned forward, and pressed his left palm against the flesh.

He stopped using the power of the Priest of Light because he wanted to leave some food for Creeping Hunger!

A small crack silently appeared in the palm region of the glove as two rows of illusory, white, and eerie teeth grew out from it as it madly devoured any flesh, bones, and spirituality.

However, Bishop Millet continued struggling. He steadied his flesh and grew new tentacles, trying to entangle Klein and pull him into his embrace.

Klein threw his cane, pulled out his revolver, and fired five shots in quick succession at the monster.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

Bullets ranging from pale gold, brass, and silver colors struck Bishop Millet, igniting patches of different colored flames.

Bishop Millet let out a blood-curdling screech once more, one that came from his soul. He finally wasn't able to resist Creeping Hunger. Even his flesh and soul were transformed into a torrent that poured into the insatiable mouth.

In just two or three seconds, all that was left on the ground were clothes, money, and specks of dark blue and green light blobs.

This was the difference between "Devouring" and "Grazing."

Klein wanted the latter more, but there was no other food around.

Meanwhile, Captain Elland had already created two rounds of holy water inside his alcohol flask.

Danitz hurriedly shouted at him, "Throw it over!"

Without hesitation, Elland threw the alcohol flask towards the headless men who were still vying for the copper whistle.

Ahem. Danitz cleared his throat and stood up straight.

He leisurely inserted his left palm into his pocket and pushed forward with his right hand, quickly forming many scarlet Fire Ravens around him.

These half-illusionary Fire Ravens flapped their wings and flew out, following different trajectories of attack. At the same time, they collided with the alcohol flask which happened to be right on top of the group of headless people.

Rumble!

The alcohol flask shattered as Sun Holy Water splattered everywhere.

Sizzle! The remaining headless people were all drenched as they screamed and twitched in pain before falling to the ground.

They melted away quickly into blood as Azik's copper whistle lay still in the middle of the purified area.

*It's resolved… Gehrman Sparrow is really strong. Even if he encounters Captain, he'll have the ability to resist her… It's a pity that I didn't get to see what Beyonder powers he had used… *Danitz turned his head to look at Klein, who was standing in front of the remains of Bishop Millet, and silently sighed.

Then he saw Gehrman Sparrow glance at him coldly.

Subconsciously, Danitz dejectedly ran out and picked up Azik's copper whistle.

Donna rubbed her bruised arm and saw Uncle Sparrow in his long black coat walking back a few steps before stooping to pick up his half top hat, silently dust it off, and put it back on.

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CHAPTER 512
THE END OF THINGS?

After Klein retrieved his hat, Bishop Millet's Beyonder characteristic had already been fully condensed. It was only the size of a thumb and was translucent and light blue in color. However, from time to time, green streaks would appear like a tidal wave that approached a black hue.

Opening the revolver's cylinder, Klein shook it, dropping the empty shells that were either gold, silver, or brass in color to the ground, creating crisp tinkling sounds.

Then, he calmly took out a speedloader he had prepared earlier and loaded other Beyonder rounds bullet into the gun.

After doing all this, he put away the revolver, bent over to pick up Bishop Millet's Beyonder characteristic, and stuffed it into his pocket without paying too much attention to it.

Klein picked up his cane and turned back to the group after taking a few steps. He pulled out a paper figurine and flicked it like he was lashing a whip.

Pa!

The paper figurine was quickly ignited. It flew out of his hand and turned into specks of scarlet light that fell to the ground, extinguishing into dust.

"How cool…” Denton forgot the pain from his fall and stared intently.

It's like Uncle Sparrow is setting off fireworks… Donna nodded in agreement with her brother's words.

After using Paper Figurine Substitutes to interfere with the information and traces in the area, Klein looked in the direction of the way back and said calmly and concisely, "Leave this area."

With that, he turned around and walked away at a leisurely pace. He took the Sun Brooch and Azik's copper whistle from Elland and Danitz respectively.

Urdi and the others didn't make useless comments, nor did they cry out in pain. They followed quietly behind.

In the battle just now, they had fully witnessed the uniqueness of Beyonders, especially Danitz's flaming powers. It was the most eye-catching and obvious. It left them a deep impression, making them fully realize that this wasn't something ordinary people could intervene in. All they could do was abide by the instructions and follow closely behind.

Only by doing so could they guarantee their survival!

Compared to Danitz, the battle between Klein and Bishop Millet mainly involved invisible wind blades and the truly intangible psyche domain. Other than the holy light that seemed to descend from the gods and the frightening sight of Bishop Millet's loss of control, the entire battle seemed completely calm, so it didn't deliver a shock to the onlookers.

As they passed by the area they had just been in, Cleves, Cecile, and the others suddenly stopped in their tracks. They saw the ground covered with dense cracks everywhere.

*This… *They instantly understood one thing, and that was that Gehrman Sparrow's battle with the fallen bishop was many times more harrowing than the other performance.

A sense of horror and security arose at the same time as all of them quickened their pace.

Twenty or thirty seconds later, Klein stopped on the street outside the telegraph office. He said to Captain Elland in a deadpan manner, "Do you want to send a telegram?"

After saying that, he couldn't help but remind him, "Do not force your way in."

"Alright." On this strange night, Elland was just as cautious.

He took a few brisk steps to the telegraph office and knocked on the door three times.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

Amidst a slightly muffled sound, someone from inside asked, "Who is it?"

Klein, who was already on guard, suddenly frowned, because the one who spoke was a man!

Elland was also puzzled.

"I want to send a telegram.

"Who are you? I remember the person on duty was a lady before."

The man inside replied calmly, "I'm… Paavo Court, Melanie's colleague.

"She's right… next to me. She's fine."

Just as Paavo Court finished speaking, the female voice from before immediately followed up, "Yes… I'm doing very well.

"You don't… need to take note anymore. Paavo Court… is back."

*Pal, doesn't your folklore say not to answer or open the door? How did Paavo Court get in? *Klein resisted the urge to question her.

Elland took a step back and cleared his throat.

"I'd like to send a telegram to the headquarters of the Church of Storms."

"I'm sorry… But… we can't open the door," Paavo Court replied without emotion.

Elland also felt the strangeness of the matter and didn't dare to force it. Instead, he proposed an alternative plan.

"Can you send it for me and pass the draft to me through the crack in the door?

"The content is about the abnormal changes in Bansy Harbor, and the death of Bishop Millet and Priest Jayce. It shall be signed off with Elland."

"Alright." Melanie's voice trailed off, as if she'd returned to the telegraph machine.

After waiting for a while, he heard tapping sounds, and before long, a copy of the telegram draft was extended out from the gap under the door.

Elland bent down to pick it up, resisting the urge to peek through the cracks.

He looked at the telegram draft, and his nose suddenly twitched. He smelled a faint scent of blood on the paper!

He tilted his head and looked at Gehrman Sparrow, using his eyes to inform him that there was a problem with the telegraph office.

However, he was met with a deep and unperturbed gaze, as well as words that were said in a calm and indifferent tone.

"Return to the ship."

After throwing this sentence out, Klein turned around immediately and walked towards the end of the street, his figure gradually blending into the thin fog.

Carrying a broken lantern, Danitz immediately followed after him. Without any hesitation, Donna and the others did the same.

After pondering in silence for two seconds, Elland took the telegram draft and ran after the group.

No other sounds came out from the telegraph office anymore. It was unusually quiet.

…

Perhaps due to the extermination of the fallen Bishop Millet, Klein and the others didn't meet any more headless people in black cloaks on their way back. Moldy heads were only seen twice, and they were easily dealt with.

After walking for an unknown length of time, they finally saw the dock and the White Agate which had candlelight seeping out.

This sight made Urdi and the others regain their strength. They transitioned from a brisk walk to a jog, all the way until they reached the bottom of the gangway.

Klein stood guard below them with his bloodstained cane until everyone was on board, then with a tug, he jumped and arrived on the deck with just a few steps.

At that moment, Elland had already begun to gather his first mate, second mate, boatswain, gunner commander, and other subordinates. He got them to gather the sailors, adjust the cannons, and prepare to depart at any

moment. Although leaving the port at night had nontrivial security risks, it would be the best way to avoid danger if the situation worsened!

"Uncle Sparrow…" Donna held her brother by the hand and trotted to Klein's side, plagued by a bellyful of questions.

Klein nodded, pointed to the cabin, and said, "Go back to your room first.

"We'll talk about it tomorrow."

The danger hasn't been averted!

Donna nodded obediently. Together with Denton, she put her index finger to her lips.

"Shh!"

After the Branch family and the Timothy family entered the cabin, Klein walked over to Elland, took out Bishop Millet's Beyonder characteristic, and threw it to him.

"If there are still Mandated Punishers alive, return this to them."

The Beyonder characteristic left behind by a bishop who might've been a Sequence 6 would definitely be pursued by the Church of Storms, and everyone on the White Agate would be a target of suspicion. Klein didn't want to be wanted by the number one power at sea as soon as he set sail.

If none of the Mandated Punishers in Bansy Harbor survived, and if reinforcements from headquarters would take a while to arrive, leaving Klein plenty of time to deal with the matter and leave, then he would surely be reluctant to return it and would find a reason to get it back.

Elland caught the thumb-sized object, glancing at it doubtfully.

He didn't ask what it could be used for, and he chuckled.

"Don't worry about the Church of Storms's investigation. I'll hint to them that you're with me."

So, I'll be considered a member of MI9 by the Church of Storms? Klein nodded without saying anything else.

Elland looked at Danitz and probingly asked, "Blazing?"

"Haha." Danitz chuckled dryly and took a leaf out of someone's book. "Guess."

"I don't think so then," Elland replied with tacit understanding.

With the simple matters dealt with, Klein returned to the side of the ship and looked at the fog-shrouded Bansy Harbor, prepared against any hidden dangers.

Time ticked by, and the peak of the mountain next to the shore lit up once again with the lights of a thunderstorm.

Streaks of silver and violent bolts of lightning swept the area without restraint before they gradually calmed down.

The fog in Bansy Harbor began to dissipate, and the light of the crimson moon became clearer.

It's over? Even after seeing this, Klein still didn't dare to completely relax.

Half an hour later, three men who claimed to be Mandated Punishers came to the dock to see Captain Elland.

After Gehrman Sparrow confirmed it with a divination and a round of questioning, Elland allowed the sailors to lower the gangway.

The three Mandated Punishers motioned for the surrounding crew to leave, then they lowered their voices and informed the captain of the situation.

Klein didn't move closer to listen, but instead he waited patiently for the matter to end.

A few minutes later, Elland returned Bishop Millet's remaining characteristic to the Mandated Punishers and watched them leave the White Agate to deal with the rest of the mess.

Phew… Elland exhaled and came to Klein's and Danitz's side. He casually said with a tinge of lingering fear, "The matter has been resolved. There aren't any problems."

Has it really been solved… Klein suddenly thought of Paavo Court and Melanie behind the telegraph office door. He recalled Fox, the owner of the Green Lemon Restaurant, and the many lodgers who had watched them silently.

Elland continued, "To be specific, Jayce discovered the revival of ancient customs—cannibalism and live sacrifice, confirming that a small number of people in Bansy Harbor had become heretics.

"He hurried back to the church and reported this to Bishop Millet, but unbeknownst to him, the person before him was the leader of the heretics, a true fallen one. He had his neck cut off by Millet's wind blade and died in the cathedral of the Lord.

"Millet was about to dispose of the body, but he was discovered by the servants; hence, things spiraled out of control.

"Some of the servants were turned into monsters, while some were led by the priests to hide underground.

"Without any means to hide himself, Millet quickly left the cathedral, gathered the heretics, and headed for the altar at the mountaintop. The weather changed as a result. After the Mandated Punishers retrieved three Sealed Artifacts, they rushed over and engaged in an intense battle.

"In the process, Millet was injured and escaped, while the rest of the heretics remained to defend the altar which was eventually overrun.

"The Church's headquarters has already replied, and they'll be sending people to investigate the cause of Bishop Millet's fall. Heh, I told them that we were only able to kill Bishop Millet by joining forces because he was heavily injured. By the way, the Mandated Punishers have gotten me to get the Branch and Timothy families to sign a confidential agreement."

After giving a general account of the situation, Elland let out a long sigh of relief and busied himself with the remaining matters.

Klein didn't dare to completely relax. He stayed on deck until the clouds appeared to burn when the sun slowly rose, illuminating the entire port.

He saw the residents leave their houses one by one, basking in the golden sunlight, chatting and laughing as they headed for their respective jobs.

Bansy Harbor finally had the breath of human life again.

…

It's really over… Klein turned around, slightly puzzled. He had planned to catch up on his sleep, but only after the ship had departed. As for Danitz, although he had long been yawning, he remained motionless when he saw Gehrman Sparrow being motionless.

On the way into the cabin, Klein met Elland, who had also not slept the entire night.

"Good morning. We're about to leave the port. There's nothing to worry about," Elland greeted with a smile.

As he spoke, the White Agate's whistle sounded.

Upon hearing the sound, Klein secretly exhaled, deciding to put all his doubts behind him. He didn't want to think about Bansy Harbor anymore, so he nodded in response.

Elland stretched his neck and commented with a sigh, "Last night, I had a mystical feeling that the old Binsy and the modern Bansy Harbor overlapped."

Klein had intended to walk past him when he suddenly grasped a word and asked with a grave expression, "Binsy?"

"Heh heh, that's the ancient name of Bansy Harbor. Three or four hundred years ago, it was called Binsy Town. Later, due to its pronunciation and other factors, it gradually evolved into Bansy," Elland introduced in passing.

Klein's pupils shrank when he heard the answer.

He remembered very clearly that the evil spirit in Backlund's underground relic had once mentioned that if one wanted to find one of the founders of Rose Redemption, the former King of Angels, Medici, and his descendants, one could go to Binsy Town to try their luck!

Binsy! Klein's heart seemed to freeze over, inch by inch. A chill radiated from the depths of his bone marrow.

He jerked his gaze back to the harbor, to the scenes of the telegraph office with its tightly closed doors and the lodgers in Green Lemon Restaurant who were silently staring at him.

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CHAPTER 513
INTIMIDATION

If I had probed deeper, then there might be a high probability that I would've attracted the Rose Redemption or even a hidden Red Angel… There were several times where I danced at the edge of a cliff… Luckily, I managed to restrain my impulse and curiosity about the weird situation at Green Lemon Restaurant and the telegraph office… Klein retracted his gaze, finding the Sun Brooch inadequate in keeping his back from oozing with a layer of cold sweat.

Compared to the arrival of the True Creator, this unknown and undetonated situation was much more horrifying. At least, Klein couldn't help but imagine what would've happened if he kicked the telegraph office's door open, or if he went around to the back, flipped the window, and entered the room.

He constantly imagined all sorts of strange and terrifying scenes, which frightened himself quite a bit.

At the same time, he decided to produce Sun Holy Water for the passengers who had eaten at Bansy Harbor last night, in order to avoid any remaining dormant dangers.

"What's wrong?" Elland sensed Gehrman Sparrow's abnormality.

"I just remembered something." Klein used his Clown's powers to keep his facial expression normal, but inside he was glad that he didn't take the risk last night and had now successfully left Bansy Harbor.

As for the secrets of Rose Redemption and the King of Angels, he only had one thought in mind: *Quickly report it!*

If he didn't report it, was he allowing them to usher in 1351's new year?

If he chose to hide the truth and wait until he had a sufficiently high Sequence or enough strength to explore and reap the corresponding benefits, then Klein felt that he would feel very guilty and end up carrying a heavy burden if something happened during that time, causing the danger to be triggered prematurely, or if the remnant heretics would cause the death of one innocent passenger after another. That would only push him closer to losing control.

Of course, reporting the matter needed to be done in a correct and astute manner. Klein wasn't foolish enough to tell Elland directly or write an anonymous letter to the Church of Storms, which would then lead to a lot of trouble. First, the authorities would definitely investigate Gehrman Sparrow's background, and things could be easily exposed if thorough investigations were made. Secondly, this identity might be exposed to the Rose Redemption, which might attract a King of Angels's pursuit.

What Klein intended to do was to use The World to mention the anomaly in Bansy Harbor when the Tarot Gathering was held in two days. He would then have The Fool to lightly allude to Rose Redemption and a King of Angels. As a member of the Church of Storms, The Hanged Man would naturally know what to do next.

This would be a chance for him to perform a deed of merit!

As for the blood of the direct descendants of the Medici family, Klein didn't even consider it, because neither he nor Miss Sharron had the intention of rescuing the evil spirit in the underground relic.

Noticing that Gehrman Sparrow obviously didn't want to mention his past, Elland chuckled, took out a small black wooden box, and tossed it over.

Klein reached out and caught it, using his eyes to express his puzzlement.

"The bladder of the murloc. It can be used to make items. It's very useful at sea."

The Beyonder ingredient of a murloc… Worth more than 150 pounds… The captain sure is generous… Klein had almost forgotten how Gehrman Sparrow should react.

Fortunately, he had a lot of experience in acting. He immediately sank his face and said, "I didn't save you for a reward."

Elland laughed and said, "I'm not giving you this in return for saving me.

"Aren't we friends now? Isn't it normal to help a friend make up for his shortcomings when he doesn't have such items?"

What he said makes sense. There's no way to refute him at all… Klein held onto the small black box and remained silent for a few seconds. Finally, he nodded.

Elland covered his mouth as he yawned before taking off his boat-shaped hat.

"I need to return to my room to catch up on my sleep. See you at noon."

Klein waved politely and led Danitz towards Room 312.

He saw that Donna and Denton were up early and waiting at the door.

"Uncle Sparrow, what's that in your hand?" Donna asked curiously.

Klein didn't say anything and directly opened the lid of the small black box.

The interior was lined with a layer of black velvet, and sitting in the middle was a round, gem-like, transparent object. It had a blue, aqueous luster that

swirled outwards.

"That day, the murloc's…" Denton thought for a moment. "Bladder!"

At this moment, at Klein's signal, Danitz opened the door.

Donna walked in briskly while stretching out her hand from behind her.

She held a thick wad of cash that were a mix of ten-pound and five-pound notes.

"My father, my mother, Uncle Cleves, and Uncle Timothy's family asked me to pass this to you. A total of 150 pounds!" Donna smiled sweetly. "They said that this isn't enough to express their gratitude; it's just to replenish the supplies you used, uh… Those things are expensive, right?"

"Still alright." Klein thought for a moment, then he accepted the 150-pound gratuity so that Urdi and other ordinary people wouldn't feel uneasy.

Seeing Uncle Gehrman Sparrow put the cash and the small black wooden box into his pocket, Donna was relieved that she had finally completed the task her parents had handed her.

She quickly got into character and found her true intention for visiting. She asked curiously and fearfully, "Uncle Sparrow, what kind of monsters were those last night? Are ghost stories true? Were you born with the ability to jump out of the flames and let light descend? Is this magic, or witchcraft?"

Stop, stop, stop, you have too many questions… Klein, who couldn't stand the heat any longer, took off the Sun Brooch and threw it on the desk in the living room. He casually replied at the same time.

"They're called Beyonder powers; those that are obtained through certain rituals and potions.

"A lot of ghost stories have archetypes, and last night's monsters were created by an evil ritual.

"Ask him about the rest."

Klein glanced sideways at Danitz.

"How magical…" Denton and Donna sighed.

Then Donna said, her eyes shining, "Uncle Sparrow, you're just like the 'Superman' described by Emperor Roselle!

"Can we… can we also become people like you through rituals and potions?"

Denton nodded heavily, echoing his sister's words, and both of them felt a surge of strong anticipation.

At that moment, Donna noticed Gehrman Sparrow's eyes turn melancholic.

Soon after, she saw the mouth of this magical uncle open up, revealing a somewhat strange smile.

Klein said in a low voice, "This isn't something to be envied or anticipated.

"As long as you choose this path, you'll constantly be accompanied by threats and madness.

"You can beat them a hundred times, a thousand times, but as long as you lose once, you'll end up like that fallen bishop."

As he spoke, he leaned on his cane, took off his suit, and rolled up the sleeves of his shirt.

One of his arms was shriveled and wrinkled, as though he were a centenarian. The other was translucent and colorless, with a direct view of

the blood vessels, muscles, and aponeurosis beneath the skin.

At the same time, his face grew dense pale flesh granules that made Donna and Denton fall backward in terror and slam into the door.

With thin flesh granules growing on his face, Klein maintained his smile.

"See this?

"This is madness."

No… Donna and Denton almost lost their minds, stumbled through the door, and ran out.

After a few steps, they fell to the ground, unable to keep their balance.

"How terrifying…" Denton kept crying in a low voice.

At that moment, they heard the door to Room 312 clang shut.

Donna gradually calmed down, not daring to think of Gehrman Sparrow's appearance again. The way Uncle Sparrow looked—the flesh granules had occupied every inch of his face. The way his arms were shriveled and translucent wasn't much better than the monsters of the night before.

For some reason, she recalled his eyes and the words, "this is madness."

Her vision suddenly blurred, and she couldn't stop the tears from rolling down her cheeks.

"Donna, Donna, what's the matter with you?" Denton was so frightened by her reaction that he forgot his fear.

Donna sobbed and said, "I don't know…

"I j-just feel very, very sad all of a sudden."

Inside Room 312.

Seeing that Klein had returned to normal, Danitz couldn't help but click his tongue.

"Actually, there's no need to scare the children like this. They'll have nightmares. Just tell them that taking potions is dangerous."

Just as he finished his sentence, he saw a hard wooden cane covered in blood and dirt flying over, accompanied by a sentence that wasn't in the least bit emotional.

"Wash it clean."

Danitz reached out to grab the cane as the smile on his face froze.

…

Backlund, Empress Borough, Inside the Hall family's luxurious mansion.

Audrey stood behind the white and gold railings on the second floor, watching the servants on the first floor come and go, bustling with activity.

According to the customs of the Loen Kingdom, the nobles with fiefs would leave Backlund one week after the New Year Ball, and they would return to their own fiefs, where they would enjoy a pleasant life in the countryside or in a castle. In June, they would return to the capital, where they would socialize day after day. Of course, a banker with actual power and wealth like Earl Hall definitely needed to make trips between the two places to handle many matters.

However, "moving" wasn't an easy task. Many things had to be tidied up beforehand, and some of the servants would bring them back to the manor or castle. Only after everything was ready would the masters begin their journey.

After this Tarot Gathering ends, I should be sitting in a steam train back to East Chester County. I hope that vampire gentleman really can get the fruit of the Tree of Elders and the blood of the Mirror Dragon so that I can become a Psychiatrist before I leave Backlund… Audrey allowed her thoughts to wander.

Just then, Lady Caitlyn came over and asked with a smile, "Penny for your thoughts? Well… You're already an adult. When you get back to Backlund in June, you'll be able to find something to do. Do you have any plans?"

Audrey didn't think further and directly replied, "Mother, I want to like to join the Church's charity organizations."

I want to get to know this world… she added silently in her heart.

"Good idea," the countess agreed.

After giving her some advice, she walked down to the second floor and began to inspect the affairs of the family.

Audrey withdrew her emotions and turned her head to the side. With a faint smile, she said to the large golden retriever that was sitting to her side, "Susie, are you looking forward to it? You can run as much as you want in the green pastures and in the lush woods."

She was making fun of Susie because she had only become a gift because she wasn't a qualified foxhound.

Susie instinctively wanted to stick her tongue out, but she stopped herself like a cultured lady.

She answered without hiding her emotions, "Of course, I like to run, but I hate those barbaric fellows."

Are you referring to the foxhounds that Father and the others rear? Audrey pursed her lips to stop herself from smiling.

She looked up at the wall clock and saw that it was almost time for the Tarot Gathering.

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CHAPTER 514
LEGENDS OF ANCIENT GODS

Above the endless gray fog, the majestic palace stood still.

Just as Emlyn White, who had arrived here once again, regained his vision, he saw Miss Justice opposite him looking at the end of the mottled long table before greeting cheerfully, "Good afternoon, Mr. Fool~"

Audrey greeted everyone, one person at a time, starting with The Fool and ending with The World.

This order wasn't according to the seating arrangement, but by the order of the tarot cards—The Fool was the beginning that contained all possibilities, and The World was the end that represented perfect sublimation.

This was a little obsessive-compulsive disorder on Miss Audrey's part, a mysticism enthusiast. It started to appear with the increasing number of Tarot Club members.

She really is a carefree girl of stately birth… Emlyn deliberately passed a deep judgment and politely responded to the greeting.

During this process, he caught sight of The Sun through the corner of his eye. He couldn't help but think of the recent days when he had been studying the detailed history of the Sanguine at the home of Baron Waymandy.

There are a lot of details that I don't know about. There are indeed differences between professional researchers and amateur enthusiasts, but from this week onwards, I, Emlyn White, would be a professional

researcher… Baron Waymandy has never mentioned anything related to the City of Silver, so I can't ask him directly. As the secret messiah of the Sanguine who is burdened with secrets, I have to be careful in such matters… Attending class for half a day and going to the cathedral for half a day before accompanying the dolls at night seems to be a pretty good life… Emlyn's thoughts gradually dispersed.

Suddenly, he frowned and realized a very important question.

Why do I still go to the Harvest Church every day?

Yes, as a noble Sanguine, I must put an end to the things I start. There have been a lot of patients recently. Sigh, having your reputation spread isn't a good thing… Emlyn's brow gradually relaxed into a softer frown.

He saw that Miss Justice had completed her greetings. He raised his hand to knock on the table and looked at her.

"The things you need…”

Audrey pressed her right hand down and made a gesture to stop him before saying with a faint smile, "We'll talk about this during the transaction period.

"This is Mr. Fool's reading time."

Based on Mr. Vampire's tone, there must be at least one of the fruits of the Tree of Elders and the blood of a Mirror Dragon… Audrey, you're going to be a Psychiatrist soon! You're about to become a Mid-Sequence Beyonder! Audrey's mood became increasingly cheerful, the corners of her eyes filled with smiles.

She looked towards the figure amidst the thick fog and said with an uplifted tone towards the end, "Honorable Mr. Fool, I've gotten another three Roselle diary pages~"

Just short of four pages… She pursed her lips while in thought.

With Miss Justice setting an example, Fors also said, "Mr. Fool, I also have three new pages of Roselle's diary."

She was also full of anticipation for this Tarot Gathering because her second Apprentice potion had been digested much faster than expected. The dormant dangers had already been completely eliminated the day before yesterday.

Derrick followed immediately, "Honorable Mr. Fool, I've copied some legends of ancient gods."

Then, he said to The Hanged Man, "I've also tabulated the list of monsters around the area."

He really is a good child who doesn't need anyone to remind him… Klein, who had a rich harvest, sighed with emotion.

Seriously, he hasn't improved at all… Even though this will lower the difficulty of me obtaining benefits, it also conceals the risk of me losing the resources from the City of Silver… Exposure is a problem that requires constant vigilance… Alger shook his head indiscernibly.

Roselle's diary and the legend of the ancient gods soon appeared in the palm of Klein's hand.

He skimmed through it quickly and found that two of the six pages in the diary were repetitions of the past. For example, one of Miss Justice's contributed pages matched a page which The Hanged Man had handed over last year.

That's inevitable unless I can really teach them Simplified Chinese… Klein sighed and willed the two diary pages to the back.

The remaining four pages didn't contain very valuable information. Most of them belonged to the period when Roselle had lost his ideals and was obsessed with money, and the text was filled with sentences such as "What did I invent today," "What will I invent tomorrow," "How many gold coins can it be sold for," or "how much investment I received." It nearly made Klein lose control of his expression, wishing to smack these diary pages in Roselle's face.

At this moment, Audrey keenly discovered that the Dark Emperor card had returned to the side of Mr. Fool 's hand and was placed face down.

So it really was bestowed to his adorer! Was it to help him complete a mission? Hmm… or is there another possibility, that this is a new Card of Blasphemy, and not the original one! Audrey guessed with interest.

After flipping through the diary pages, Klein resisted the urge to take a deep breath to calm his heart, and he looked at the legends of the ancient god provided by Little Sun.

It was quite a rough description. It divided the eight ancient gods of the Second Epoch into three camps. The Giant King, Aurmir; the Elf King, Soniathrym; and the Vampire Ancestor, Lilith, were allies who fought against the Dragon of Imagination, Ankewelt; the Phoenix Ancestor, Gregrace, and the Mutated King, Kvastir. As for the Devil Monarch, Farbauti and the Annihilation Demonic Wolf, Flegrea, they were the ones who wanted to subvert all order and corrupt all living beings.

In the records of the City of Silver, the eight ancient gods were described as violent, evil, cruel, and terrifying. Even the Ancestor Vampire, Lilith, who superficially looked the most normal and was described as the Embodiment of Beauty, had a disgusting and ferocious side. For instance, she would manifest into a mountain range of flesh. On top of it grew all kinds of reproductive organs as they spewed out thick black fog while constantly producing all sorts of strange creatures. All powerhouses who approached "Her" would be overwhelmed by the desire to mate and reproduce, becoming a walking organ.

And all living beings who saw this scene—other than the other ancient gods—would lose their minds without exception or mutate on the spot, while others became crazy. The records of the City of Silver originated from the ancient texts of the Giant King's Court. Of course, that was what they claimed.

I cannot eliminate the possibility that this is to discredit an ally… This aspect is rather similar to the loss of control of the Primordial Moon who the Sanguine pray to… Is this one of the traits when one follows the Moon pathway to the end? At this thought, Klein almost raised his head to sweep his glance at Emlyn White.

In the legends of the City of Silver, the Vampire Ancestor, Lilith, really did control the crimson moon. As long as "She" wanted, "She" could make the Blood Moon appear every day for three hundred and sixty-five days a year, allowing the negative energy to rampage through the lands and the spirit world to interact with reality for an extended period of time, releasing countless unspeakable monsters and evil spirits.

This is the power of a deity… I wonder what the difference is between the ancient gods and the current true gods. Why do all of them look like evil gods… In the legends of the Sanguine, Lilith isn't like that. One of them is lying between the two of them? Or could it be that there was a change midway, from the one recorded in the City of Silver to the one depicted in the legends of the Sanguine? Klein looked away and took note of the details.

He made the paper in his hands vanish and leaned back slightly.

"You may begin."

With her bright eyes, Audrey looked at Emlyn White and immediately said, "Mr. Moon, do you have news of the fruit of the Tree of Elders and the blood of a Mirror Dragon?"

Emlyn nodded his chin and said, "A total of 750 pounds.

"Just pay this amount and they'll be yours.

"And of course, there's my payment. 100 pounds."

Audrey didn't bother with the total price at all and happily responded, "Deal!

"I hope that the deal will be completed today or tomorrow."

"No problem." Emlyn, who was about to make 100 pounds, couldn't refuse Miss Justice's request.

Awesome! Audrey lowered her right hand, clenched it into a fist, and lightly pumped it twice.

At that moment, Alger, turned his head to look at Mr. Vampire.

"Do you still want the inheritance of that Sanguine baron? 4,500 pounds, that's the best price I managed to get for you."

In fact, the pirate was willing to give it up for 3,200 pounds.

Emlyn's expression twisted.

If it's only 1,000 pounds, then I'll definitely take it, but… he replied inwardly.

Although their family members were pretty good apothecaries and doctors, with a modest annual income and long lives that allowed them to save a fortune, Emlyn had been unable to save any money since he became infatuated with dolls. From time to time, he would order some custom dolls.

Even if the 100 pounds which he hadn't received yet was counted, his personal savings didn't even reach 500 pounds, of which, 150 pounds had been contributed by Detective Sherlock Moriarty.

"I… I'll think about it again," Emlyn said with difficulty, suddenly feeling that he had to find some way to quickly save up money.

This fellow, Emlyn, just made the sound of poverty… Upon seeing this scene, Klein happily quipped inwardly.

Being friends with Mr. Vampire in reality, Klein had heard him mention that over the years, he had spent more than 7,000 pounds on dolls, which made Klein marvel at the price of puppets and how extravagant Emlyn was.

"No problem." The Hanged Man didn't press further.

He turned to Audrey.

"My fair lady, the Artisan has completed the work and has obtained a rather mystical item.

"It allows you to truly change your appearance while also providing you with three Beyonder powers—Flame Controlling, Damage Transfer, and Danger Intuition. It improves your balance and agility. It's a silver mask, but it can also be a hat or an earring; it can change its appearance, and you can name it.

"Of course, it also has its own minor flaws. When you wear it, your emotions will be amplified, and you must learn how to control yourself.

"It costs 5,500 pounds."

At this point, The Hanged Man chuckled and said to The World, "The Beyonder characteristic you provided earns you 4,500 pounds, and the Artisan's workmanship is worth 1,000 pounds."

4,500 pounds, much better than I had expected, even though there's a 15% commission, that is to say, 675 pounds for Mr. Hanged Man… Klein immediately controlled The World and nodded in agreement, "That wouldn't be an issue."

*Emotions would be amplified? According to Miss Escalante, I'll have the ability to influence the moods and mental states of other people when I advance to Psychiatrist. I should be able to do the same for myself… Yes, that flaw isn't a problem! *Audrey nodded lightly.

"I will pay within two days of receiving the mystical item."

In order to not reveal the secret of the Tarot Club, she had to wait until she had received the item before she could claim reimbursement from her father.

"Sure." The Hanged Man wasn't the least bit worried about Miss Justice's credibility.

So rich… Both Emlyn and Fors felt agitated at the same time.

Phew… Klein breathed a quiet sigh of relief. This meant that more than three thousand pounds of his would be available soon.

Thank you, Miss Justice! He silently drew a crimson moon inwardly.

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CHAPTER 515
HARVESTS FOR EVERYONE

Frankly speaking, although Alger had predicted that Miss Justice wouldn't bargain, and the fact that the mystical item was indeed worth about 5,500 pounds, he still felt a strong sense of discomfort over such actions. It felt like after all the hard work he had put in to make a killing, the money he earned wasn't even more than her pocket money.

675 pounds split from The World, and the Artisan's fee is only 600 pounds. I'll earn a net profit of 400 pounds… I've made a total of 1,075 pounds in this transaction, but The World isn't a simple figure. He has a great deal of Beyonder characteristics and potion formulas, and he's involved in a great number of events. He's in the know of relatively important information. It's not worth it to get into a conflict with him over a few hundred pounds. Otherwise, I could've pushed the price of his Beyonder characteristic to below 4,000 pounds… The Hanged Man thought wistfully.

As The Fool rejoiced at the prospect of receiving 3,825 pounds, Derrick looked at the lady across him and earnestly said, "Miss Magician, your Spirit Eater's stomach pouch is ready."

"Excellent!" Fors heaved a sigh of relief. "I'll pay 300 pounds in cash to Mr. Hanged Man."

Upon hearing this, Alger's spirit was also lifted. He hurriedly requested The Fool sitting at the end of the long bronze table for permission to conjure the potion formula.

A few seconds later, he wrote the Solar High Priest formula onto the yellowish-brown goatskin parchment in front of him.

"Sequence 7. Solar High Priest. Main ingredients: one comb of a Dawn Rooster, one fruit of a Radiance Spirit Pact Tree. Supplementary ingredients: 100 ml of a Dawn Rooster, 10 drops of Sun essential oil, 8 grams of fingered citron powder, and 5 grams of solidified lava."

Although Klein didn't deliberately pry into this potion formula, the content which was conjured thanks to him was still reflected in his mind. As long as he was willing to use dream divination to recall, he would immediately get the corresponding knowledge.

He couldn't help but exclaim, *Indeed, being a platform is most profitable!*

Derrick received the piece of parchment expectantly, glancing at it with relief and excitement.

Then, he conjured the list of monsters which were found in the area surrounding the City of Silver, letting The Hanged Man pick out the Beyonder ingredients that would be used to level the difference in prices.

Alger calmly and carefully checked the list, gaining a precise understanding of the situation around the City of Silver. After that, he selected three ingredients that he knew had buyers and prices.

After that, I'll be able to sell them within two days, earning me about 1,000 pounds. Counting the 300 pounds from Miss Magician and the previous 1,075 pounds, I'll finally have enough money for the Dragon-Eyed Sea Condor's eyeballs… Feeling exhausted, Alger turned his head to the side and said to Fors, "Miss Magician, you can prepare the transaction for the Dragon-Eyed Sea Condor eyeballs."

The Hanged Man had less than twenty pounds on him at present, and even the Artisan fees he had paid in advance was borrowed thanks to his wide network of contacts. However, by the end of the transaction, his cash assets would reach 2,375 pounds, sufficient enough to cover the 2,000 pounds required for the main ingredient.

Fors thought of the loss she had suffered last week at the hands of Mr. Hanged Man and responded, feeling slight grievance, "Alright."

For her, how much this deal would eventually earn her would depend on her teacher, Dorian Gray. She wouldn't earn anything extra beyond what he was willing to share with her.

At the end of the transaction segment, Klein manipulated The World to seek to purchase the remnant spirituality of ancient wraiths and a pair of eyes from a six-winged gargoyle. As for the sale or process of making the murloc bladder into a mystical item, he temporarily didn't intend to do it through the Tarot Club. He wished to use it as a catalyst to expand his social connections and resource channels at sea.

After today's Tarot Gathering, Miss Justice will finish gathering her Psychiatrist potion's ingredients, and the same is true for Miss Magician's Trickmaster potion… Now that Little Sun has the formula, he can finally work towards Sequence 7. He's one step closer to providing me with a way to remove the mental corruption inside a Beyonder characteristic… Mr. Hanged Man is about to receive one of the main ingredients of Wind-blessed, so there's only one last obstacle in his way before reaching Sequence 6… Only Emlyn hasn't yet made up his mind or found a solution. There's no hope of him advancing in the near future… Klein looked around and said with a chuckle, "Continue your free exchange."

Audrey was about to say something out of habit, but when she thought about it carefully, she felt that there was no news to share this week.

Apart from the numerous balls I've attended and the two psychology classes, there are only matters regarding my return to East Chester County that can be talked about, but there's no need to… She pursed her lips and remained silent.

Fors, who was still in her languid state from the New Year's holidays, continued having a blank mind. She commented, feeling rather guiltily,

"Backlund is still under the same kind of high pressure as before. Don't take any risks unless you're an official Beyonder."

Is that so? Emlyn, who had been behaving well during this time, frowned doubtfully.

A vampire like him who led a routine lifestyle couldn't experience the pain of having all the Beyonder gatherings stopped.

The Hanged Man nodded and thought for a while. Then, he said to The Sun, "Don't be careless.

"Before holding a sacrificial ritual, it's best if you confirm that the chief who led the exploratory team isn't in the City of Silver, or if he's busy with other matters."

"Mr. Hanged Man, do you mean that the Chief could've noticed the repeated cycle of fate?" Derrick asked in astonishment.

The Hanged Man replied solemnly, "That possibility can't be ruled out.

"However, I can't be sure since I don't know enough about your City of Silver."

Having said that, he hid his smile and presented a serious expression.

Derrick said with chagrin, "There are many things I'm not sure of either…"

Alger sighed inwardly, eliminating his disappointed emotions. "In short, caution and carefulness will allow you to live longer."

"Thank you for your reminder," The Sun said sincerely.

The Hanged Man withdrew his gaze and said with a smile, "Recently, the sea has been relatively calm."

No, that's just what you think… Klein silently retorted, manipulating The World to speak with a hoarse voice, "I just happened to hear about something at sea."

Without waiting for The Hanged Man to ask, he looked at Justice and The Magician.

"Ladies, can you buy me a radio transceiver?"

"I… can give it a try." Fors agreed without paying too much attention.

As she was about to leave Backlund, Audrey could only say "sorry."

After negotiating this deal, The World cleared his throat and said, "That matter has something to do with the Church of Storms."

*Something to do with the Church? Why didn't I receive any notice? Is it not required for them to pass it down to people at my level? *The Hanged Man frowned and waited patiently for The World to speak in detail.

The World originally wanted to sweep The Hanged Man with a teasing look, but due to the difficulty of those sequence of actions, he could only regretfully give up. With a heavy and hoarse laugh, he said, "An old custom in Bansy Harbor was revived. Some of the inhabitants became heretics, and even a bishop of the Church of Storms was corrupted.

"I heard that the matter has been resolved, but quite a few people died."

Bansy Harbor… Alger recalled the situation of the area and explained to Miss Justice and the others who remained confused, "There's a custom of living sacrifices there, and the target is an evil spirit called the God of Weather.

"Overseas, in the Southern Continent, there are quite a number of such evil spirits. On the surface, it seems like they've been cleared away, but in reality, they continue living in a strange state. Many people have suddenly

died in those places. Heh heh, it isn't necessarily because of an illness. If you guys have similar travel or adventure plans, don't be careless."

Alger tried to describe what had happened in Bansy Harbor as an accident, one that was within the realm of understanding.

Suddenly, he heard rather deep laughter.

This laughter came from the end of the mottled long table!

Mr. Fool… The Hanged Man suddenly turned his head.

Mr. Fool! Bansy Harbor isn't as simple as it seems! Audrey immediately looked at Mr. Fool who was sitting upright on his high back chair.

Noticing looks of puzzlement, curiosity, or excitement, Klein laughed leisurely with a hint of reminiscence in his voice.

"This reminds me of a King of Angels."

A King of Angels! The matter of Bansy Harbor involves a King of Angels! Audrey's eyes widened in anticipation of what Mr. Fool was to say next.

A King of Angels… Fors took a deep breath, her expression somewhat bitter.

*Why is it that all we talk about at the Tarot Club is the descent of the True Creator, the awakening of the Primordial Demoness, and the reappearance of a King of Angels? I'm only a Sequence 9! *She wanted to look up at the sky and sigh.

Emlyn, on the other hand, felt a baffling sense of excitement, having found another reason for why his Ancestor had gotten him to pray to The Fool.

As expected, this is a gathering of messiahs in preparation for the apocalypse. We are the chosen ones who will gradually face evil existences such as the King of Angels, the Primordial Demoness, the True Creator, and

so on! Emlyn had an impulse to immediately agree to the deal proposed by The Hanged Man, but the fact that he had no money had ruthlessly crushed the fantasy in his mind.

Which King of Angels will it be? In a rare occasion, Derrick joined in with the conversation with Miss Justice and the rest.

A King of Angels… What secret is Bansy Harbor hiding? Alger was waiting for the answer with rapt attention.

Seeing that Mr. Fool didn't plan on continuing, Audrey couldn't help but ask, "Honorable Mr. Fool, which King of Angels is it?"

Klein leaned back in his chair, chuckled and said, "Medici, who established the Rose Redemption. 'His' descendants live in Binsy."

Rose Redemption! The King of Angels related to the True Creator? Audrey didn't expect that the matter would be multi-layered, with each layer more serious than the last. She subconsciously asked, "Binsy?"

"That's the old name of Bansy," Alger replied in a low voice as he clenched his hands.

He could no longer imagine the truth behind this matter. He only knew that the unforeseen event in Bansy Harbor might not be over yet. The danger that could devour people remained lurking in the shadows!

He didn't know much about the phrase Rose Redemption, only knowing that it had something to do with the temple of the True Creator and the Angel of Fate, Ouroboros, but was unable to confirm exactly what it represented.

In short, the level of this matter is beyond my imagination! Alger looked at the end of the long, mottled table, and suddenly the thought flashed through his mind that Mr. Fool really did know the eight Kings of Angels and that he knew many secrets.

At that moment, he thought of something.

Just last week at the Gathering, Miss Justice had inquired about the other Kings of Angels, and Mr. Fool's answer was that we will come into contact with them in the future.

And just a week later, we really have come into contact with a new King of Angels!

Mr. Fool had foreseen this! Alger's pupils shrank as he lowered his gaze in fear.

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CHAPTER 516
THE HANGED MAN'S GUESS

Amidst his shock, another doubt surfaced in Alger's mind.

If Mr. Fool had foreseen this, why did he mention that Bansy Harbor's matter is related to Rose Redemption and the King of Angels, Medici?

Did "He" tell us on purpose?

"He" hopes to spread this matter through us?

The target is the King of Angels, Medici? No, it's more likely to be the True Creator!

Mr. Fool has repeatedly thwarted the plans of the True Creator before, so it should be no exception this time… The term Rose Redemption appeared in the abandoned temple of the True Creator, and it's established by the King of Angels, Medici, and Ouroboros. Clearly, they share a deep connection with the True Creator.

Bansy Harbor only has our Church of Storms, so the person Mr. Fool is really informing is actually me?

Alger vaguely understood something.

Then, he became acutely aware of another problem.

The last time The World mentioned that something major was about to happen in Backlund, it was immediately confirmed by Mr. Fool, and it later involved the awakening of the Primordial Demoness and the descent of the

True Creator. This time, the abnormality at Bansy Harbor also received a response from Mr. Fool. He revealed the secret hidden in ancient Binsy and has brought the Rose Redemption and the King of Angels to the forefront of all the members of the Tarot Club… Isn't this t-too coincidental?

Yes, news provided by The World previously had to do with Backlund, and this is the first time it involves the sea. Furthermore, Mr. Fool had mentioned last week that his adorer has been forced to leave Backlund because of the Great Smog. They match perfectly.

So, The World is actually Mr. Fool's adorer? No, he should be a representative among all his adorers in the Tarot Club. He's to do things that Mr. Fool finds inconvenient. Of course, through this gathering, the adorer will also trade goods and knowledge in order to advance himself. This is also considered a form of Mr. Fool's nurturing of him.

On careful thought, this theory is probably correct. At least, The World has never collected Roselle's diary in exchange for knowledge or intelligence from Mr. Fool. As his adorer, it's his duty, so he has probably submitted them in private!

From this conclusion, some deliberate questions or contradictions on The World's part are meant to conceal his identity as an adorer. This is consistent with his experienced, skilled, and cunning character.

In addition to the hidden attempt to awaken as he slowly lifts the seal, Mr. Fool holds the Tarot Gathering to also use us to interfere in certain events. This is evident from the composition of the members—a high noble, a Beyonder at the bishop level of the Church, a survivor of the Forsaken Land of the Gods, a student of the Abraham family, an adult vampire. Each of us represents a faction or a particular circle or resource channel.

Many thoughts flashed through Alger's mind. Not only was he not repressed by his own guesses, but he was also excited. To him, Mr. Fool's unknown purpose was the most frightening thing. Having an initial understanding of

what he wanted to do allowed him to effectively avoid any risks and improve himself by doing so.

As long as The Fool wants to use us to do things, he'll definitely give us some benefits. This is exactly what I was hoping for… Otherwise, I don't know when I'll be able to see the hope of becoming a demigod… Heh, The World, you definitely didn't expect that I would see through your disguise… Alger's fear subsided, and he began to think about how to use the information about Bansy Harbor.

He couldn't report the matter just like that, as it would arouse suspicion, and he had to patiently wait for an opportunity to let the higher-ups appreciate him and reward him, without ending up being monitored.

Audrey could tell that Mr. Hanged Man was undergoing a mental exercise, but she didn't expect him to come up with so many guesses in such a short period of time.

And from the words of Mr. Fool, she was delighted to learn that Rose Redemption was a secret organization established by a number of Kings of Angels, which was also related to the True Creator.

At the same time, she vaguely sensed the strangeness of The World. She realized that this member of the organization, who was the most difficult to read, was always involved in important matters and could always obtain important information. Furthermore, he constantly produced formulas, ingredients, and Beyonder characteristics, as if he could successfully hunt down a Beyonder within one to two weeks!

He left Backlund and went to sea? Or was it a rumor he heard in Backlund? Should I tell this information to the Church? Well, Mr. Hanged Man has a close relationship with the Church of Storms, so it's better for him to do it, and there wouldn't be any problems… Audrey suppressed the thought of probing and only curiously asked, "Honorable Mr. Fool, what's the title of the King of Angels, Medici? Or should I say, what is 'His' pathway?"

Klein leaned back into his chair and said with a deep chuckle, "Red Priest."

Red Priest? Which pathway is that? It sounds very similar to the Dark Emperor. Could it be that it's another Sequence 0 title? Audrey thought with excitement and joy.

Red Priest… Derrick silently muttered the words, realizing that there was no corresponding record in the City of Silver's history.

Perhaps I haven't read enough, having only received a general education… he thought regretfully.

Fors and Emlyn listened as if they were listening to a story and were equally interested in similar information.

The only problem is that I can't brag about it or write it into my novels! Fors felt a pang of regret.

Mr. Hanged Man will likely report it to his superiors. Let's hope he doesn't delay it for too long… With his shrewdness, he may have already figured out some of the problems regarding The World and has grasped the relationship between "Him" and The Fool. Fortunately, I've deliberately set up The World to be Sherlock Moriarty since a long time ago, giving him the identity of an adorer. Mr. Hanged Man can at best detect it up to this point, unable to imagine that The World is actually a dummy… Klein raised his hand to his chin, smiled, and said, "Continue."

Seeing that Mr. Fool was no longer talking about the subject, Emlyn, who had freed himself from his emotions as a messiah, began to face the difficult problems of reality.

That was his lack of money!

Regardless, he had never considered selling off his dolls. He only told himself that he needed to be frugal in the future. Only after half a year or

even a year could he get himself a new doll, or he could buy a new set of clothes for the dolls he already had.

In addition, the only way he could think of making money was to sell some potions that had a miraculous effect, but that could easily bring hidden danger to his clansmen in Backlund.

*This is an arrangement by the Ancestor. Logically speaking, Lord Nibbs should provide me help, but Mr. Fool wishes for me to keep it a secret, to be the messiah in the shadows who's burdened with responsibility. I'm not to reveal it on my own accord… *After thinking for a few seconds, Emlyn pumped himself up, cleared his throat, and said, "Everyone, I have a question.

"Here's the matter. Suppose there's a powerhouse who has arranged for you to investigate something. Although you have successfully obtained the information, you are unable to report it to the person due to certain reasons. Then, how can you continue to get support from this powerhouse?"

Having said this, Emlyn suddenly felt that this act was somewhat shameful.

Th-this makes me appear like a traitor and a spy… No, I'm doing this for the sake of the Sanguine's continuation. For this, I have to give up my reputation and bear the burden of being misunderstood. When this is over, and when the truth is revealed, they'll be moved by me… Emlyn quickly eased his prior feelings.

At this moment, Audrey, Fors, and Derrick cast their eyes towards Alger. In their eyes, Mr. Hanged Man was the most experienced and the best teacher in this field.

Klein also thought so too.

Alger glanced at The Moon and chuckled.

"It's simple, but you have to take some risks."

Emlyn subconsciously denied, "It's not me!"

The Hanged Man replied with a chuckle, "Let's assume that it's you."

He continued his description.

"You will slowly display a certain level of abnormalities in your daily life, allowing that powerhouse to see that you have a problem.

"He will have two choices. One is to interrogate you directly, but it will be very easy to end up losing a lead for clues. The second is to inadvertently provide you with help so that you can investigate more thoroughly and then send people to monitor you.

"I think the second possibility is the most likely. The risk you have to take is how to not reveal the information you want to hide while under surveillance."

That works? In fact, I won't be exposed either. Every Tarot Gathering, I'll be resting in the Harvest Church, looking normal on the outside. As for the sacrifice of items and the receiving of bestowments, they're things that can be shown to Lord Nibbs and the others. It will allow them to guess that I have formed some sort of connection with Mr. Fool, but they can't imagine that I've already joined a secret gathering… Very well, while I'm studying history, I'll take the initiative to ask Baron Waymandy about the City of Silver! Emlyn's eyes lit up as he had an idea.

He then thought of something and turned to The Hanged Man.

"Last week, didn't you ask about a way to make everyone on board a ship sleep at the same time?

"It's very simple, I can provide you with a magical anesthetic gas that can effectively spread without any irritating smells. Even on the deck, one will fall unconscious once they catch a whiff of it. Of course, it's best if you choose a windless night, and that the targets are unable to sense danger, and

their physiques cannot be too strong. Those Beyonders that are well known for their physiques in Sequence 9 are the limit.

"It can cause deep slumber that lasts for more than three hours. The effects will constantly decline after that.

"A hundred pounds a can, and an extra thirty pounds for me."

The Hanged Man thought about the situation of the sailors on the ghost ship and didn't haggle.

"Okay."

He wanted to erect a certain image in front of The Moon, to prepare for the big transaction that would follow. He had thought of using a Slumber Charm, but that would require him to chant the incantation. It would make the sailors notice that something was wrong and suspect something afterward.

At the end of the exchange, Klein tapped the surface of the long, mottled table with his finger, and he said with a leisurely smile, "I can foresee that everyone will present a new appearance of themselves next week.

"Let us end today's gathering here."

"Thank you for your blessings." Audrey was the first to stand up. She took her leave, expressing her gratitude.

With Mr. Fool saying those words, she felt more confident in consuming the Psychiatrist potion.

As The Magician and the others repeated the same words, one figure after another disappeared from the palace. The area above the gray fog returned to its eternal silence.

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CHAPTER 517
CITY OF GENEROSITY

Backlund, Cherwood Borough.

As the crimson glow faded from her eyes, Fors saw the familiar desk and open notebook which she used to jot down her inspirations.

To her, this experience was no longer anything new, but it still evoked reverence from the bottom of her heart.

This was a power that didn't belong to humans, something that even demigods were incapable of!

I'll receive the stomach pouch of a Spirit Eater in two days. My Apprentice potion has already been digested… Finally, I'll become a Trickmaster. I wonder what Beyonder powers I'll receive… By advancing by my own abilities, Teacher will definitely place greater importance on me. Apart from potion formulas in the future, perhaps I might be provided with some Beyonder ingredients… How I look forward to that very much. I don't even know the corresponding names of Sequence 6 and 5. I only know that Sequence 7 is Astrologer. After I become a Trickmaster, I'll immediately write to Teacher… Fors felt like she was one step closer to ridding herself from the curse of the full moon.

At this moment, she heard the sound of hurried footsteps approaching. Finally, it turned into the slam of the door.

Xio is out again. She's so busy. Fors sighed silently. *If not for the 400 pounds debt that she owes Viscount Glaint, we would probably be vacationing at Desi Bay now.*

After a long period of hard work, and thanks to the enhancement of her strength, certain tasks that were previously impossible for her to complete have become simple. Moreover, from time to time, Xio would receive small tasks that pay well from the golden-masked man. Xio has already raised her savings from 110 pounds to 320 pounds, leaving her with only 80 pounds left to pay off her debt.

*In fact, I could spot her 80 pounds, but unfortunately, although she isn't tall, she still has a lot of pride in her… *Fors withdrew her thoughts and thought about the matter Mr. World had entrusted her.

As a doctor and a writer, she didn't know much about radios or anything about the entire field of machinery. She didn't usually pay attention to such information when reading the newspapers, so she didn't know where she could buy the kind of transceiver The World wanted.

A department store? It probably doesn't sell one… Ah right, Aville writes science fiction, so he should know a lot about such matters. Fors quickly found the right person to consult.

However, she immediately had a new problem. Was she to visit him directly, or was she to write him a letter of inquiry?

Glancing at the chair covered in a thick, soft blanket, and smelling the fragrance of coffee and tobacco emanating the room, she felt a warmth slowly creeping through her body. Bit by bit, her motivation to leave the house crumbled.

I'm not familiar with him, so I shouldn't rashly pay him a visit. She sat down with a grunt and unfolded a piece of paper.

…

In the Berg household in the City of Silver.

Derrick opened his eyes and woke up from feigning sleep.

According to his original plan, he would've immediately held a sacrificial ritual to send out the stomach pouch of the Spirit Eater. However, the words of The Hanged Man reminded him to be more cautious and make more observations.

Uh… I'll gather the ingredients Mr. Hanged Man require first, and then I'll do the sacrificial ritual all at once… Derrick remained silent for a few seconds, then he attached his Axe of Hurricane to his body and headed for the steeple.

He first checked the items available for exchanging using merit points, but he wasn't in a hurry to complete the transaction. He planned to go to the underground market to take a look once the lightning in the sky subsided.

Derrick went up to the third floor and headed straight for the library section that dealt with mythology and ancient classics, hungering for valuable information he hadn't learned yet.

Suddenly, he saw a hard and yellowed book with a cover: "Giant King's Court—Book of Blackrock, Hand-copied Edition."

It's a record passed down from the Giant King's Court? I wonder if there's anything related to the Kings of Angels… Derrick reached for the book, pulled it out, and saw that it was bound in a brown monster hide.

At that moment, on the upper level of the library, Colin Iliad was wearing a flaxen-colored linen shirt and a brown coat and standing there quietly, looking down.

His unkempt grizzled hair flailed in the breeze from the window, and his pale blue eyes were deep and reserved…

…

Wednesday, 12 January. 5:40 p.m.

The sky was dark and cloudy, with deep blue waves undulating across the sea.

The White Agate bobbed up and down in this storm, like a toy in the palm of a giant.

"This is the sea. No matter how powerful one is, one will appear insignificant in front of it." Danitz stood by the window and enjoyed the scenery outside. "Fortunately, we're almost at the City of Generosity."

From the moment they left Bansy Harbor, the White Agate's journey had been smooth-sailing. With the help of the wind, it reached a stable speed of 15 knots. Hence, even though they arrived at Tiana Port a little later than scheduled, they completed the entire journey half a day earlier.

That is to say, the White Agate, which was scheduled to arrive at the City of Generosity on the morning of the 13th, arrived on the evening of the 12th.

Hearing Danitz's reflections, Klein just glanced up at him, then looked away and continued his contemplation.

The more he played the part of Gehrman Sparrow, and the more he had to force himself to behave in accordance with his persona, the more deeply he realized what kind of person he was. When faced with different situations, he realized that the choices he really wanted to make were different from Gehrman Sparrow's.

For example, he would've responded to Danitz by idly chatting with him about the weather at sea and the disasters caused by those terrible storms, but Gehrman Sparrow wouldn't. He had to be cold and reserved.

The more there are such differences, the more I recognize myself. Klein sighed inwardly.

This was something he hadn't experienced when he moved about with his identity as the private detective, Sherlock Moriarty. Back then, he didn't

have to disguise his personality and had just been himself.

I feel like I've digested my potion a little… However, Gehrman Sparrow has traits that are similar to myself. At the very least, when choosing to disembark and entering Bansy Harbor to save the others, I overlapped with this identity of mine, and there was no difference… Of course, it could also be said that I was adding a certain kind of persona into the mix. Beneath Gehrman Sparrow's gentleness and madness, he has a kind, brave, and compassionate heart that values relationships. Heh heh, I can't boast about myself. If I had known earlier that Bansy was Binsy, I-I would've most likely been terrified… Not necessarily. At the very least, the danger which was divined was within an acceptable range… Klein thought, summing things up as he engaged in self-deprecation.

This made him more aware of a problem; although playing the role of a purely fictional person could help him digest the potion, he needed to replace an existing identity to speed up and improve his progress. He needed to gain the affirmation of people from the other person's interpersonal relationships, feel the corresponding emotions of joy, anger, sadness, and immersing himself in them, but not getting obsessed.

Become anyone, but ultimately become yourself in the end? And get feedback from the people involved? Klein looked at the pale yellow carpet, his mind racing.

Seeing Gehrman Sparrow without a response, Danitz spread his hands helplessly, feeling bored out of his mind.

This crazy guy is good in every way other than making me do what servants do. There's only one thing, he doesn't like to talk. There's a communication barrier with him. If this goes on, I'll definitely go crazy… Fortunately, I'm finally at Bayam. I can finally be free! Danitz felt that he would sooner or later develop a habit of talking to himself when faced with a similar silence.

After a while he saw Gehrman Sparrow look up, smile, and say, "You can tell me about the pirate point of contacts in Bayam."

*… Dogshit! It's better if you don't say anything! *Danitz's expression twisted.

Woosh!

At 6:15 p.m., just before the storm arrived, the White Agate docked smoothly and arrived at the capital of the Rorsted Archipelago, Bayam, the City of Generosity.

It was also known as the Spice Archipelago, and it was home to a variety of exotic spices, with the plantations of these produce being mainstays of the economy.

The Blue Mountain Island, where Bayam was located, occupied more than half of the archipelago which was mostly covered in forest. It had gold, silver, copper, coal, iron, and other minerals, as well as a plentiful variety of fruits due to the particularly fertile land. For these reasons, the first batch of colonists named the seaside city they built the "City of Generosity." They believed it was a land of treasure promised by the gods, where it flowed with milk and honey.

Klein picked up his suitcase which Danitz packed, and he left Room 312, entering the corridor that led to the deck.

Without any surprises, he met Donna's family, Cleves, and others.

The two siblings were still a little afraid of Klein after the fright he gave them. They hid behind their parents and bodyguards and didn't dare to speak, appearing like deflated balloons.

Klein nodded slightly as a form of greeting.

At this moment, Urdi Branch hesitated for a second and then took a half step forward.

"Mr. Sparrow, will you be staying in Bayam?

"If I wish to hire—no, request for your help, how can I contact you?"

He's indeed a businessman with a spirit of adventure. Even if he's afraid, he still wishes to befriend someone with Beyonder powers… Klein thought for a moment.

"What newspapers are in circulation over here?"

"The Sonia Morning Post and the News Report are popular in the archipelago," Urdi said without any thought.

"Put an advertisement in the Sonia Morning Post for three days in a row asking to buy Damir's special cured meat, and leave an address. I'll go look for you, and if I don't show up three days later, it means I'm at sea again." Klein was careful to give a one-way method of contact.

"Alright." Urdi exhaled and smiled.

Cleves and the others expressed their gratitude once again and left the cabin in an orderly manner.

Noticing the gangway in sight, Donna suddenly slowed her pace and stepped back next to Klein, raised her face, and bit her lip.

"Uncle Sparrow, s-since that kind of power definitely brings about threats and madness, w-why did you choose to have it?"

She had thought about this question for a long time before finally mustering the courage to ask.

Klein was startled, and he instinctively formed a smile.

"For my dream."

Then he lowered his voice and said two words, "And… protect."

Protect… Donna mumbled the word in a slightly lost voice, picked up her pace, and caught up with her parents.

After watching the Branch family leave the White Agate, Klein retracted his gaze and said to Danitz, "You're free."

Ah? For a moment, Danitz wasn't used to it.

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CHAPTER 518
ON THE BRINK OF DEATH

Without another word or care for Danitz, Klein pressed his top hat and carried his suitcase down the gangway.

Are you really going to let me go? Blazing Danitz stood on the deck, his face filled with suspicion.

Although he had expected such an outcome, with Gehrman Sparrow directly letting him go while in Damir Harbor, making him capable of imagining today's scene, he still couldn't believe it. He felt that everything that befell him came too simply and easily.

Regardless, I'm worth 3,000 pounds. No, this is the bounty offered only by Loen! Isn't this madman, Gehrman Sparrow, an adventurer? How can he let go of a huge amount of wealth in front of him? It's incomprehensible… Heh, it's true that normal people can't understand the mindset of lunatics… Danitz gradually snapped back to his senses. With his luggage in hand, he carefully descended the gangway and stepped onto the concrete ground of the dock.

He straightened his back, lifted his head, and gave Gehrman Sparrow's back a glance. He realized that he really wasn't turning back and was following the path straight for Coastal Street.

Danitz didn't dare delay a second longer. He immediately turned around and left through another path, occasionally changing directions and using obstacles to look back, in order to ensure that he wasn't followed.

Soon, he arrived at a row of houses near the warehouse at the dock.

Gehrman Sparrow really didn't use me as bait… After triple-checking, Danitz finally relaxed completely.

At this moment, he finally felt like he was liberated. A dignified boatswain of a Pirate Admiral like him no longer had to be bullied and be ordered around like a servant!

I can already foresee that tomorrow will be incomparably beautiful. There will be a group of people vying to flatter me, wanting to become my servants! Danitz knocked happily on the door—three long and three short—rhythmically.

Hehe, Gehrman Sparrow asked me to give him the pirate point of contacts in Bayam. I obviously only told him the ones that don't have a good relationship with us. There's no way he could guess that our Golden Dream point of contact is right at the dock… Danitz picked at his nose and breathed in the fresh sea breeze before a looming rain.

Bayam was a pivotal location of the Loen Kingdom's Sonia Sea colonies. It was one of the largest cities in the region. There were many powerful official Beyonders, and no matter how rampant the pirates were, they didn't dare to openly show their faces here. Most of the time, they had to rely on the local gangs or people with backgrounds to handle the loot and purchase any necessities.

Of course, this didn't mean that they wouldn't come to Bayam. The Red Theater here was the most famous brothel in the surrounding seas, and countless pirates came to patronize this famous place. Even if one or two of their peers were caught every once in a while, it didn't stop them from rushing over.

In addition to the spice trade, the brothel industry was another major pillar of the Rorsted Archipelago. Apart from the Red Theater, there were many big or small brothels, out in the open or hidden all over the place. They fully satisfied the desires of the seamen with ample energy. As for the female pirates, they didn't have to worry about this problem. As long as they

were willing, they could always be satisfied. After all, there was more demand than supply. At sea, where faith in the Lord of Storms was mainstream, there had always been few females.

Similarly, the underground trade related to Beyonder ingredients and mysticism was quite frequent here, and there were many circles.

Those smaller ports are still better. We don't have to be afraid of being discovered at all, and we can just openly sit in a bar, engage in disputes with adventurers, and even fight them. As long as we don't cause any trouble or cause any deaths, the local official Beyonders will turn a blind eye. Heh, with their strength, they typically have to take on tremendous risks if they wish to interfere… Danitz thought mockingly.

At that moment, he heard footsteps and saw the door creak open. A familiar face entered his sight.

"Old man, did you not drink today?" Danitz smiled and greeted.

Standing at the door was one of the Golden Dream's contacts in the Rorsted Archipelago, Old Rinn.

Old Rinn coughed twice and made way.

Danitz stepped into the dim room, his nose twitching suddenly.

He caught a whiff of Lanti Proof.

No, Old Rinn likes to drink locally-produced Bayam Black Rand! As this thought flashed through his mind, Danitz was terrified.

Immediately following that, he saw a man with his back to him rise to his feet. He was tall, dark, and muscular, and his hair was curled like marbles.

"Steel" Maveti! Danitz's pupils contracted sharply.

This was the second mate of the Admiral of Blood, a great pirate with a bounty of 6,000 pounds!

…

Waves of the sea breeze blew, swaying the thin, sharp leaves of the tree in a precarious manner.

Klein was walking along Coastal Street at an adequate speed. In contrast, the people around him were hurrying and walking quickly.

His spiritual intuition told him that it would take some time before the storm would arrive, and that he had plenty of time to find a hotel.

Woosh!

The sound of the wind grew louder and louder. Tree branches fell to the ground, and there weren't many people left on the street.

Klein was about to turn into another alley when he heard the sound of hasty but disorderly running.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

Danitz was running with all his might, but the scene in front of him began to rock.

He felt an abnormal pain from his wound as he felt his vitality rapidly sapping away. His Spirit Body had partially left his body, approaching the legendary Underworld. As for the surrounding sounds, he could only vaguely hear them, and everything in his line of sight looked like it wasn't real.

If it wasn't for having Shadow Cloak, the ambush would've killed him. But even so, he was still severely injured and could die on the streets at any moment.

He was forced to run towards Coastal Street because of his will to warn the captain that their point of contact had been compromised by the Admiral of Blood, as well as the glimmer of hope brought by that crazy but powerful figure.

*If it's him, then he would definitely be able to escape from the hands of "Steel" Maveti's henchmen… *Danitz began to stagger, and his body gradually grew cold.

Just as he was about to collapse, he saw Gehrman Sparrow standing by a street corner. His refined face that hid madness appeared so genial at that moment.

Plop!

Danitz fell on his back, his hands hanging limply over his chest, revealing a hideous, exaggerated wound that was inflicted to his organs.

"Tell Captain that Old Rinn has been discovered. Steel Maveti did it for that treasure!" Danitz saw Gehrman Sparrow kneel to his side as he hurriedly spoke.

Klein recalled the bounty offered for Steel Maveti and asked in return, "Admiral of Blood?"

"Yes, tell Captain! T-tell Captain!" Danitz gasped as he said.

After saying all that, he revealed a mournful smile.

"Don't worry about me. I'm a-about to die soon.

"Tell the Captain that all the money I've saved up has been turned into real estate. Units 12 to 16 on Bayam's Amyris Avenue. The title deeds a-are hidden in the wall of Unit 13's basement. H-help me sell them. T-take the money to South Intis's Elema Town. G-give the money to my parents. S-say that I've really made a fortune…”

Danitz paused, then he said with great difficulty, "S-say that I've become an out-outstanding adventurer.

"Also… Help me s-say I'm sorry…”

His eyes suddenly became moist, as if he was recalling that rebellious youth from back then.

*I'm sorry, Old Man, Mother. I'm unable to return home… *Danitz's vision darkened, and he felt that his life was coming to an end.

It was at this moment that he saw Gehrman Sparrow reach out and press his hand to his wound and then swipe it.

Danitz's sorrow came to a sudden halt as he felt the already numb pain in his chest and abdomen suddenly disappear as his left hand seemed to suffer a fracture.

He looked at Klein blankly, and Klein looked back at him quietly. None of them spoke for two seconds.

Finally, he looked down in astonishment and discovered that his lethal wound had strangely healed. His left arm was badly mutilated, and even his bones protruded out.

*I-I'm fine now? *Danitz blinked, still immersed in the sadness and frustration of his brush with death.

"Why didn't you treat me first?" he asked blankly.

Klein looked back at the empty area on the other side of Coastal Street and said in a calm tone, "Waiting for you to finish.

"That's basic courtesy.

*Courtesy you son of a b*tch! I was really saying my last words! *With a sudden jerk of his back, Danitz rolled to his feet.

He warily looked towards the dock, where a thick cloud of smoke was rising. It was none other than the result of the battle he had just been engaged in.

Because the house was set on fire by me, Steel Maveti was afraid that it would catch the attention of the official Beyonders. As he was confused by that shadow, he didn't chase after me… Danitz instantly understood the sequence of events.

"Let's find a place to stay first." Klein spread his hands and caught a drop of rain.

Not knowing whether or not he had completely escaped danger, Danitz immediately nodded.

"Okay."

I can tell that this madman, Gehrman Sparrow, isn't afraid of Steel Maveti at all. He's not even afraid of Admiral of Blood… At such times, I especially admire his craziness… Damn, I exposed my wealth to him. Danitz had just exhaled when his body froze.

Klein walked silently ahead with his suitcase and cane with only one thought echoing in his head.

*Godd*mmit, a pirate is richer than I am…*

…

Empress Borough.

Audrey, who was about to leave Backlund, hid in her chemistry laboratory and concocted the Psychiatrist potion with the ingredients she received

from Mr. Vampire—the fruit of the Tree of Elders, the blood of a Mirror Dragon—and the other ingredients she had collected previously.

This time, she didn't get Susie to guard the door. Instead, she was to sit inside and observe the whole process from the sidelines. Earl Hall had already instructed everyone to not approach the young lady during her experiments, but they had to pay attention to any unusual changes.

Phew… Audrey let out a small sigh of relief, pouring the completed potion into a prepared glass bottle.

The slightly golden liquid rippled like a deformed, gigantic pupil. Its gaze seemed to shine right into the eyes of anyone's heart.

"Susie, did you remember the process? You are a mature, no—you are a mature Beyonder. In the future, you'll have to learn how to concoct your own potion. No, it's not that I'm not helping you; it's just that I'm pointing out a possibility. Sometimes, I might not be by your side, and you just happen to need a potion bottle," Audrey said happily to the huge golden retriever.

Susie was so confused by what she was taught, and she could only open her mouth to reply with a single word, "Woof!"

Converging her emotions, Audrey raised her head and downed the Psychiatrist potion bottle.

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CHAPTER 519
NAMING

The golden liquid was cool and refreshing, making Audrey feel as if she was enjoying a delicious ice cream. She then took a sip of champagne. Tiny bubbles of air continuously rose, silently bursting as they brought a tingling sensation with them.

Suddenly, her sense of hearing reached out, and she could hear the conversation of the two maids at the end of the corridor as they lamented at how they had no chance of going to the Hall family's castle and manor in East Chester County.

At this moment, Audrey felt as if she had dissolved into an illusory gas and was rapidly expanding. It filled the entire room, overlapping with a sea formed from everyone's sea of consciousness.

Her vision also changed. Everything she saw was abnormally smooth, turning into a mirror that reflected her current appearance.

Possessing a beauty described by pure, exquisite, grand, and witty, golden scales that were slowly growing out of her exposed skin, her emerald-green irises contracted and were dyed in a faint golden color, as if they had turned vertical.

Audrey suddenly felt fear from the bottom of her heart when she saw herself like this. She didn't want or wish to become an inhuman monster!

With a hum, her mind began to turn into a blur, as if something was slowly and painfully drilling out from the surface of her body.

Just then, she heard the gentle voice of her huge golden retriever, Susie.

"Don't be afraid, calm down.

"Don't be afraid, calm down."

Audrey recovered her thoughts and tried to get herself into a Spectator state.

Her undulating emotions quickly calmed down, and her spirit seemed to leave her body. She then looked down at herself like a Spectator.

Audrey saw the golden scales on the surface of her body visibly recede and her emerald-like eyes return to normal.

It didn't take her long to regain control of her body and understand what Beyonder powers were available to a Psychiatrist and how they were used.

I-it was so dangerous just now… Audrey raised her hand in fear. Her skin was fair and delicate, completely unlike the abnormal condition she had been in a moment ago.

After this incident, she truly understood how terrifying the danger of losing control which Mr. Fool would occasionally bring up was. She gained a deep understanding of how difficult it was to go down the Beyonder path.

Even with the acting method, it was impossible to completely remove the latent risks!

*At one gathering, Mr. World said that Beyonders are a bunch of miserable wretches that are constantly fighting against threats and madness… Previously, I could only understand it literally. Now, I can finally feel the weight behind this sentence… Audrey, don't be discouraged, don't be afraid. Father, Mother, and Brother are still waiting for your protection. With this experience, you won't be frightened by yourself in the future or so easily lose control. You can do it! *Audrey clenched her fists and encouraged herself.

She calmed down for two seconds, walked up to Susie, squatted down, and hugged the golden retriever. As she combed its fur, she put her head against the side of the dog's face and muttered in its warmth, "Thank you, thank you…”

Susie rubbed against her twice and asked seriously, "Audrey, is this how a Psychiatrist feels like?

"I like it very much."

"…”

Audrey was suddenly at a loss on whether to laugh or cry. She immediately pursed her lips and promised, "Susie, we'll treat each other in the future. Yes, psychological problems!"

"Okay, Woof!" Susie answered happily.

It was only now with Audrey truly recovering that she was in the mood to examine her own advancement.

My body seems to have become healthier. Although I don't have any obvious muscles, my strength and speed have become much stronger than before…

My eyesight has also improved. I can even clearly see items hidden in the dark…

My sense of smell is able to distinguish even more subtle smells, and thus being able to grasp a target's truest emotions and thoughts…

I finally have Beyonder powers in the truest sense of the word. Yes, there's also Awe. I can target a single person or apply it to a group of people within a certain range. They'll instantly panic and turn chaotic as though they're facing a dragon.

Another is Frenzy. It will trigger the emotions and mental state of a target, throwing the target into a frenzy. They'll suffer intense psychological damage and might even cause direct loss of control at times.

Another is Psychological Cue. Through specific methods, words, and a medium, I can cue a target, letting them abide by my arrangements without them realizing it. Or they might strongly abide by a particular promise from the bottom of their hearts.

Another is Placate, also known as Psychoanalysis. I can help Beyonders on the brink of losing control to regain their reason and escape danger. There's a certain chance of failure. The higher my Sequence, the more easily it will succeed. It can calm down various psychological instabilities and allow for communication.

Another is Telepathy. Through mediums like candlelight and extracts, it will put the target in a partially hypnotic state. I'll then be able to directly communicate with their Body of Heart and Mind, just like what Hilbert Alucard did to me. If not for the protection provided by Mr. Fool's angel, then I wouldn't have the means to lie under such situations. Yes… I have to be on guard against such techniques. I can't be fooled by a target, and there should be quite a number of means to achieve this effect…

With Placate and Telepathy, together with certain psychology knowledge, I'll be able to act as a true psychiatrist, the kind that can open a clinic!

Audrey's mood rapidly improved. She finally had the feeling that she had matured and become a qualified Beyonder.

I'm a Mid-Sequence Beyonder! There really is a qualitative change! She stood up, lifted her skirt, and walked briskly around in a circle.

She quickly discovered that she was still lacking in direct offensive abilities as a Psychiatrist.

Fortunately, I have this… Audrey stopped in front of the experiment table and opened a plain brown box.

Inside the box was a silver mask that could only cover half a face. It was the mystical item that The Hanged Man had sold her.

Audrey picked it up, placed it in her palm, and observed it for a few seconds.

Then, she extended her spirituality and projected her thoughts just like how she did above the gray fog.

She saw the silver mask begin to warp inwards, turning into a hollow, finely-patterned slightly large earring.

"It might be better to turn it into a necklace," Audrey whispered.

Afterward, she tried out the various abilities of this magical item. She was most satisfied with her ability to fine-tune her appearance.

It's a pity that other than Flame Controlling, it doesn't have any other more direct offensive powers. Perhaps I'll need to prepare a revolver, one that has Beyonder effects… Audrey thought with some regret.

She quickly collected her emotions and said to the mystical item in her hand with an uplifted tone towards the end, "From today, your name is Lie. The most beautiful lie~"

…

City of Generosity, Bayam. 48 Acid Lemon Street, Wind of Azure Inn.

It was raining heavily outside and the wind was raging, but inside the luxurious suite, the fireplace was warm and the environment peaceful.

Klein sat in his chair and watched silently as Blazing Danitz dealt with the severe fracture on his left arm.

He waited until Danitz was finished binding up his arm with shredded, old clothes before asking bluntly, "What treasure?"

According to Danitz, it was because of some treasure that Admiral of Blood Senor wanted to deal with Vice Admiral Edwina Edwards.

The sound of wind and rain came through the window. Danitz took a sip of the Lanti Proof on the table and then gave a bitter, angry laugh.

"Those a**holes who had their brains eaten by zombies!

"On our last expedition, we found a sunken ship. Although we didn't find anything of great value, we discovered a gigantic black iron key that doesn't look like the kind used by humans. Can you imagine? After being submerged under the sea for so many years, it hasn't rusted at all."

"Yes," Klein replied in a concise manner.

In a world where extraordinariness and mystery intertwined, what wasn't possible?

There were people who could be resurrected from the dead, not to mention others!

Danitz choked and paused for seven or eight seconds before he knew what to say next.

"Perhaps there's a traitor among us, and the news has spread. Countless pirates believe that this is Death's Key, a key that can open the treasure trove Death left behind.

"I thought that this problem would be cleared up very quickly and happily applied for a vacation. In the end, the matter became more complicated.

Even Admiral of Blood has joined the ranks of these mad pirates. I'm even beginning to suspect that it's Death's Key, a key that can turn one into a true god."

"Foolish." Klein calmly gave his evaluation.

Whether it was in the divination domain or dealing with deities, he could be considered experienced. Thus, he had his own understanding and confidence in the interpretation of Death's Key.

He believed that the "key" was a form of revelation, a symbol. The thing that opened Death's treasure trove was probably not in the shape of a key, but some kind of characteristic, bloodline, or even certain, specified people and their descendants.

Danitz was startled for two seconds, and then he exclaimed, "Your words are exactly the same as Captain's previous comments, and even your expressions are very similar.

"She suspects that the key belongs to an older era, an era not of humans.

"Before the Cataclysm, this world was still full of giants, dragons, elves, and demonic wolves. The shape of the key indirectly points to one of them."

Demonic wolves… Klein suddenly recalled the ravings he often heard during his past advancements. In it, the "Flegrea" he heard referred to the ancient god, Annihilation Demonic Wolf.

A treasure that involves the Second Epoch? He held back his curiosity and switched to calmly saying, "Write down everything that Admiral of Blood has done, including Steel Maveti and his men."

He remembered that Admiral of Blood and his pirate crew were the most notorious groups on the ocean. Their hands were stained with blood as they committed heinous sins.

"How can I remember? They aren't beauties like Captain!" Danitz threw up his hands. "I can only list the most important things and some of the details that have left an impression on me. Wait, what do you want to do?"

Bit by bit, Klein revealed a smile, one that gave Danitz a fright.

He said in a deep voice, "If it's appropriate, I want to hunt them."

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CHAPTER 520
ADMIRAL OF BLOOD

"Hunt them?" Danitz asked subconsciously.

When he truly understood the meaning behind Gehrman Sparrow's words, he instantly became excited. He changed his seating posture and suppressed his voice.

"Is there anything I can help you with?"

As a qualified, part-time pirate, he had nothing to do with beautiful words such as tolerance, compassion, and love. Since he had nearly died at the hands of Steel Maveti and now had the chance to take revenge, he definitely wouldn't miss it!

He believed that he could survive in the pirate industry by relying on an accurate grasp of the situation: knowing when to resist, when to fight for his life, when to feign ignorance when seeing his enemies, and when to settle old scores.

And now, this was an opportunity!

Danitz still couldn't make an accurate judgment on how powerful Gehrman Sparrow was, but judging from how he had taken care of the fallen Bishop Millet within ten seconds, it was unlikely that it would be too difficult for him to deal with Steel Maveti. Even if he encountered the Admiral of Blood, Senor, it wasn't impossible for him to win.

Of course, this is in a one-on-one situation, and pirates never talk about chivalry… Danitz thought to himself.

Klein leaned forward a little, placed his elbows on his knees, and clasped his hands.

"I've told you."

Ah? What? Danitz felt that he was often unable to keep up with Gehrman Sparrow's train of thought.

With regards to this, he could only console himself that a normal person and a madman were different.

Seeing that the other party had stopped talking, he thought for a while and finally remembered what he had to do.

Write down everything that Admiral of Blood and his pirate crew had done!

*Hmm… Gehrman Sparrow definitely wants to know how many things they've plundered… *Danitz quickly gathered his thoughts, rummaged around the room for a pen and paper, and scribbled a chunk of text.

During this process, he was exceptionally glad that it was his left arm that was injured.

When he was done writing, Klein reached out for it, read it carefully, and confirmed from the undetailed parts of Danitz's description that Admiral of Blood was the most typical and vile of pirates. Not only did they plunder, but they also abducted people, slaughtered crew members, and abused women.

*A pirate like Danitz actually knows how to write Ancient Feysac… He's also been educated… *After muttering to himself, Klein took out a copper penny and used divination to confirm the authenticity of the material.

Then he said in a tone as though he was giving instructions on what was to be eaten tomorrow morning, "Tell me about the Admiral of Blood and his men."

He needs more detailed information… Is he preparing to hunt them? Danitz was delighted, hating himself for not knowing enough.

"Admiral of Blood Senor is suspected to be an evil spirit. Anyone who has encountered him has died a bizarre death. Either they strangle themselves to death, blow their mouths up, hug bombs, or slaughter their companions. Captain said that it's the possession of an evil spirit."

It's very similar to Miss Sharron's Beyonder powers… Wraith? Klein didn't speak as he listened to Danitz go on, in silence.

"Senor can make a terrible shriek. The last time I fought them, I was nearly knocked unconscious and fell off the deck and into the sea. Heh heh, I returned the favor and set one of their boats on fire.

"Senor knows a lot of undead magic. Cruel, bloodthirsty, and full of desire. His targets can be either male or female, and even humanoid creatures."

*Consistent with the unrestrained nature of the Rose School of Thought. Yes, accurately speaking, it's a trait of the Prisoner pathway… The highest probability is that he's a Wraith… *Klein nodded thoughtfully.

In response, Danitz became more active and spoke a little faster.

"Our Captain thinks that Senor has a very powerful mystical item on him, one that makes him very lucky. He always seems to gain the favor of the gods. For example, at a critical moment, his opponent would suddenly slip or have their powers fail. Another example is winning 21 bets in a row."

*A mystical item that can make someone lucky? This is very rare… It's from the Monster pathway? Or is it connected to some other evil spirit? *Klein guessed based on his own knowledge of mysticism.

"I've never directly fought Senor, so that's all I know." Danitz wanted to throw his hands up, but he was stopped by the pain in his left arm. "He has about seven or eight ships. His flagship is the Tree of Flesh and Blood. Heh

heh, that's different from us. We mainly seek out treasure and wouldn't take in anyone. Therefore, we only have the Golden Dream."

It's no wonder the Admiral of Blood's bounty is much higher than Vice Admiral Iceberg, reaching 42,000 pounds… In terms of strength, he should be a bit stronger… Klein immediately gained an understanding.

He maintained the same posture as before, seemingly unaffected by the intelligence regarding the Admiral of Blood.

"What about his subordinates?"

Danitz was long prepared as he immediately said, "Senor has ten of his strongest men under his command; the first, second, third mates of the flagship; and the captain of each ship…

"Steel Maveti is the second mate of the flagship. We think that he's a Sequence 6. His body is like steel and is able to withstand bullets and cannonballs. He isn't afraid of fire, drowning, and various magic. He's strong and fast. He can rip his opponent apart, and he grasps a certain level of undead-related spells. He can summon zombies and rear puppets…"

Zombie? Klein immediately thought of Maric who played cards with zombies.

Based on the Wraith traits of Admiral of Blood Senor, can it be assumed that these pirates are actually part of the outer circle of the Rose School of Thought, or perhaps they're from an organization used to make money? It's a pity that I don't have a messenger, nor did I ask Miss Sharron if she had one. Otherwise, I could contact her and confirm the Admiral of Blood's identity… Klein guessed with some regret.

He didn't give up just because this matter might involve the Rose School of Thought. In any case, he could change his face and identity afterwards. In addition, he had involved himself with the Aurora Order, the Demoness

Sect, Rose Redemption, and Twilight Hermit Order, so he wasn't afraid of offending another entity.

Actually, it's not like I've never fought against the Rose School of Thought. I've already killed a Wraith, a Zombie, and a Wraith, and I've robbed the Scarlet Lunar Corona and Biological Poison Bottle… Klein suddenly realized how much trouble he had been involved in.

"It's unlikely that Maveti has any particularly powerful mystical items; otherwise, I might not have been able to escape before," Danitz said, feeling somewhat relieved at his luck. "He has a bunch of puppets and zombies by his side, as well as several subordinates at Sequence 7 or 8. As the second mate of the flagship, he should be the leader of the crew in the vicinity since he's here. We can consider hunting him first."

Below the high Sequences, once the number of Beyonders reaches a certain amount, a qualitative change will occur. With the combination of different abilities, it's possible for a group to defeat a Beyonder stronger than themselves. It's just like how a Nighthawks team can definitely take down a Sequence 6, or even a Sequence 5… Klein didn't underestimate Steel Maveti and his men just because he was stronger with Creeping Hunger. He was still as cautious as before.

*I have to plan and prepare well. Well, the frequency bands and passcodes I received from White Shark will come in handy, and once Miss Magician's radio transceiver is delivered, I'll get Danitz to frequently monitor the frequency and see if we can glean any information, allowing me to go in quickly to reap the harvest… And I can take advantage of this period to explore the possibility of true acting… *Soon, Klein formulated a plan as he continued to listen to Danitz tell him about the rest of Admiral of Blood's subordinates.

After a while, when Danitz was finally done, he summarized enthusiastically, "If Steel Maveti can be killed, leaving my name behind, this matter will definitely go on the papers. Once it's spread, I no longer need to worry about informing Captain!"

He was afraid that a traitor was among their ranks and that all the points of contact in the Rorsted Archipelago were under the enemy's control. Therefore, he didn't dare to rashly make contact. He was still vexed over the problem of alerting his captain.

He actually has a brain… Klein nodded and said, "You're in charge of gathering information on all aspects of Steel."

"Alright!" Danitz replied with a grim smile, thinking of the punch that had nearly pierced his heart in the evening.

Klein slowly stood up and walked towards the window. It was dark outside with howling winds and pouring rain. It looked as if the end of the world had arrived.

Thinking of what he was going to do next, he couldn't help but feel like he was acting in a certain sense. Smiling, he muttered to himself in a low voice, "Tonight, Gehrman joins the hunt."

…

City of Generosity, Bayam, in the Cathedral of Waves.

Alger Wilson, who had received the Sanguine's anesthetic gas, was about to sail out to sea for another of the Wind-blessed's main ingredients, when he was summoned by the local diocese bishop.

"There have been rumors recently that Vice Admiral Iceberg received Death's Key. All the pirates in the Sonia Sea are roused by this," the bishop said in a heavy voice. "Investigate this matter."

He was an old man with a head full of white hair, but he was still as energetic as ever. His speech was even faster than a young man's, as though he could charge out at any moment and personally resolve all problems.

His body was strong, his muscles bulging with his bishop's robe. The wind howled around him as he breathed, and the air was moist.

There are similar rumors every year, but they all end up being fake… Such rumors are commonly spread across the sea… Even if it's true, I don't have the right to be involved. There's no need to take the risk. I'll just go through the motions and skirt the edge of this matter… Alger muttered inwardly.

He solemnly clenched his fist and struck his left breast.

"Yes, Your Excellency!

"May the Storm be with you!"

Diocese Bishop Chogo was very pleased with Alger's attitude and returned the same salute.

"May the Storm be with you!"

The encouraged Alger Wilson quickly left the cathedral and returned to the square outside.

The storm last night had subsided, and only the scattered leaves and water puddles on the ground remained as evidence of its coming.

After taking a breath of after-rain fresh air, Alger decided to visit the few places where pirates roamed. He planned to put on a show of working hard by trying to seek out information.

If he were to meet a fellow with a bounty of a few hundred pounds, he wouldn't mind apprehending the poor bastard. In his opinion, they were liquid cash flow that could be added to his savings.

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CHAPTER 521
BOLD ASSUMPTION

On the ocean, pirates had three iconic common interests—liquor, women, and gambling. Alger Wilson merely took out his silver pocket watch, flipped it open, and knew where he should go first.

At quarter past eleven, the brothels and bars hadn't opened. Only the gambling dens would have easily gathered a bunch of people who wanted to make a fortune.

Alger was more familiar with this port city than his tiny hometown. He proceeded without stopping at all while he navigated his way, smoothly turning at every corner until he arrived outside a casino that was located in a secluded alley.

According to what he knew, the owner of this casino was a gang leader with a deep background. He had an inexplicable but indistinct connection with the important figure at the governor-general's office. It was the first choice for many pirates to purchase and sell their stolen goods.

Because of this, pirates often appeared here. They might exchange their loot for gold pounds in the morning, but they would lose everything at night and get thrown out.

Alger pulled on his thick brown coat; pressed down his cap, a piece of fashion wear that came from the mainland; and pushed open the half-closed door. Under the watchful gaze of the bouncers, he entered the casino.

Casinos were prohibited within the Loen Kingdom. They could only be attached to bars as rooms, but in the kingdom's vast overseas colonies, not

only were they legal, but they were also a mainstay industry. Among them, Bayam of the Rorsted Archipelago and Alethe of East Balam were the most famous in the area. Many tycoons would specially visit them from Backlund or Midseashire's coast for a big day of gambling.

Surveying the area, Alger saw a variety of card games, as well as dice-derived turntable games.

As it was still early, there weren't many gamblers, and Alger quickly "scanned" them all.

Suddenly, his eyes lit up, and he instantly recognized the identity of a disguised person.

He took off his hat, walked up to a Texas Poker table, and patted his target's shoulder. He bent down and whispered into the man's ear, "Blazing."

Danitz happened to be flipping the corner of his card with his right hand, so he almost jumped out of his skin from the slap and nearly sent a fireball towards the guy behind him.

After he had been attacked by Steel Maveti, he knew that he shouldn't seek out information with his true appearance, as he could be targeted by greedy pirates.

Although most pirates weren't strong and didn't register as a threat to Danitz, he still didn't want to reveal himself, lest it set back the plan of hunting Steel Maveti.

However, to his surprise, the disguise he took great effort to don was exposed just an hour after he left home.

He turned his head quickly to the side and glanced through the corner of his eye at the person who had "greeted" him.

When he saw the signature seaweed-like dark blue hair, Danitz relaxed a little and turned to observe if the other players had heard the greeting.

The gamblers were all carefully studying their hidden card, either folding or continuing, with none of them paying attention to what was happening over at his side.

"Why are you here?" Danitz asked casually.

He and Alger had met at the previous private meet, and he knew that the other party had a ghost ship and a dozen sailors. He was quite a powerful but unknown fellow.

According to Vice Admiral Iceberg's judgment, if such a small and weak pirate crew was able to retain an ancient ghost ship, it meant that they were backed by a powerful faction. Perhaps they were members of the Church of Storms, or perhaps they were related to a particular Pirate King or secret organization. They usually disguised themselves as ordinary pirates and gathered information for who they were really loyal to. It was easy to wipe any traces of themselves clean at scheduled times, and at times, do things inconvenient for the power backing them. For example, silencing others or plundering certain special items.

There were quite a few pirate crews like this, and no one would particularly be bothered about such matters.

Alger pulled over a nearby chair and sat down. He tilted his head and asked in a low voice, "I heard that your captain obtained Death's Key?"

Danitz snorted with a laugh.

"I thought you had a brain, but you've disappointed me.

"How can such a thing be so easily obtainable?

"We'll definitely sell it if you want it and offer a decent price!

"How about it? Do you want to consider this deal?"

Alger casually said, "Perhaps it has other secrets. Maybe someone wants to deal with your captain."

"Who knows? Dogshit!" Annoyed by his new hand, Danitz cursed out loud.

Then, he suppressed his voice and said, "That thing doesn't seem like a creation made by humans. It might belong to the giants or devils."

"Creation? Your captain still insists on teaching language to all of you?" Alger asked with amusement.

The rumor was that Vice Admiral Iceberg was a woman who was very strict when it came to knowledge. She couldn't stand the sight of a bunch of illiterates under her command, so every day on the Golden Dream, there was a class of general knowledge and reading, and every day she forced the crew to take turns participating.

Wishing he could forget it, Danitz said, "It's much more difficult than fighting!

"Because of this, we're usually unable to recruit enough crew members. Every time we dock at the port to resupply, there will be people who resign…”

He didn't continue with the topic. Looking at the dealer, he said to himself, "Help me keep an eye out for Steel's whereabouts."

"Steel Maveti? Admiral of Blood's second mate?" Alger looked down at Blazing's left arm, which was slightly propped up with a splint, and asked, "Were you attacked?

"For the key?"

"His brain has already been eaten by his zombies!" Danitz stressed.

"You want to seek revenge on him?" Alger guessed from the other's tone and request.

"Hehe." Danitz smiled without a reply, looking as though he was concentrating on his new hidden card.

Alger thought for a moment before saying, "The last time your captain appeared was seven days ago, near Sonia Island. This was confirmed by a telegram. The Golden Dream wouldn't arrive in Bayam that quickly.

"Do you have a new helper? If it's just you alone, then you aren't a match for Steel even if he were alone. And as you know, he's always attended to by a crowd."

Towards Alger's question, Danitz's response was to throw out a chip.

"Call!"

"Who is it?" Alger first assumed that Danitz's attitude was a tacit agreement. He pinned his hopes by asking since it was a riskless endeavor.

Danitz stared at the exposed cards and answered simply, "You wouldn't know."

I wouldn't know? Someone who has the strength to deal with Steel Maveti should be someone with a little fame at sea regardless of if they're a pirate or an adventurer… Unless they belong to a specific secret organization, or it's their first time traveling the seas. Of course, it's also possible that Danitz doesn't wish to answer, for fear of exposing a secret. That's most probable… Someone belonging to a particular organization, first time traveling the seas, with the strength to deal with Steel Maveti… Alger looked up slightly as he suddenly had a bold guess.

He tapped on the edge of the table and asked, as if he were chatting about the weather, "Was Bansy Harbor fun?"

He emphasized the word "fun."

Danitz turned his head in surprise and blurted out, "How did you know?"

He believed that with the Church of Storms's style, it was impossible for it to air dirty linen. Furthermore, the passengers of the White Agate had just arrived last night. The people who had witnessed the developments had all signed confidentiality agreements, so how could the news spread so quickly?

Alger smiled without answering.

At this moment, he understood the value of Emperor Roselle's words: Boldly hypothesize and carefully verify!

Danitz put away his winnings and muttered, "It's no big deal. There was a revival of some ancient customs that led to the fall of a Storm bishop."

As expected… Alger chuckled and said, "I'll help you keep an eye out for Steel.

"But how can I contact you?"

"Hmm… 15 Amyris Avenue is an unoccupied house. Write the information on a piece of paper and throw it in," Danitz answered hesitantly.

Alger nodded and stood up while patting Blazing Danitz on the shoulder.

"Don't forget my payment."

He turned around and walked towards the door.

Watching the captain of the ghost ship depart, Danitz couldn't help but grumble.

"This fellow isn't bad.

"However, I have to leave this place too."

He couldn't quite trust Alger. Perhaps in a few minutes, he might lead Steel Maveti and his pirates to rush over.

After leaving the casino, Alger, who was wearing a pair of local baggy pantaloons, strolled down the street. He entered a department store and found a counter. He smiled and took out a handful of bronze pennies.

"Give me a deck of tarot cards."

While he was waiting, he leisurely thought of a question:

What is the adorer of Mr. The Fool doing at this time?

…

In Old John's Restaurant.

Klein watched as the waiter placed a plate of grilled fish in front of him. It was wrapped with something that looked like straw and covered with all sorts of spices, some of which he didn't recognize.

The strong aroma seeped into Klein's nose and greatly enhanced his salivation.

*As expected of the Spice Archipelago… *Klein was about to pick up his knife and fork when he saw the waiter place two things resembling tree branches on his plate.

*Chopsticks? *Klein was shocked.

Then he quickly locked on to the suspect: Roselle Gustav!

"This is the kind of cutlery you have to use when eating grilled stickleback. It's said that Emperor Roselle gained inspiration from the customs of the

elves," the waiter introduced.

The customs of the elves? They are indeed a race that likes cooking and eating delicacies… Or rather, it's purely an excuse Roselle came up with… Klein guessed, largely as a result of his understanding of that particular person's character.

In the morning, he had gone to a few church hospitals in Bayam to provide hospice care for some dying people, to help them fulfill their wishes, and to engage in a deeper level of acting, but he had failed to find a suitable target.

This wasn't to say that no one died in the hospital, but rather it was that they all had relatives who either accompanied them or had witnessed their deaths. There was no possibility of disguising himself as the deceased apart from giving people a fright.

I'll head to the bar where adventurers gather. There should be many foreigners who might die in a dark corner like stray dogs in order to pursue wealth at sea, while their families might never hear of them again… Klein suppressed his thoughts and focused on his delicious food.

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CHAPTER 522
COLONY

The quality of sickleback's meat was certainly not as good as that of murloc meat, but the spices synergized to form clear layered flavors which Klein was rather delighted to have tasted. He just couldn't stop himself from eating after the first bite.

Actually, there are some local Beyonders who wish to leave this dangerous circle and lead a normal life. It's completely possible for them to head to Backlund and open a Rorsted-cuisine restaurant, selling grilled fish as their specialty. With the city's acceptance for many things, their business definitely wouldn't be bad. The only problem is that many spices aren't as cheap as they are here. The cost will be very high, and a location has to be chosen to cater to the target group… Klein put down his rather crude chopsticks and wiped his mouth with a napkin, letting his mind wander.

In his view, commoners were unable to find the means to get rich, mostly because they didn't have enough vision. However, one's vision was also limited by the education they received and their daily experiences. Bound by social class, it was really hard to escape from it and break through this limitation. The most effective way was to strive for a higher level of education, and the second was to take risks and head out on an adventure. Of course, the risk was huge, and many people vanished silently while taking this path.

Klein spent 2 soli and 5 pence for this meal, which wasn't cheap, but he had always been willing to spend money on good food. Besides, his main expenses had been paid for by Danitz recently.

Pulling at his collar, putting on his hat, and holding his black cane, he walked out of Old John's Restaurant, just in time to see a police officer driving a tramp out of the street.

The natives of the Rorsted Archipelago had darker skin than the people of the Southern Continent. It was close to the kind of bronze which was often a result of exposure to the sun. Their hair was mostly dark and naturally curled ever so slightly. They were quite different from the colonists from the Loen Kingdom.

It has been less than fifty years since the place had been completely colonized. At first, Loen had worked with the local kings and chieftains, under the name of the Mid Sonia Company to extract economic benefits, but later, the management of the company quickly fell into corruption as they fought for power, even provoking the enemy for personal gain by starting a war. Even what was even more absurd was that they would report each other, claiming that their competitors had received bribes. With regards to this, they would find a Member of Parliament backing them. During parliamentary hearings, they would attack each other, something that nearly resulted in suits 1.

The natives would never have imagined that the powerful figures, who could make their kings and chieftains bend over, kiss the soles of their shoes, and deliver carts and carts of gifts, were actually unimportant people who weren't even Members of Parliament in Backlund. Although most of them came from noble families, they were at the end of the line of any inheritance rights.

After that dispute, the King and the Prime Minister agreed to redeem the stock, shut down the Mid Sonia Company, and to send their fleet and troops to take over the Rorsted Archipelago in full force, bringing them under true colonial rule.

At present, the archipelago was governed by the governor-general's office, Parliament, and the Courts. The upper echelons were all Loenese, and some of the middle-ranking personnel were Members of Parliament and court

magistrates who were descendants of the original kings and chieftains. As for the low-ranking positions, they were opened to the educated natives of the region. This included police officers below that of superintendents.

It was a native policeman who was driving off the tramp with a baton, and his target similarly was of distinct Rorsted descent.

As soon as the policeman saw Klein in his double-breasted frock coat, half top hat, and black, civilized cane, he immediately put away his baton, straightened up, held his feet together, and saluted.

"Good afternoon, sir.

"How may I help you?"

Klein felt mixed emotions as he gently nodded.

"Are there no carriages here?"

"According to the regulations of the governor-general's office, carriages aren't allowed to enter this street. You'll have to walk to the street ahead," the policeman explained with both fear and enthusiasm.

"Thank you." Klein casually praised him, "You speak good Loenese."

The policeman was so pleasantly surprised that he became excited.

"I think—I think that this is an essential quality that a good policeman should possess."

He originally wanted to say that he felt that he too was Loenese, but he was afraid the gentleman across him would end up angry.

Klein secretly sighed and slowly walked to the corner of the street.

Along the way, he saw that the local style of clothing was very different from that of mainland cities such as Backlund and Tingen. It was even different from ports such as Damir and Bansy, which had been colonized for more than two hundred years.

A decent man from Loen, dressed in a formal suit, wearing a top hat and a tie, and holding onto a civilized cane. This made the people around him subservient, afraid to look him in the eye or touch him. The rest of the natives or mixed-bloods liked matching a thick jacket with baggy pants, along with a cap from the mainland. They didn't like black, and they preferred the colors: brown, tawny, and light gray. To Klein, this was indeed a little strange, but it also gave him a feeling of coming to a foreign country.

Of course, the natives of higher standing and those of mixed-blood also mimicked the dressing style of Loen, believing that this was a sign of civilization.

…

2 p.m., Swordfish Bar, an accepted gathering spot for adventurers.

There weren't many customers, so Klein easily made his way through the tables to the bar.

He discovered that what was different from the other places was that there were three blackboards on the side of the bar that were supported by wooden shelves. Sitting on them were yellowing notices in white, with a variety of content, strange and varied. Some were hiring bodyguards, some were seeking help in finding people, some were investigating the situation on a particular island, and some were offering a high reward for the head of a particular pirate, while others claimed that they had obtained a treasure map and wanted to form a team. In short, the affairs that had been divided up between the private detectives and security companies in the Loen Kingdom still belonged to the adventurers here.

"A glass of Zarhar." Klein tapped the surface of the bar counter.

It was a local malt beer, cheap and tasty, with a unique taste. It was loved by adventurers, something Klein had learned from Blazing Danitz.

"Three pence." The bartender casually glanced at the customer, not showing any change in his attitude because of the stranger's unfamiliar face.

With a beer in hand, Klein sat in a high chair in front of the bar, sipping bit by bit as he quietly listened to the drinkers around him. Through their conversations, he searched for a worthy target.

After nearly an hour, when the number of people in the bar increased, Klein finally heard something that might be useful.

His spirit was jolted and he became increasingly focused.

There were four people sitting at the table less than three meters away from him. They were feeling sorry for a man named Wendt.

"I always thought Wendt was out at sea. I didn't expect him to be at home. He's very sick."

"Sigh, if I had knocked on his door two days earlier, he wouldn't have died. You don't know how terrifying the room was. Mushrooms were growing on his body in huge swaths of white."

"Dogshit!" Stop it! Can't you see I'm eating sausages?"

"Yes, yes, yes. Wendt's room was filled with bugs, moths, flies, butterflies, bees, and cockroaches. Holy Lord of Storms, I couldn't believe this was a place where a human can live. Even the police who came later were stunned!"

…

As the conversation passed into his ears, Klein slightly frowned, feeling that Wendt's death wasn't normal. Within a few days of his death, his corpse was

already filled with mushrooms, and insects were crawling all over the room.

Something Beyonder related? With such an anomaly, the police would definitely report the matter to the Mandated Punisher team… It sounds like it happened three or four days ago. The things that needed to be taken care of should've been dealt with already… Klein seriously considered whether he should pay a visit to take a look. At the very least, the man called Wendt was a lone adventurer in Bayam. None of his peers wished to help him transmit the news of his death.

After listening for a long time, he gained a rough idea of where the place Wendt rented was. It was at the nearby 47 Blackhorn Street.

Having finished drinking the last drop of the Zarhar beer, Klein put on his hat, left the bar, and headed for the apartment.

After entering the door, he half-closed his eyes and murmured to himself, "The room that recently had someone die in."

He repeated the statement seven times in a row, used his cane to quickly and easily arrive outside the room where Wendt used to live.

It hadn't been rented out yet, and the anomaly inside had already been dealt with. There seemed to be nothing wrong with it.

Klein put away the note he had used to open the door, locked the door behind him, and walked around carefully.

After confirming the situation, he took out extract, essential oils, herbs, powders, and special candles, and he quickly set up a spirit channeling ritual in front of the bed.

Although it had been several days, making it only possible for him to obtain the most superficial, disjointed, and remnant bits of information, Klein thought that it was better to have some than nothing.

Without a doubt, he prayed to himself and entered the space above the gray fog. He responded and gave himself the power to channel the spirit.

The flame of the candle suddenly soared, tinged with a ghostly blue as it swayed.

Klein only felt everything fall silent, as if he had entered a realm that didn't belong to reality.

His pupils were completely black, and even the whites of his eyes had been expelled.

He no longer needed to use the technique of dream divination. Having advanced to Faceless, with the help of the gray fog that made an initial entry into the real world, he was able to directly see the lingering spirituality of Wendt, a will that refused to dissipate.

There were three scenes. One was of a tall, thin, dark, curly-haired, sharp-featured Wendt coming to the body of a discarded corpse, astonished to see a glimmer from it before it condensed into a green gem filled with an aura of vitality. The second scene was of Wendt lying on his bed with his eyes closed, his mouth slightly open. His skin was covered with mushrooms of all kinds, the surrounding cockroaches and moths piled on top of each other, and on his chest, a silver necklace embedded with the same green gem from before. The third scene was of a pretty girl with flaxen-colored hair sitting at the edge of the sea with her eyes slightly moist. Lingering around her was Wendt's reluctant voice.

"Raine, I'm about to die. I'm really regretful, regretful that I never told you that I love you. I want you to marry me…”

The picture shattered, and the spirit channeling came to an end. Klein looked around and saw that the house was still dark and gloomy.

This fellow is truly unlucky… Klein shook his head and sighed.

He already had a rough idea of the cause of Wendt's death—his random act of picking up something.

The vast majority of Beyonders didn't know about the Law of Beyonder Characteristics Conservation and Indestructibility, and they had never thought that the deceased of their kind would be able to release a characteristic that could become an ingredient. As this process was relatively slow, it was easy for them to be missed. Therefore, after killing a Beyonder, they would usually search the corpse and throw it away, making passersby like Wendt to luck out or some other creatures at the bottom of the sea or in the wilderness.

Wendt didn't know that it was a Beyonder characteristic, and he had thought it to be a magical gem; thus, he made a necklace and kept it close to his body. Slowly, he was corrupted by the influence and died in agony.

Footnotes:

Ch 522 Footnote 1

Author Note: This is what the British East India Company did in India. As expected of a bureaucratic empire, it has everything you need in this area. I nearly laughed myself to death when doing the research.

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CHAPTER 523
COOPERATION

By the time he left 47 Blackhorn Street, Klein had figured out Wendt's general situation.

He had disguised himself as a police officer and learned from Wendt's neighbors.

Symeem Island, the island at the farthest end of the Rorsted Archipelago. From Bayam, it'll take four to five hours to get there by liner, and there are only two trips a day, at 9 a.m. and 10 a.m., respectively. Wendt's parents are long dead and he has no relatives. The only person involved is a girl he just can't forget, Raine. She's the perfect target for my first performance of acting as someone else. But just thinking about how I need to confess on Wendt's behalf, it feels so awkward… If the girl agrees… Damn, how am I supposed to wrap things up… Klein thought with a troubled expression.

He tried to recall the novels he had read and the movies and TV dramas he had watched, hoping for the most perfect solution.

Soon, he had a general idea of what to do, stabilizing his mood in the process. His thoughts began to drift towards the matter regarding Steel Maveti.

I hope Miss Magician will get a radio transceiver as soon as possible… Klein sighed silently and got onto a rental carriage.

…

Backlund, Cherwood Borough.

Fors opened a letter Xio had brought back.

It came from the science fiction novelist, Aville, who was pleased to share with Ma'am Wall the future development and applications of radio technology.

Fors directly skipped over the beginning and middle content, her eyes sweeping over to the end.

He introduced three types, with detailed addresses and approximate prices. The most expensive is just twelve pounds. Fors nodded slightly, feeling that this wasn't a very important business transaction.

She suddenly felt her self-esteem was a little inflated. Perhaps because she had seen so many hundreds and thousands of pounds transactions in the Tarot Club, she no longer paid much notice to anything in the range of ten pounds.

Mr. World has the resources and finances. In the future, I might need to buy items from him or sell things I don't need. Yes, I'll just add postage, my transportation costs, and the price of the materials expended for the ritual to the original price… Fors made up her mind quickly, and she subconsciously looked out of the window.

Backlund was still gloomy and dark, with a light drizzle pattering down. However, the fog wasn't as thick as it was before.

I wonder when I'll receive the Spirit Eater's stomach pouch from The Sun… Fors couldn't wait to advance.

…

In the Berg household in the City of Silver.

Having already prepared the Spirit Eater's stomach pouch and the materials Mr. Hanged Man wished to acquire, Derrick was in no hurry to sacrifice

them to Mr. Fool.

He planned to wait a little longer, until the Chief was leading an expedition team or was presiding over a particular sacrificial ritual, before making an attempt.

*This is the safest and most reliable way… Yes, be careful, be cautious! *Derrick reminded himself before flipping open the "Giant King's Court—Book of Blackrock, Hand-copied Edition."

Recently, he had been reading this ancient tome. From it, he was able to understand some of the faces of the Giant King's Court from ancient times.

According to the ancient tome, it was a Court of God!!

Time seemed to have frozen there, as though it was suspended in eternal dusk. All the buildings were extremely grand and magnificent, even reaching into the clouds.

Humans who walked inside were exceptionally small, and they revered the owner of this scene from the bottom of their hearts.

…

Backlund, Hillston Borough, Waymandy's house.

After listening to an explanation, Emlyn White combed his hair with his hand and intentionally asked, "Lord Baron, I forgot where I heard it from, but there was a very famous city named the City of Silver during the Second Epoch or in the early half of the Third Epoch."

Waymandy was a vampire baron whose age exceeded 200 hundred years. He didn't look old, and he instead looked like a mature gentleman in his early thirties.

His black hair was neatly combed back, and he was wearing a dark red cotton shirt with a brown pipe in his hand. As he enjoyed the warmth of the fireplace, he said thoughtfully, "No, at least in my memory, there's no City of Silver before the Cataclysm."

Before Emlyn could even revel in his joy, Waymandy went on to say to himself, "But there was a Kingdom of Silver which was originally ruled by the Giant King's Court and later came under its jurisdiction."

Kingdom of Silver? Emlyn White thought for a while and said, "Lord Baron, is there anything more specific?"

Waymandy looked up at him, smiled, and said reminiscently, "The Kingdom of Silver had a rather special position in the Giant King's Court. They didn't directly believe in the Giant King, Aurmir, and instead, they believed in the Giant King's Court's queen, Omebella."

…

City of Generosity, Bayam, dock area. Acid Lemon Street, Wind of Azure Inn.

Klein stood at the corner of the street, undid the topaz pendant on his left wrist, and divined to ensure that there was no danger ahead.

With that in mind, he strolled back to the inn, went up to the third floor, and opened the door of the luxurious suite.

He was slightly surprised to find Blazing Danitz already back, slumped in his reclining chair, drinking.

After a moment of consideration, Klein calmly asked, "What time is it?"

"Isn't there a clock?" Danitz muttered.

He looked at the wall opposite him and read out the time.

"3:40 p.m…”

Before he finished his sentence, Danitz suddenly came to his senses, sat up straight, and laughed dryly.

"I've already gone to the places I can get information from and asked the people I can ask. There's no need to stay outside any longer. It will increase the risk of exposure and affect your hunting plan!"

Klein found a chair and sat down, and he expressionlessly said, "Tell me what happened."

"What problems could there be? Although I'm mainly an adventurer who hunts treasure, I'm also a qualified part-time pirate." Danitz felt that his abilities had been insulted.

After being swept by Gehrman Sparrow with a cold glance, he smiled and gave a brief overview of the places he went, the people he met, and the news he had heard from the morning and afternoon.

Hearing Danitz sigh that a captain of a ghost ship named Alger knew about Bansy Harbor, Klein suddenly wanted to frown.

With Mr. Hanged Man's relationship with the Church of Storms, even before I controlled The World and actively mentioned it, he didn't know about the anomaly at Bansy Harbor, so how could this Alger have known? Is he some powerhouse of higher standing in the Church of Storms who's disguised as a pirate, or someone who has some sort of relationship with the heretics in Bansy Harbor? Hmm… Mr. Hanged Man has been active in the surrounding seas, so there's a possibility that it's him… Klein's heart stirred as he recalled the characteristics of The Hanged Man.

Above the gray fog, although he couldn't clearly see the other members' appearances, it was still obvious as to whether they were men or women and what their hair color was!

Klein raised his hand to stop Danitz from speaking. He said in a low voice, "Very messy hair, dark blue in color?"

"You know him? That guy isn't simple!" Danitz sighed.

As expected… Heh heh, I really didn't expect to meet him so easily… Klein didn't respond; instead, he leaned forward and said, "Continue."

Without thinking too much into it, Danitz gave a general description of what happened afterward and explained himself.

"As you know, no one can be sure when they'll get anything when trying to get information. After finding everyone who could be found, the only thing one can do is wait patiently. This will definitely take a while."

"There's another solution that doesn't require waiting," Klein deliberately said in a flat tone.

"What solution?" Danitz asked in surprise.

Klein nudged his gold-rimmed glasses, the corners of his mouth curving into a smile.

"Use bait."

Bait? Danitz looked at him, momentarily puzzled.

In just a second, he had come to his senses.

Only he could be the bait!

As for fishing for the enemy, no one cared if the bait was actually swallowed or not. One only cared if the prey could be pulled out!

Simply put, "bait" was a highly risky species!

"Haha, that's not a great solution. Yes, that's what my intuition tells me. I should be able to gain something from the Red Theater. I'll go over there to take a look!" Danitz took his coat as he eagerly rushed out the door.

Klein originally wanted to tail far behind Blazing and see if he could find any clues, but suddenly he heard layers of illusory prayers.

It came from a man.

Klein paused thoughtfully and turned into the washroom.

Ten seconds later, he appeared above the gray fog. He saw the crimson star that represented The Hanged Man constantly burgeoning and shrinking.

As expected… Klein sat down, leaned back in his chair, and emanated his spirituality.

The voice of The Hanged Man became clearer:

"Honorable Mr. Fool, I'm currently instigating a key related to Vice Admiral Iceberg. I met Blazing Danitz at a casino and learned that he was a witness at the anomaly in Bansy Harbor. I also learned that he plans to join forces with a powerful figure to deal with Steel Maveti.

"I suspect that Blazing Danitz is working with your adorer, so I've prayed to you.

"If this is indeed the case, and if he wishes to receive a certain degree of assistance, I can be of some help."

Mr. Hanged Man has indeed guessed Gehrman Sparrow's identity… He likely only had his suspicions, but he successfully obtained verification by inquiring about Bansy Harbor from Danitz… This is also good. With the help of an experienced local, the plan to hunt Steel Maveti would be much smoother… Unless it directly affects The Fool, there's no meaning for The Hanged Man to entrap an adorer… Judging from his expression and

attitude, he doesn't have any suspicions towards The Fool yet… I didn't leave any loopholes… Klein's thoughts raced, and he quickly made his decision.

After making a divination, he conjured The World and covered the dummy with fog. He placed him in a praying stance and answered solemnly, "Honorable Mr. Fool, I am in need of some assistance."

After finishing this scene, Klein threw the voice along with the scene into the crimson star symbolizing The Hanged Man.

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CHAPTER 524
MEETING

5 p.m., Olive Tree Avenue, Pam's Divination Lodge.

Alger Wilson pushed open a brown wooden door with panes of glass situated above it, and he entered the cafe that had a mysticism theme.

He ordered a cup of Fermo coffee from the Paz Valley on the Star Highlands of the Southern Continent. He took out the tarot cards he had bought earlier and placed it beside him. The top card was The Hanged Man, depicting an angel hanging upside down with his hands tied behind his back.

Unlike this morning, he had changed into a dark, classical robe and wore a clergyman's biretta, like a warlock or magician from folklore.

After taking in a silent breath, Alger slowly sipped his coffee. He didn't show any anxiety from waiting.

After about five or six minutes, the thick brown wooden door opened again, and a young man in a black tweed coat and a half top hat came in.

The gentleman's appearance wasn't even thirty years of age. His face was thin and angular. He had both a mature and gloomy temperament. It was none other than Klein who had slightly modified his appearance and changed his persona.

He wasn't wearing gold-rimmed glasses, but his eyesight was unaffected. With a casual sweep with his eyes, his gaze landed on Alger's dark blue sideburns.

Klein looked down and saw The Hanged Man card placed face up on the deck.

Without a word, he walked over, took off his hat, and sat down opposite Alger. He said with a grim smile, "I'd like to have a divination."

As he spoke, he had already taken in the appearance of the most senior member of the Tarot Club.

Deep facial features, rough outline, with a clear weathered look. It's obvious he was a person adept at fighting and is often outdoors.

His skin is bronze in color, but it differs from that of the natives. He's like the result of a pure Loenese being battered by the elements for years, but the dark blue hair is more peculiar, something that doesn't belong to Loen. It's closer to the colonists of Desi Bay who live in Berserk Sea region.

Mixed blood… Klein made his judgment.

Alger looked at the gentleman across him, slowly superimposing his image with that of The World. Then, he pushed out the tarot card and said in a low voice, "This requires you to shuffle and cut your own cards."

Klein reached out and picked them up, spreading them fully to take them in. Following that, he gathered them together and did a reshuffle.

He cut the cards continuously, took out three cards, and placed them in an arrangement of past, present, and future.

Klein slowly leaned back, but he turned over the middle tarot card with his right hand. It showed a naked woman wearing only a purple silk scarf, surrounded by a green wreath like a door.

This was The World, numbered 21. Number 22 returned to 0, symbolizing The Fool.

"How should I interpret this?" Klein asked deliberately.

Although The Hanged Man hadn't explicitly mentioned that The World was the adorer of The Fool, Klein didn't think it was necessary to hope otherwise. He felt that being honest about it aided in establishing his image —if Alger hadn't guessed it, then it was an act of being open and confident. If Alger already knew about the matter, it would make The World appear at ease, as if everything was within his grasp.

H-he knows I know? He already believes that I've guessed it before raising the topic above the gray fog? Impressive… Alger's heart skipped a beat as he replied at a moderate pace, "It's inverted. It means that things will fail due to a lack of preparation."

"What kind of preparations are needed?" Klein thoughtfully nodded and asked.

Alger took back all the tarot cards apart from The World and skillfully reshuffled and cut the cards.

Then, he flipped open the top card.

It was The Hierophant!

Alger's voice remained deep and low.

"You need advice. You need the help of faith and religion to avoid going down the wrong path."

Without waiting for Klein to speak, he followed the sequence and turned over the second card. On it was The Moon which overlooked the land.

"You will be confused, you will be exhausted, and you will be wandering in your dreams, but this is only temporary."

Next, Alger handed over a third tarot card; it was The Sun.

"Everything shall pass, and the light will shine upon the land," he spoke like a charlatan.

Klein remained silent for a few seconds, then seemingly asked for confirmation, "Church, dream, sun?"

A hint of a smile spread across Alger's face. He nodded slightly and said, "That's right."

He had hidden hints for the follow-up plan during the tarot divination.

In fact, in a situation where he had no skin in the matter and wasn't even noticed, there was no need to be so tactful. He could've described things in detail directly, but Alger felt that he still needed to test out an adorer like The World. He wanted to know if he was smart enough, rather than relying on his strength.

If their intelligence were on the same level, Alger felt that they could cooperate more in the future. There was no need to talk too much between smart people; on the contrary, he would try to not involve The World in his own affairs. He would only ask for help when he needed a helper, unless Mr. Fool had other orders.

Now, The World's response and previous performances had confirmed that he was sly, vicious, and experienced.

Heh, I'm a tarot card expert… On such matters, Mr. Hanged Man, you're just a rookie… Klein secretly laughed, belittling him inwardly.

The message hidden in The Hanged Man's interpretation was very simple. The Hierophant meant that he wanted to inform the Church of Storms about Blazing Danitz and Steel Maveti, and then use the power of the Mandated Punishers to divide the enemy and reap the benefits.

This was something Klein often used, so there was no difficulty in understanding.

The Moon and The Sun cards which followed were a reminder and warning from The Hanged Man.

Since the Mandated Punishers were involved, a certain amount of caution had to be taken. According to Alger's experience, his colleagues in Bayam would definitely use a Sealed Artifact that could force many people within its range to fall into a dream, when dealing with similar issues. Maveti's characteristic meant that there had to be a specific item in the Sun domain which targeted him.

I'm immune to dreams, so I'm not afraid of the Sun… Klein reached out his hand and half-turned the inverted The World card, turning it into its proper position, meaning that this plan was feasible and that he would make preparations.

Alger raised his head and took a deep breath.

"The master here specializes in aromatherapy. She can use the fragrances of different essential oils, extract, incense, and flower essence to treat corresponding emotional problems and pacify the restless mind. Do you want to try it?"

Using the contact point at Amyris Avenue? Klein smiled in response.

"Okay."

The two of them looked at each other as they remained motionless. They stopped talking about the aromatherapy anymore as both of them already had everything laid out.

Klein didn't stay any longer than necessary. He took out his pocket watch, looked at it, and slowly stood up.

Alger wiped away his smile, pressed his hand to his chest, and slightly bowed.

"Let us praise God. All divination outcomes come from 'His' revelation."

Oh, you even know how to express your loyalty… Klein tried to hold back his laughter as he replied seriously, imitating Alger, "Let us praise God."

He took two steps away, then suddenly stopped and looked back at Alger, chuckling as he put on his hat.

"Frankly, you aren't suitable for that type of attire."

Ah? Alger couldn't keep up with Mr. World's train of thought.

When Klein had left the themed coffee shop, Alger retracted his gaze and looked at the mirror in the corner and took a good look at himself.

Initially, he didn't think there was anything wrong wearing that. However, after The World's remark, he found it more inconsistent the more he looked at himself. Finally, he understood why he had said that.

A fellow, who looked boorish and hardened, one appearing capable of summoning a hundred sailors at any time to beat up his opponent or bringing out an axe and chopping them into pieces, really shouldn't be wearing such a mysterious classical warlock robe. It made his bearing somewhat abnormal.

…

Cathedral of Waves.

Alger, who had changed back into his original clothes, kept a low profile and followed the worshipers into the hall. He took advantage of the act of making a confession in order to meet the bishop, Chogo, through the priest in charge.

After saluting, he went straight to the point.

"I met Blazing Danitz, who claims that the key that Vice Admiral Iceberg possesses has nothing to do with Death's treasure and that they are even willing to sell it.

"He entrusted me with a mission to take note of Steel Maveti's whereabouts. Apparently, he was injured by this second mate of the Admiral of Blood, and is in a rush to escape from his pursuit.

"Your Excellency, I wish to leak this news, making Steel Maveti and his subordinates successful in cornering Blazing Danitz. And I wish to use this opportunity to capture them all or execute them on the spot.

"This will be able to effectively keep the arrogance of the pirates in check."

Chogo revealed a look of approbation.

"Very good. The way you do things is better than I expected."

Alger replied with a look of humility, "This all stems from the Lord's guidance, and also from your teachings.

"In the evening, I'll find a suitable target to leak this news to. If I come to pray again, it will indicate that Steel Maveti temporarily isn't taking action. If I do not appear, it means that I might be restrained by him or his subordinates to prevent any news from leaking. This means that they have fallen for the trap."

After giving details of the location and other matters, Alger returned to the confessional and left as usual.

…

7:15 p.m., Amyris Leaf Bar.

Alger, wearing a pair of baggy pants and a head towel wrapped around his dark blue hair, stood by a boxing ring and held a glass of Lanti Proof in his

hand. With a mocking expression on his face, he looked at the two contestants with bruises all over.

Soon, he noticed his target had entered the room and was heading straight for the bar counter.

After a while, he sat down next to the thin man and said with a chuckle, "I heard that Steel has arrived in Bayam."

The man tilted his head in alarm and replied with a fake smile, "Why don't I know about it?"

"Is that so? It looks like Blazing fooled me!" Alger smacked the bar counter and drank a mouthful of alcohol.

"Blazing… Danitz?" the man's eyes lit up as he asked hesitantly.

"Yes, that's him!" Alger gritted his teeth. "I met him this morning at the Gold Coin Casino. This damned fellow claimed that Steel was in Bayam. Pui! How dare he lie to me!"

The swarthy, thin man's eyes darted around without interrupting.

He finished listening quietly, stood up, and chuckled.

"I forgot that I have something to do. We should have a game of cards another time."

He patted Alger on the shoulder and in a seemingly unhurried manner, left the bar in a hurry.

Alger held a glass of alcohol, half-turning to look at his back. His eyes appeared deep and gloomy, and there were no signs of a smile at the corners of his mouth.

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CHAPTER 525
THE CALM SQUALL

Looking up at the wall clock and seeing that it was past eight o'clock, Alger put down his glass mug of alcohol and pushed his way through the drunkards into the street.

As the Rorsted Archipelago was rich in coal, Bayam was like the mainland cities of Backlund and Pritz Harbor. Its streets were lined with tall black lamp posts, and the light of the burning gas effused through the metal grille, illuminating the relatively clean streets.

Alger pulled off his headscarf and slowly turned into a side alley. At a dead-end in the alley, he could smell the scent of urine mixed with alcohol. Although the Amyris Leaf Bar had a bathroom, it clearly wasn't enough for the customers during peak periods. Some of the drunks who couldn't hold it in could only find a secluded place to relieve themselves.

The red moonlight penetrated the clouds and shone into the alley. While Alger was still considering whether he should put on a more convincing act, a firm and pervading voice came from behind him.

"Did you purposely leak the information about Blazing to us?"

He's not stupid… Alger muttered to himself as he slowly turned around, as though preparing for a surprise attack.

Seven or eight steps away, he saw a figure leaning against the wall.

The figure was about 1.78 meters in height, and it wore a boat-shaped hat. Its face was thin and sharp, and it wore a look of aggression.

He had a lock of black hair hanging down, half obscuring the dark green eyes on his left side, which softened his own coldness.

Even though there was often quite a difference between a wanted poster and the person in question, many famous pirates didn't even don disguises as they wandered the city. As an insider of the Church, Alger had seen many almost photographic portraits drawn with rituals and had participated in pirate conventions. He was still able to successfully link the person in front of him to a name on the bounty notices.

He didn't express this point and deliberately hesitated before asking, "Calm Squall?"

He was the chief helper of Steel Maviti, a Beyonder who was good at controlling his emotions and thinking calmly, but he was also inhumane and had a 1,500 pounds reward offered for him. The man pulled at his black windbreaker and revealed an empty smile.

"Can I deny that?

"Well… probably not, just like how you can't deny that you deliberately mentioned Blazing to Oamaru. He's not someone who enjoys using his brain, the complete opposite of me."

"I've never thought of lying. I only wish to obtain some payment for the news you received from me. Between Blazing, who's alone, and Steel, who has so many helpers, anyone with a brain would know which to choose. Of course, I wish that you keep it a secret. I don't want to be pursued by Vice Admiral Iceberg," Alger replied frankly.

Squall nodded his head leisurely and said, "Tell me the specifics."

"Just like I mentioned before. I bumped into and recognized Blazing at the Gold Coin Casino. He entrusted me to take note of Steel's whereabouts. Heh heh, it seems like he wishes to launch a counterattack," Alger said with

a scoff. "We agreed upon a point of contact. I believe this is intelligence worth at least 1,000 pounds."

"1,000 pounds? Look up at the crimson moon. Are you dreaming!?" Squall scoffed. "This might be a trap. Don't you understand that? Blazing might very well have found helpers, which is why he dares to seek us out."

"It's not for me to judge whether it's a trap or not. 500 pounds. Less than that, and I'd rather pretend that nothing has happened." Alger attempted to argue on the basis of reason for the reward.

"300 pounds. You have to follow me somewhere and stay there for some time. It's to prevent you from selling this piece of news to others and spoiling our plans. We'll pay you when we capture Blazing with the intelligence you provided or have his spirit channeled. Don't worry. Food, alcohol, and a bed will all be free. Regardless, you lucked out! If there are any accidents that had resulted from you, hehe. I believe you'll know the outcome," Squall suggested with a tone which didn't allow for refusal.

*Sure enough, just as I expected, with my background being unknown, and with me not being too dangerous, the possibility of them choosing temporary detention is much higher than silencing me… However, I've also made preparations for a worst-case scenario. As long as I'm not too careless, escaping isn't a problem… * Alger deliberately acted like he was in a dilemma as he said, "No more than two days, or my crew will leave with my ship."

"I'll inform them if it exceeds two days." At some point in time, a sharp scalpel had appeared in Squall's palm, and he was making it jump and spin like an acrobat.

After Alger described in detail the point of contact at 15 Amyris Avenue and the corresponding communication methods, Squall didn't speak further. He turned around and led Alger as they turned at every corner, and they arrived at an unknown street before entering a nondescript house.

"Long time no see, blue-haired captain of a ghost ship." The door was opened by an old man with hair that had more white than black. He was dressed as a local and wore a pair of baggy pantaloons.

"Old Quinn. You really are the intelligence officer of the Admiral of Blood…" Alger deliberately said in astonishment.

Old Quinn chuckled and said, "There's always some truth to rumors. What you imagine to be fake might very well be real."

He didn't switch on the gas wall light, but he carried a silver candle lamp in his hand as he guided Alger and Squall through the dark hall into a spacious, windowless basement.

"You'll stay here for a while. My friends and I will be in charge of watching you and also provide you with alcohol and food," Old Quinn said with a laugh. "To show our sincerity, we're not going to disarm you."

"Alright." Alger took the initiative to walk to the low bed in the basement.

Old Quinn closed the heavy stone door and locked it behind him.

Squall didn't linger on, but hurried away, checking repeatedly to see if he was being followed.

After changing to a rental carriage, he came to a Loen enclave in Bayam. It was also the residential area of the upper class.

As he entered a garden bungalow, Squall saw Maveti sitting on a sofa in the living room, waiting for him. The others were either lying, standing, or sitting in a semicircle, with puppets and zombies acting as guards around them.

Steel's lips were thick, his skin swarthy. His hair was curled up like steel balls often seen in factories.

"Is the intel reliable?" The muscles on his arms trembled, exuding vibes of tremendous strength. However, his entire being emanated a cold and sinister feeling, as if he wasn't a living creature.

Squall nodded.

"He's a pirate captain who serves money. I've already detained him at Old Quinn's place. If there really is a problem, he definitely won't be able to leave that place alive. I think he knows this very well."

At this point, Squall revealed a cold smile.

"However, we still have to be wary of any accidents. This might be a trap set up by Blazing."

"Do you have any ideas?" Maveti asked directly.

The first thing he saw was a pirate lying on a couch. He was wearing a brown local tunic and twirling a yellowish-brown straw hat with his fingers.

This was Maveti's deputy of this round of operations. He was the captain of the sixth ship which was lost in the battle with Vice Admiral Dusk, "Blood Brambles" Hendry. He had a bounty of 3,800 pounds.

"It's clear that Squall has a plan." Hendry used his straw hat to cover his pale face.

Squall chuckled and said, "Didn't that adventurer, John Smith, send Mordor to join us undercover? Let's deliberately leak the news to him, making him think that we're still waiting for help and that we can only take action the day after tomorrow or three days later.

"Those bunch of greedy adventurers definitely wouldn't let Blazing off. They'll definitely fall over themselves for him. When the time comes, we can find a spot to watch the show. If there are any accidents, they'll be the

ones bearing the brunt of things. If everything is successful, we can also cull them!"

"Alright." Steel Maveti's eyeballs slightly moved, radiating intense bloodthirst.

…

In the early hours of the morning, everything was ready.

Blood Brambles Hendry brought a leather suitcase over, took out a peacock-blue carpet, and slowly spread it out in front of him. There were many mysterious patterns on it that had a nonhuman flavor to it.

Maveti, Squall, and two other Beyonders, as well as eight zombies and puppets, took their places on it.

Hendry was the last to step in. Closing his eyes halfway, he recited a single word in Elvish, "Flight!"

The peacock-blue carpet tightened suddenly and floated upwards, lifting everyone up from the ground and into the air as they flew towards Amyris Avenue.

During this process, Hendry pulled out a black handkerchief and shook his wrist, turning it into the night sky which magically covered all their traces under the moonlight.

In about seven to eight minutes, they arrived in the area around 20 Amyris Avenue. Diagonally across them was the targeted house.

They didn't move forward. Instead, they let the Flying Carpet hover silently in front of the crown of a thick tree as they lay prone to observe the situation.

Time passed, second by second, as Hendry steadied the mystical item. There were no signs of a lack of spirituality.

The night slowly passed, and the horizon was suffused with a faint red glow. The sun was about to rise, and the gang of pirates led by Steel Maveti began their preparations to find another suitable spot for daytime surveillance.

At this moment, a figure nimbly moved across the rooftops with his back bent, arriving above 15 Amyris Avenue.

He wore a black cloak, his eyebrows yellow, and eyes dark blue. His facial features and contours were relatively soft. It was none other than Blazing Danitz!

Danitz looked around cautiously for a moment, then climbed up the raised chimney, pushed his hand through it, and slid down.

He's really here? Steel Maveti, Blood Brambles Hendry, Squall, and company felt their spirits lift at the same time.

At this moment, several figures sprang up from the chimneys and periphery of Units 13, 14, and 17. They rushed over with fast and potent stances, either breaking the windows, kicking open the doors, or using the chimney to rush into Unit 15 from different positions.

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CHAPTER 526
DREAM OF ETERNITY

The Rorsted Archipelago was the Loen Kingdom's governing branch in the central areas of the Sonia Sea. Similarly, it was a key diocese of the Church of Storms. It had a high-ranking deacon, who was part of the Council of Cardinals, permanently stationed here.

Of course, even a pirate at the level of admiral might not be able to stir such a powerful figure into action, much less when it dealt with a second mate and boatswain. As a result, it was left to Deacon Cordoba Roye who happily accepted the order and led two Mandated Punisher teams to activate Sealed Artifacts 2-37 and 2-166. They lay in ambush at a distance from 15 Amyris Avenue in order to be absolutely safe.

From Cordoba Roye's perspective, a team of Mandated Punishers with two Sealed Artifacts was enough to deal with the group of pirates consisting of Steel and Blazing Danitz, but the latter's intention of keeping an eye of his pursuers' whereabouts caused him to worry. Instinctively, he felt that there was a problem, so he called for an additional team of Mandated Punishers.

Actually, just having 2-37 is sufficient… While they waited, Cordoba Roye suddenly sighed.

In his opinion, this Sealed Artifact would be the nightmare of Steel, Blazing, and company.

He closed his eyes and the corresponding information appeared in his mind.

"Number: 37.

"Name: Dream of Eternity.

"Danger Grade: 2. Dangerous. It has to be used with care and moderation. It can only be applied for operations that require three or more people, a deacon, or diocese bishop.

"Security classification: Bishop, Team Captain, and above.

"Sealing Method: Place in boiling water.

"Description: It has the appearance of a heart. It's black in color, feels ice-cold to the touch, and is filled with holes, often making a sound like a flute.

"This item originates from a primitive tribe in West Balam of the Southern Continent. They have spirit warlocks as their leaders and are nocturnal.

"A Loen army company conquered the tribe, received the object they revered on the altar, and in the week that followed, there were cases of soldiers acting abnormally, going mad, committing suicide, and so on.

"Research shows that as long as one comes into contact with this item, they will enter a long dream. If not woken up by someone else, one will forever remain in that illusory world. On the surface, they would appear frustrated, fearful, and confused. One's mental and biological states will gradually change.

"The researchers who were awakened were still unable to tell the difference between reality and dreams for a long time, which led to a series of tragic events, including, but not limited to, expressing love to their superiors, kissing the mouth of a venomous snake, suffering from depression, undressing and running naked, and attempting to bathe in boiling water… If they weren't transferred to another city, the only possible outcomes would be madness and suicide.

"This item can be used, causing all creatures within the target's surroundings to fall into the same dream… The user can choose the target

to a certain extent and excluded companions… The effective radius is a maximum of fifty meters. Beyond that would burden the user tremendously, dealing severe mental damage… The user will enter a state of being unable to distinguish reality from dreams after the matter, and will have to leave the city where 2-37 is located for any chance of recovery.

"Many examples (see Appendix) show that even without contact, this item can affect the surrounding population greatly unless it's placed in boiling water…

"Appendix: 1. It is similar to the effects of a Nightmare from the Evernight pathway, but it's more prominent and uncontrollable.

"2. Example 1: A Keeper once forgot to add charcoal, causing the fire to go out and the temperature of the boiling water to drop. He soon had an abnormal reaction, and he was suspected to be dreaming of a beloved girl of his. He began to make a passionate confession to his glove, and tried to engage in relation beyond that of friendship with it;

"Example 2…"

As his thoughts churned, Cordoba Roye suddenly saw Blazing Danitz, the Golden Dream's fourth boatswain, come to this point of contact to collect information.

He gestured with his hand, signaling the Mandated Punishers to open the golden box engraved with numerous symbols and magic labels before taking out Sealed Artifact 2-37 which was soaked in boiling water.

The golden box contained another Sealed Artifact, 2-166.

It could maintain the original temperatures of the objects inside, and to a certain extent, it could change the weather, producing Sun Holy Water rain.

Of course, it also had very negative effects; otherwise, the Mandated Punishers would've long used it to seal 2-37 instead of using it as a

temporary trick. The most unacceptable negative effect was that no matter what object remained in prolonged contact with it, it would become infected with the characteristics of life, and it would also piously believe in the Eternal Blazing Sun. Within the Mandated Punishers, a table had already appeared that sang praises of the Eternal Blazing Sun every day, and there was a candle that wished to light itself every second to purify everything.

In response, the irascible Mandated Punishers had turned the table into a pile of firewood, and they had lit it using the aforementioned candle.

Seeing figures appear one by one and dashing towards 15 Amyris Avenue, Cordoba Roye didn't hesitate to press his right hand down, ordering the team member beside him to activate Sealed Artifact 2-37.

An illusory fish scale immediately appeared on the surface of that member's palm, and he directly grabbed the Sealed Artifact that resembled a pitch-black heart, out of the boiling water.

The melodious sound of a flute rang out, and dense darkness enveloped the house at 15 Amyris Avenue.

The scene before Adventurer John Smith remained the same. It was still the bare, unfurnished living room and the black-cloaked Blazing Danitz. He didn't appear like he was in a dream.

They ran over with all their might, fired, and used their own abilities to successfully injure Blazing and capture the famous pirate who had a bounty of 3,000 pounds and was involved with the Key to Death.

However, in the real world, they were sitting with their legs up, or swimming with their arms outstretched, or using their fingers as guns, with their mouths making shooting sounds.

"Move out!" Cordoba Roye left his hiding place and rushed to the house at 15 Amyris Avenue. The other Mandated Punisher team members were

divided into two groups and began encircling the house from different positions.

Before Cordoba arrived, the living room was already brightly lit, as if the sun was rising. Holy pure water dripped down like rain. It none other than Sealed Artifact 2-166 being put to use.

At a distance away, the Flying Carpet floated silently in the darkness. As soon as Steel Maveti and the others saw the Mandated Punishers appear, they immediately understood that this was indeed a trap set by Blazing Danitz.

"This son of a b*tch, he actually defected to the Church of Storms!" Maveti growled as mania flashed in his eyes.

Blood Brambles Hendry looked at Calm Squall and sincerely praised him, "Fortunately, we weren't careless."

"In fact, I didn't expect a foolish donkey like Blazing Danitz to cooperate with the Church of Storms," Squall said calmly. "Perhaps, the injured him was already captured by the Mandated Punishers, and he had no choice but to cooperate with them."

Just as they were about to leave, they saw something protruding from the shadows outside the house at 15 Amyris Avenue. Something was sticking to the ground and quickly moving away.

"Blazing!" Steel Maveti recalled the scenes of his failed ambush.

"Danitz!" Hendry also recognized the man who had tried to escape with his magical powers.

Squall was taken aback for a moment before coming to a realization.

"Either Blazing Danitz wishes to use this opportunity to escape the Mandated Punisher's control, or he has other traps to use against us;

however, for some reason, the Mandated Punishers were attracted, so he had no choice but to give up and flee."

"Regardless, this is an opportunity!" Blood Brambles Hendry glanced at the Mandated Punishers who had stormed the house. "As long as we seize this minute, we'll be able to kill and take away Blazing under the noses of the Mandated Punishers!"

Steel Maveti's hopes were momentarily raised as his eyes revealed an abnormal look of mania.

After Squall nodded, he said to the other two Beyonders, "Take my zombies and puppets and guard this position. Once the Mandated Punishers are here, use them to create chaos and take the opportunity to escape!"

"Yes, Boss." The two Beyonder pirates jumped off the Flying Carpet at the same time with the zombies and puppets.

The peacock-blue carpet made a turn and shot ahead of Blazing.

"Provide us support. Mainly be on guard against the surroundings. I'm worried that Danitz has other helpers," Squall seized the moment and said to the Blood Brambles Hendry.

A smile appeared on Hendry's pale face.

"Alright!"

Without saying anything else, Squall nodded at Steel Maveti.

Relying on his advantage from being high in the sky, Maveti was able to distinguish the mostly normal shadows, determining the direction of the target.

He suddenly jumped off the Flying Carpet and landed heavily on the ground like a giant boulder. White frost condensed under his feet as a layer of cold

and transparent ice quickly spread to the side.

The black shadow was immediately frozen in the corner!

With a crack, Blazing Danitz struggled to break free, "growing" out of the shadows.

On the Flying Carpet, Hendry showed their good teamwork by dropping what he had long held in his hand. They were green leaves, flowers, and brambles.

The leaves, petals, and brambles wildly grew in size or joined together, ensnaring Blazing Danitz, making him immobile.

Squall took the opportunity to jump off the Flying Carpet and thrust a sharp scalpel in his right palm towards Danitz's neck.

Splat!

He held onto the handle of the scalpel with his right hand and circled around to the back of the target.

Danitz's head fell off and his body quickly shrank, turning into a thin, tattered paper figurine.

At the same time, Steel Maveti felt an indescribable sense of hunger bearing down on him. It was like a terrifying monster hidden in the darkness, quietly watching him.

No, it's not Blazing! Just as this thought flashed through his mind, an extremely compressed, incandescent fireball flew over from one of the rooftops, smashing towards his body.

Steel Maveti only made one movement, and that was to raise his arm in front of his body.

Boom!

The flames exploded and a shockwave radiated in all directions, blocking Squall's and Hendry's line of sight. However, they weren't flustered at all, as they had the utmost confidence in Steel.

Sure enough, Maveti only suffered from having his clothes torn and his skin covered in white marks. Apart from that, he hadn't suffered any injuries at all.

But at that moment, he suddenly saw a figure walking out of the roiling flames in the sky. It was clearly a black cloak belonging to Blazing Danitz, but it had neatly combed black hair, dark, emotionless eyes, and a thin, cold face.

The Danitz from before had always been Faceless Klein, Gehrman Sparrow, who had always been prepared for the hunt!

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CHAPTER 527
A QUICK BATTLE

Just as he leaped out of the flames, the two points of light in the eyes of Klein, who wore golden gloves on his left hand, enlarged in size and changed from dark to bright, as if they were lightning that suddenly cut across the sky.

After distracting Steel Maveti and company's attention with Paper Figurine Substitutes, he had activated Creeping Hunger and switched to the Interrogator's soul. He planned on using the Psychic Piercing Beyonder power.

"Ah!"

Steel Maveti suddenly cried out miserably. It was as if someone had stabbed a knife into his head, stirring his grayish-white brain. A feeling of pain came from the depths of his soul, instantly occupying his mind.

At the same time, his Beyonder powers erupted from the irritation and turned into a hurricane that spread out in all directions.

Suddenly, beautiful snowflakes began to fall from the sky. Layers of translucent ice began spreading outwards, and the trees on both sides of the road were covered with white edges. They withered quickly, revealing traces of decay.

The lingering resentment of the remnant spirits was successively awakened. They sobbed, wailed, and shrieked, causing the nearby area to be dyed with a gray and repressed color.

Klein naturally descended from the sky, his left glove shining like the sun.

He opened his arms and leaned back as if embracing something.

Just as his heels touched the cold ground, a pure, blazing, thick pillar of light descended from above.

This holy radiance enveloped Steel Maveti, illuminating his dark skin, firm muscles, and steel ball-like curly hair.

Priest of Light, Light of Holiness!

Without a sound, Maveti's expression became even more twisted, and his skin began to show signs of melting.

At this moment, he was like a candle that had been thrown into a burning fireplace.

Compared to the corrupted Bishop Millet, as a Zombie, he was weaker towards such attacks. The damage he took was even more serious!

The snowflakes stopped falling, and the ice on the ground quickly melted. The trees that had white edges revealed their brown colors.

There was no doubt that the powerful beam of light had caught the attention of Blood Brambles Hendry and Squall. The former's expression changed as he reached into his secret pocket and pulled out materials casting magic. He planned to use his terrain advantage to save Steel Maveti.

At this moment, a raven made purely out of flames suddenly appeared before his eyes.

One, two, three… Countless Fire Ravens filled Hendry's field of vision like crimson stars. They flew over from all directions, flapping their wings in a dense, scorching-hot formation.

Hendry's heart skipped a beat as his gaze seemed to freeze. He immediately moved his hand elsewhere to grab another type of material.

Whoosh!

He scattered light-blue powder on his body while he chanted in ancient Hermes, "Sea Waves!"

The powder suddenly expanded and turned into dark blue waves that spread out in all directions.

When they met the Fire Ravens, they made sizzling sounds and created a large amount of white fog.

The fire wave from the previous explosion had subsided a little. Through the remnants of the crimson light, Squall saw that Steel Maveti's skin was melting like wax and his flesh melted inch by inch. He saw the unfamiliar man in a black cloak standing next to him.

He didn't panic. Like a cold-blooded viper who had lost its emotions, he calmly raised his arms and abruptly pressed both his palms down.

In a split-second, he saw the thin, grim-faced young man's body sink. His movements had turned slow, as though the wings he used for flying had been snapped. As for Steel Maveti, he began to struggle and roll in order to avoid a second round of Light of Holiness.

Immediately following that, Squall noticed that the man had lost his weight and thickness. Once again, he turned into a thin paper figurine, pressed to the ground by an invisible force before soaking into the mud that came as a result of the melting ice.

Klein phased into existence from another position. He rubbed his right thumb and middle finger together and snapped his fingers three times as he rushed forward.

Pa! Pa! Pa!

The Sunbird-shaped dark golden brooch in front of him flashed continuously as it added a purifying element to his Air Bullets.

Bang! Bang! Bang! The three bullets connected at an extremely fast speed and hit the slow-moving Steel Maveti in his right chest, penetrating his half-melted skin and flesh, creating an exaggerated, gruesome wound. Golden flames spread in all directions.

Sou! Sou! Sou! Squall tossed out scalpels after scalpels, but they were all dodged by Klein's deft, acrobatic maneuvers.

At that moment, Steel Maveti had gotten a breather. With a push of his palm, he stood up once again and charged straight at the enemy, fully displaying his advantage in close combat, as well as his abnormally strong body that could withstand powerful blows.

Ice formed under his feet again, and his fists effused a rotting aura.

Then, once again, he saw two bolts of lightning shoot out from Klein's dark brown eyes, shooting into his own.

Steel Maveti subconsciously raised his head and clenched his teeth. His nose, mouth, and ears were all leaking blood, adding to his previously melted skin.

While shooting the Air Bullets, Klein had changed the soul he used for Grazing.

It was still Interrogator, and it was still Psychic Piercing!

Against a Beyonder like a Zombie which had a body as tough as steel, dealing damage to the Spirit Body was far more effective!

While the repeated strikes made Steel Maveti's body stiffen for short periods of time, he lost the shackles of his reasoning. Black, firm hair grew from his face, one strand at a time, while his teeth and nails also constantly grew longer. His skin squirmed in a bid to coalesce, turning from black to white. He was like a real, crazy zombie who was thirsting for blood!

Klein took this opportunity to close in. He bent his body and brushed past Steel Maveti's shoulder. He then stuffed the item in his hand into the hideous wound that he had created into the man's body.

It was a bottle with a few ordinary brass bullets, and inside it was a large amount of Sun Holy Water that Klein had prepared in advance!

Oof!

Klein, who didn't stop, caused Squall's attempt to control him to fail again.

With a twist of his heel, he moved behind Steel Maveti, his back to him.

*Pow! *He raised his right hand and snapped his fingers before Steel Maveti could pull out the glass bottle.

Bang!

A light explosion rang out, and fiery crimson light soared, shattering the already fragile glass bottle. Large amounts of Sun Holy Water inundated Steel Maveti's body.

The infamous pirate with a bounty of 6,000 pounds froze where he stood, his throat letting out an anguished groan.

He plopped to his knees, a dark green gas in his body was pouring out and disappearing into the air.

At the sight of this, Squall's eyes darkened. He immediately took out an iron-black charm and muttered a word in ancient Hermes, "Shriek!"

The charm suddenly cracked and vanished, completing the sacrifice.

An invisible sound wave swept outwards like a tsunami, almost successively drilling into the ears of everyone around.

Klein's mind buzzed, the tip of his nose cold. Blood oozed out, and Blood Brambles Hendry on the Flying Carpet was in an even more miserable state. His face was twisted, and his body convulsed as he fell down, unable to even let out a tragic scream. On the contrary, Blazing Danitz, who was far away on a rooftop, wasn't subject to any effects. He happily threw out another blob of a highly-compressed incandescent fireball.

The fireball landed on Hendry's body without any resistance and exploded with a loud boom.

Flesh and blood splattered outwards. Flames wrapped around his fingers, calves, and head before he fell to the ground. The Flying Carpet then lost control and slowly settled down.

Squall took the opportunity to turn around and run, not hesitating in the slightest.

However, he was stunned to discover that the terrifying man, who had almost finished off Steel Maveti within ten seconds, didn't seem to show the slightest signs of being impeded. He had turned around and given chase!

How is that possible? This a Shriek charm created by Admiral! Squall had no time to think over the reasons. He ran as fast as he could down the other street.

At that moment, his head was suddenly hit hard by someone. A tearing pain made his whole body spasm.

The lightning in Klein's eyes faded as he raised his right hand and snapped his fingers once more.

*Bang! *

An Air Bullet crossed the distance of about ten meters and accurately drilled into the back of Squall's head.

Squall didn't have the non-human endurance that Steel had. His vision immediately blackened, and he slowly fell to the ground.

Klein caught up with him in a few steps, reached out his left hand, and let the jubilant Creeping Hunger enjoy the meal.

I have heard the voice of the True Creator before, and I've experienced Mr. Door's call for help. I have great resistance in this aspect, and I can even quickly recover from the shrieking of a Wraith, let alone a mere charm… Klein muttered silently to himself as he watched Squall's body be reduced to flesh and blood and plunge into the open mouth of Creeping Hunger.

After a few seconds, Creeping Hunger came to a satisfied halt, and Klein quickly returned to Steel Maveti's side.

This Zombie had been miserably purged. Although his head remained intact, he was already dead.

Klein took a few steps forward, picked up the peacock-blue Flying Carpet that had fallen to the ground, wrapped it around Steel's body, and lifted it.

Glancing back at 15 Amyris Avenue, he listened to the commotion of rampaging zombies and puppets, and he sensed that the Mandated Punishers were approaching. Klein pulled his hood over his head, bowed slightly in that direction as a salute.

Pa!

Klein rubbed his fingers, and all of the paper fragments around him were set ablaze, producing crimson red columns of fire.

Under the light of the fire, his body turned illusory, and he vanished from where he stood, with the items turning into a shadow.

As for the Beyonder characteristics of Squall and Hendry, which were slowly coming into existence, he didn't take a look, nor did he pay any attention to them.

Greed would cause him to fall into unnecessary danger; besides, the harvest he had reaped now was already sufficient!

After leaving some of the Mandated Punishers to deal with the rampaging zombies and puppets, the pirates who had been damaged by his "companions" and the Beyonder adventurers who were caught, Cordoba Roye led the rest of the team and rushed over. However, all they saw were scattered corpses, scalpels, and withered trees on the streets. They could distinguish the receding aura of the sun, as well as the evil sensation that came from the depths of flesh and blood.

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CHAPTER 528
GRAZING

It was early in the morning, and the sky had just brightened up slightly. Most of the alleys were dark and quiet.

With the aid of Danitz's cloak, Klein blended into the shadows and quickly moved about. He felt as if his surroundings were grayish-black and transparent, with reality being blurred. All sounds seemed to come from the depths of the starry sky, empty and distant.

After staying as far away from Amyris Avenue as possible, he acquired his bearings and "grew" out from the shadows. He appeared in an empty alley filled with broken stones.

Klein's hands shook, throwing Steel Maveti's peacock-blue Flying Carpet out in front of him. He wanted to finish the Grazing before Maveti's Spirit Body began dissipating.

Throwing away the Flying Carpet, he took a step forward, stretched out his left hand, and extended his five fingers, aiming from above at the corpse that was still warm.

Creeping Hunger revealed its original appearance—a thin material that looked like it was made up of human skin.

Two eyes had split open in the middle of its palm. Its pupils were bright red, as though they were dyed in blood.

Whoosh!

A bone-chilling breeze suddenly blew through the alley. It swirled around Steel Maveti's corpse, twisting into an almost transparent human figure. One could vaguely see thick lips and curled hair that resembled steel beads.

Maveti's Spirit Body wore an abnormally pained expression as he tried his best to resist the suction of the Creeping Hunger. As for the grayish-white and blackish-green dots of light, they were like a surging galaxy, quickly flying out from his body and merging into the transparent figure.

No!

Maveti let out a soundless scream, already being too late to beg for mercy. All he could do was desperately slip into the human-skinned glove, becoming attached to an empty finger, and revealing his Beyonder characteristic that connected with the environment to a certain extent.

This connection determined what powers would be usable when Grazing Steel Maveti's soul. Perhaps it would be one, two, but no more than three powers. Klein had no choice over the number and details before they became fixed, as it was purely random.

Creeping Hunger quickly blanketed its paleness and finally returned to its former disguised state: a plain black glove.

Klein closed his eyes and sensed the changes for a few seconds before letting out a profound sigh.

This time, his luck wasn't bad, but it wasn't too good either.

He had succeeded in acquiring three Beyonder powers belonging to Steel Maveti, but he didn't receive the body as hard as steel; the tenacious vitality of being impervious to gunfire, flames, or a certain degree of explosives.

*The first is the power of a Zombie, which allows me to unleash a critical attack, making up for my previous flaws of only having a nimble combat style. The second is mastery over ice. Although it's impossible to condense

an ice spear or create a blizzard like that of the Demoness pathway to inflict a direct attack, I can freeze the surrounding ground, lower the temperature of the air, and effectively affect the movement of my enemy. If there's any physical contact, then I can even freeze the enemy's body or stiffen his flesh and blood. It's a perfect match for my combat ability. The third is the manipulation of zombies. Heh heh, I no longer need to be afraid of not being able to have partners for a round of cards… *Klein thought for a moment, then he bent down to inspect the items on Steel Maveti's person.

He quickly found 26 pounds, 11 soli, and 8 pence in cash, as well as a collection of strange things that seemed normal, such as candles, clips, a thorny whip, and so on.

Considering the fact that Steel Maveti was a member of the Rose School of Thought and belonged to the type of people who indulged in their desires, Klein vaguely understood what was going on. Spitting on the ground, he only took the cash.

Werewolf has supernatural healing powers. Zombie has a body like steel. There's really no need for him to carry any healing related medicine or items… It's as Danitz concluded, Maveti doesn't have any mystical items… That's right, mystical items are few in number to begin with. Many have clear flaws and negative effects. Not everyone can have one even if they want one. Previously, in the group consisting of a Wraith, Zombie, and Werewolf, there were only two mystical items—Scarlet Lunar Corona and Biological Poison Bottle… Klein nodded and took out a folded piece of paper.

He unfolded the yellowed piece of paper and placed it on the body of Steel Maveti, covering his face.

It was a bounty notice with a portrait of Maveti and the corresponding bounty reward: "6,000 pounds!"

Klein straightened up, took a step back, stepped on the peacock-blue carpet, and pulled out a paper figurine.

Pa!

With a swing of his arm, his wrist shook, and the paper figurine was thrown out. It burst into flames before scattering into ashes.

Soon after, he phased into a shadow and disappeared into the alley along with the items.

Two or three minutes later, Cordoba Roye rushed over with a portion of the Mandated Punisher team, just in time to see a cool breeze blow up the bounty notice, revealing Steel Maveti's dissolving flesh and blood dissolving, his eyes wide open.

Whoosh. The bounty notice fell to the side and remained facing up.

…

Having lost track of their target, Cordoba and the others silently brought Steel's corpse back to the area where the battle had taken place.

Glancing at the team members who were inspecting the site, the deacon, Cordoba, restrained his emotions and asked in a deep voice, "A believer of the Sun?"

This was the most important question for him and his diocese.

The Mandated Punisher team member responsible for finding clues via supernatural means to recreate the truth wasn't a Beyonder of the Storm pathway, but a Sequence 7 Knowledge Keeper corresponding to Reader, also known as Detective. He didn't rush to answer, but instead came over and squatted down to examine Maveti's corpse.

After a while, he looked up and said, "It's not a believer of the Sun, probably a result of using the powers of a mystical item."

"Reason?" Cordoba asked with a frown.

The Mandated Punisher said, "There's an evil feeling within that stems from flesh and blood. One of the corpses was devoured in such a manner, leaving only a body's traits and items. If it's a Sun believer, they wouldn't do something like that even if they relied on items. To them, things in the domain of the True Creator are sacrilegious and require immediate purification or sealing. They likely wouldn't borrow its powers."

After thinking for a few seconds, Cordoba agreed with this conclusion and asked, "Someone from the Aurora Order?"

"No, a real Rose Bishop or Shepherd wouldn't act so crudely. They'll definitely wrap the corpse within their body and deal with the scene after departing. There's no reason to dismember the body on the spot. It's a waste of time that also leaves a bunch of items that can be considered valuable. To devour him in such a rush, it resembles that of the negative effects of a mystical item," the Knowledge Keeper said calmly.

"A mystical item that possesses powers in both the Sun and Secrets Suppliant domains? Perhaps it's something with powers like that of a Shepherd? Berg, what's your take?" As a deacon, Cordoba had the clearance to know of a Shepherd and their special abilities. As for the Knowledge Keeper knowing, it was a result of his position in the team. The other Mandated Punishers had no idea what they were talking about.

Knowledge Keeper Berg stood up.

"It's all possible."

"Any suspects?" Cordoba asked in a low voice.

Berg shook his head.

"There are no suspects for the time being.

"But one thing can be confirmed. Blood Brambles was killed by Blazing Danitz. The other person is his helper, a rather terrifying powerhouse that's

not weaker than a Pirate Admiral."

"A terrifying powerhouse…" Cordoba's expression turned grave as he muttered under his breath. Following that, his eyes lit up. "Could it be Edwina? She can simulate some Beyonder powers which she has seen before!"

Knowledge Keeper Berg pondered for a moment and then said, "We can't rule out that possibility, but our intelligence shows that she was in the vicinity of Sonia Island a few days ago. Unless—unless she can simulate a corresponding ability and use the spirit world to travel here."

Cordoba paced back and forth, looked around, and said, "Deal with the scene, and don't bring this to the attention of the nearby residents.

"I'll submit the mission report, and let's hope that we'll receive more effective information."

This involved a powerhouse whose combat prowess was equivalent to at least a Sequence 5. He could only restrain his irascible mood and make the most rational decision.

…

Inside Old Quinn's house, in the basement with the heavy stone door sealed shut.

Alger was sitting on the low bed, quietly looking at the candles on the table when his vision blurred. He saw the gray fog emanate, along with The Fool sitting on a high chair, overlooking everything.

A blurry silhouette appeared below, hands clasped before his face as he said in a pious tone, "Honorable Mr. Fool, the matter has come to a successful conclusion."

The matter has come to a successful conclusion? This involves Steel Maveti and several other Beyonders… The World sure is efficient at handling matters. His strength is stronger than I expected. As expected of an adorer of Mr. Fool… Heh heh, he might be able to sell another Beyonder characteristic at the Tarot Club, maybe even more than one… How did he get around the effects of Sealed Artifact 2-37? The uniqueness of a god's adorer? A thought flashed through Alger's mind, and he instinctively thanked Mr. Fool.

Then, he took out a small metal bottle and smeared mint extract on the tip of his nose.

A strong, irritating odor seeped into his head, instantly making Alger become abnormally clear-headed.

At some point in time, a white gauze mask appeared in his hands, and he had poured the Full Moon Essence Oil onto it.

After methodically putting on his mask, Alger stood up and walked slowly to the heavy stone door.

With a staid series of movements, he retrieved a sealed metal jar from the inside of his clothes, twisted the mechanical switch, and pulled out a tube.

Then, he stuffed the tube into the crevice of the stone door and extended it out.

Without a sound, the gas inside the metal container started to emanate.

This was the Sanguine anesthetic gas provided by The Moon, Emlyn!

It can knock out strong commoners, Sequence 9 Beyonders with strong bodies, and even higher Sequences who were lacking in their constitution!

Even if Old Quinn can resist the gas, he would still be significantly affected. As for his helpers and friends, heh… Alger leaned against the stone door

and waited patiently.

When nearly a third of the gas was dispersed from the jar, he pulled the tube back and closed the switch.

He turned around and listened attentively before receiving a satisfactory answer.

Alger revealed a faint smile. He rapidly converged his aura and compressed it inside him.

Suddenly, the muscles on his body bulged, and he threw a punch forward.

Raging Blow!

*Bang! *

The iron lock of the heavy stone door directly shattered, and the door itself opened up.

Alger withdrew his fist and walked out, leaving only the sleeping figures outside.

Author's Note: Creeping Hunger has two modes, Grazing and Devouring. The former targets the soul and Beyonder characteristic, while the latter targets the flesh and blood.

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CHAPTER 529
TACITNESS

48 Acid Lemon Street, outside the Wind of Azure Inn.

Dressed in a thick jacket and pantaloons, Blazing Danitz returned by taking a detour. He clung to the corner of a wall, remaining motionless for a long time. He was hesitating on whether to take the opportunity to run away and not face the terrifying madman, Gehrman Sparrow, again.

Unlike the battle at Bansy Harbor, he was hiding on a rooftop far away this time. It allowed him to take in the entire battle zone. Therefore, while supporting Gehrman Sparrow and battling Blood Brambles Hendry, he finally saw the combat process of the crazy adventurer, finally grasping his Beyonder powers and traits.

Paper figurine substitutes, phasing out from flames, psychic blasts, a holy beam from the Sun domain, shooting out air bullets with his finger, the ability to disguise himself into another person, as well as a glove that changes its appearance several times and devoured Squall. His powers far exceed my imagination, and there are a few that can't be compatible with each other. This isn't something that can be explained simply with the addition of one or two miraculous items to a Sequence… Also, the sense of hunger that came from the depths of his soul explains something… That glove from the Vice Admiral Hurricane, Creeping Hunger! Captain had specifically reminded us that the glove can use the souls of many Beyonders for Grazing and thus use their powers… Danitz went through the thoughts he previously had and came to a final judgment.

Gehrman Sparrow is the current owner of Creeping Hunger!

He didn't feel any sense of belittlement simply because Gehrman had relied on a powerful mystical item to display such terrifying strength. Instead, he felt even more reverence for him.

The reason for this was just one; a large part of using a mystical item to its fullest had to do with one's abilities. Without sufficient strength and extraordinary combat experience, even with Creeping Hunger, Gehrman Sparrow wouldn't have been able to finish off Steel Maveti and Calm Squall within ten seconds.

Two, his Captain, Vice Admiral Edwina Edwards, learned from secret sources that Vice Admiral Hurricane didn't die at the hands of the Church of Storms, but instead, he was quickly killed by a particular powerhouse while fleeing.

Danitz had no lack of understanding regarding the power of Vice Admiral Hurricane, Qilangos, back when he was at his peak. He knew that the standing of a powerhouse which could easily finish him off was equal to that of the top pirate powers. Furthermore, it would be two of the most powerful and terrifying ones, the King of the Five Seas and Queen Mystic!

*Although there's the factor of surprise, it would just lower the evaluation by a little. The person wouldn't be much weaker than the King of Immortality, and they'll be stronger than Admiral Hell and Admiral of Blood… Creeping Hunger now belongs to Gehrman Sparrow; this means that he's either the one who killed Qilangos, or there's a power figure at the level of the Four Kings backing him up. No matter which possibility it is, it's all the more terrifying than I had originally expected! *Danitz's body tensed up. He really didn't want to face the adventurer who had crazy blood flowing in him.

Phew… He heaved a sigh of relief. He felt that he had been hesitating here for too long and that he had to make a decision as soon as possible.

Gehrman Sparrow knows how to divine, and he's rather confident in his abilities in this domain. With my Shadow Cloak in his hands, escaping

won't only fail, but it would also end up infuriating him… Shadow Cloak is a rare mystical item… Clenching his teeth, Danitz turned the corner and went through the door of the hotel, all the way to the luxurious suite.

After a few seconds of careful waiting and observation, Danitz took out his key and opened the door.

He saw that the room was dark, that the gas wall lights hadn't been lit, and that the not-very-bright light of the early morning was shining through the window and onto Gehrman Sparrow who was facing the door.

The adventurer had changed back into his usual tweed black overcoat with dark trousers. He held a half top hat in his hand, and his right foot was raised over his left thigh.

He leaned back a little, his face obscured since his back was to the window. Only his dark brown eyes, which were exceptionally clear, watched the door with indifference and calmness.

Danitz unconsciously lowered his head, laughed dryly, and said, "In accordance with your instructions, I circled to a few news agencies and wrote the information that Blazing had killed Steel Maveti, Blood Brambles Hendry, and Squall on pieces of paper and threw them in.

"Of course, I mentioned having a powerful helper in this piece of news. He's a mysterious, unknown, a top adventurer, and a veteran bounty hunter."

Klein nodded, revealing a polite smile.

"Very good."

With a sigh of relief, Danitz looked around and saw the peacock-blue carpet.

He was stunned for a few seconds before asking in puzzlement, "What about the heads of Steel and Hendry?"

Klein replied calmly, "Wasn't taken."

"You didn't take them?" Danitz exclaimed in astonishment. "Then what about our bounty?"

As long as they had the heads of Steel and Blood Brambles, he would be able to get the appropriate bounty through people with connections. Although this would cost them 15 to 30 percent of the money received, he couldn't claim the bounty himself as a pirate. This was the only way, as the military's and the Church's use of bounty rewards to encourage pirates to kill each other didn't mean that they would turn a blind eye to a gift that came walking through the door.

To Danitz's surprise, Gehrman Sparrow, whose eyes were crazed with the desire for money, had actually not taken the heads of Steel and Blood Brambles, which meant that he had automatically given up on the bounty.

Klein didn't answer him and pointed to the Flying Carpet on the ground.

"You had helped in this. You have two choices.

"One is 3,000 pounds in cash, and the other is this Flying Carpet.

"You have five seconds to consider. Exceeding that time will be considered as forfeiting."

3,000 pounds in cash or the Flying Carpet? This Flying Carpet seems to only have the ability of suspension and flight. Furthermore, its speed isn't too fast, and it's not too useful… No, at sea, to a Beyonder not from the Sailor pathway, such items are very precious. At the very least, there's no need to worry about the aftermath of a ship being sunk… Danitz was momentarily thrown into a dilemma.

Then he heard Gehrman Sparrow's voice counting.

"3, 2…”

Danitz's heart skipped a beat, and he quickly said, "Flying Carpet!"

Klein nodded and said, "Okay."

With the knowledge that Gehrman had great credibility, Danitz finally relaxed before asking with a grumbling mumble, "Why didn't you count 5 and 4?"

Wasn't it supposed to be five seconds!?

Klein replied without changing his expression, "Counted inwardly."

Counted inwardly… Danitz took a deep breath and grimaced.

Klein slowly stood up, flicked his wrist, threw the hat from his hand, and left it hanging firmly on the rack before walking to his bedroom.

…

Cathedral of Waves.

Alger, who entered in the name of coming for morning prayers, met the diocese bishop, Chogo, and explained everything that had happened last night. The only thing that had been modified was that the Sanguine anesthesia gas had been turned into a Slumber Charm of the Church of Evernight.

Chogo nodded in approval.

"To be able to go deep into the enemy's lair and bear the risk of death for the sake of your faith, such an act is worthy of praise. You are a true storm attendant.

"Last night, we captured five Beyonders and killed two of them on the spot. As a result of this, Maveti, Hendry, and Squall have also died. The heads of

these three pirates will no longer appear, or they will be in our hands, so the government's bounty will be ours.

"The total receivable reward will exceed more than 10,000 pounds in total, and you will receive the bulk of it, which is 6,000 pounds.

"Do not refuse. The Lord has told us that those who fight for their faith must not be reserved."

"Holy Lord of Storms!" An excited Alger pounded his left chest with his fist.

Although he and The World didn't agree on how to split the spoils of war, he believed that the two of them had come to a tacit understanding. For example, they were not to interfere with each other when hunting pirates. As the bounty needed to be laundered through the Church, the two of them would split it equally.

As for the bounty offered by countries and organizations such as Intis and Feysac, Alger didn't hold any expectations for them. This was because every time one exchanged for the bounty reward, one needed to hand over the corpse or head of the target. Therefore, only one entity could be chosen. Only those with a deep background and good relations with the various organizations and countries could receive all of them.

3,000 pounds will belong to The World… If I were to lose 3,000 pounds at once, it will raise suspicion. Yes, I'll have to find an opportunity to buy a mystical item. Such things are rare, so they're often overpriced, even more so when in times of great need. No one will doubt that I spent 5,000 pounds on a purchase that's worth 3,000 pounds… If I sell the items obtained from Old Quinn, the ones he had received, the accounts would be squared… Alger quickly came up with a follow-up solution.

…

Knowing that he had 3,000 pounds waiting for him, Klein sat happily in the high-back chair of The Fool and considered a serious question.

That is, after Grazing Steel Maveti, he had to release a soul from Creeping Hunger as he promised.

Their Beyonder powers are quite useful. It's quite a pity to release them before finding a replacement. Yes… Besides, I've already released that Faceless. There doesn't seem to be a need to do it this time… Feelings of hesitation and reluctance to part had stirred in Klein's heart as he was thrown into a dilemma. He was unable to make a decision.

After a long time, he leaned back and exhaled.

I can't deceive myself. He shook his head and laughed, turning relaxed from making up his mind.

He decided to keep his promise and release a soul.

The Faceless from before had been released early because he wanted to receive some corresponding information. It was already an equal exchange.

Which one should I release? Miss Justice bought the materials for a Psychiatrist potion and a mystical item worth 5,500. Even if she's rich, her financial situation should be tight, so it wouldn't be appropriate to sell the Psychiatrist characteristic at this time. Yes, she still owes my adorer 2,000 pounds and will repay the money in February or March… Klein rejected the idea and decided to release the Nightmare.

As a former Nighthawk, he always had an inclination and felt gratitude based on his impression and feelings towards Beyonders in this domain; therefore, it wasn't difficult to make a choice in these situations without having any other factors to consider.

Calming himself down, Klein picked up the human-skinned glove that he had previously brought above the gray fog. He closed his eyes and began to

sense the distorted souls.

Without any hesitation, he released the Nightmare.

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CHAPTER 530
CHRONICLES

The Nightmare appeared by the side of the long bronze table.

He was a man in his thirties with black hair and blue eyes, a long, thin face, and obvious nasolabial folds. He had a beard that wasn't too thick by his mouth and chin.

As the pain and the distortion eased, he pressed his hand to his chest and gave a solemn bow.

Compared to the Faceless from before, the Nightmare was obviously not as muddle-headed and weak after being released. It was unknown if the Evernight pathway's enhancement to one's soul was stronger than that of the Seer pathway, or if it was because the Grazing process had only happened recently.

Klein sighed silently and began asking via spirit channeling, "Why did you die at the hands of Qilangos?"

The corner of the Nightmare's mouth slightly curled up, revealing a bitter smile.

"I'm a Red Glove from the Nighthawks. I was tracking down a bunch of ancient chronicles that originated from a Balam imperial tomb. We suspected that they were related to the reason for Death's passing.

"I found out that a part of it might've fallen into the hands of a particular tycoon, so I led two companions of mine and boarded the ship he was on.

Unfortunately, we were attacked by Qilangos's fleet just as we were about to launch an investigation."

"What happened to your companions?" Klein subconsciously asked.

The Nightmare said in a slightly pained tone, "We originally had the opportunity to leave and even kill Qilangos through our skillful teamwork, but our ship sank, and we had to board a lifeboat instead. Everyone, everyone died, no—they were killed in the line of duty!"

May the Goddess bless you… Klein drew a crimson moon inwardly.

This made him more aware of the great difference between fighting at sea and fighting on land—environmental factors were of critical importance.

Beyonders not from the Sailor pathway would be at a great disadvantage!

If it wasn't because of the fact that the Flying Carpet had been huge, cumbersome, and slow, making him an easy target, Klein would've opted to keep it and give Danitz cash.

Fortunately, I have the bladder of a murloc. I can find an Artisan to create a mystical item that allows me to swim underwater… Unfortunately, it's very difficult to find an Artisan. Most of them are from the Church of the God of Steam and Machinery, and there aren't many unaffiliated ones; otherwise, mystical items wouldn't be this rare. If push comes to shove, I'll get Mr. Hanged Man to help… Klein looked at the Nightmare who had been killed in the line of duty and said softly as he leaned back, "What's your name? What unfulfilled wishes do you have?"

The figure of the Nightmare was already slowly dissipating. When he heard Klein's question, he said with a smile, "My name is Davy Raymond. I lost my parents, wife, and siblings in a black magic incident, leaving me with only one daughter, Neelu. She was born in 1330 and is a very lovely girl. And I'm sorry to say that in order to investigate the truth over the black magic incident, I joined the Nighthawks and later became a Red Glove. I

didn't manage to spend time with her, making her lose her father alongside her mother.

"Heh heh, I believe that the Church will definitely give her my pension and secretly provide her a certain amount of help. I'm not worried about her life, but I only hope to see her enter the hall of marriage under the witness of the Goddess, to have her own family and not be lonely anymore."

"It's already the year 1350. She may already have a marriage partner," Klein sighed wistfully and said.

"Time flies…" Davy Raymond muttered in response. "Tell her that all the culprits have been punished and that I died because of an accident. There's no need to hate anyone anymore. Tell her that Daddy loves her, and Daddy is very sorry…"

His figure became more and more transparent, and he was about to disappear.

Klein closed his eyes and asked, "Where does she live?

"What's the name of the tycoon who collected Death's chronicles?"

"We live in Desi County's Conant City. It's a beautiful seaside city, with rich rubber plantations growing nearby. If she hasn't moved, then she'll be living at 67 Red Indus Street. The tycoon's name is Jimmy Necker. He should've fallen into the hands of Qilangos as well…" Before Davy Raymond finished speaking, his figure had already completely disappeared, leaving only a deep black gem-like object on the surface of his glove.

Klein quietly watched this scene, and after a few seconds, he raised his right hand and tapped four times clockwise on his chest. He then said in a deep voice, "If there's a chance, I will visit your daughter and see how she's doing."

In the palace which looked like a giant's residence, the fog was endless, without any undulations, and was eternally unchanging.

Klein put away Davy Raymond's Beyonder characteristic, rubbed his forehead, and turned his attention back to Death's chronicles.

The Death pathway and the Evernight pathway can be switched at high Sequences. There's nothing odd about the Church sending personnel to investigate the corresponding chronicles… I wonder if Jimmy Necker is dead or not. I'll need to find out… If he has already perished in a tragic case, and the thing has fallen in Qilangos's hands, that will require me to investigate from the pirate's side… Qilangos's crew now belongs to Vice Admiral Ailment, Tracy…

As it involves Death, it might be able to help Mr. Azik. Klein decided to check it out in passing himself, and if he encountered any difficulties, he could write directly to the powerhouse.

After clearing his mind, he quickly returned to the real world and used the ritual to summon Creeping Hunger back.

After everything was done and seeing that it was already getting late, he gave up on the idea of trying to catch up on his sleep. He decided to summarize the experiences and lessons from last night's operation.

The biggest lesson for Klein was that he had overestimated the patience of the Mandated Punishers.

He had originally hoped that, even if there had been an accident in the beginning, the Mandated Punishers would've been able to restrain him and wait for the real target, the real protagonist, Steel Maveti, to appear.

When that happened, they would've definitely used the Sealed Artifact which can pull many people into a dream, restraining all the unaffiliated Beyonders who had involved themselves in the blitz. As for me, due to my uniqueness, I would be able to detect that I'm asleep and be able to forcibly

escape. Then, I could've dealt with Steel Maveti and his helpers in a composed manner, completing an achievement of an instant kill, and also bring two corpses along with me… Yet, just as the incident happened, that bunch of irascible bros stormed in. They didn't even leave any backup teams to watch out for any contingencies. At the very most, they would let the wielder of the Sealed Artifact stay beyond the periphery, with one or two guards.… The more Klein thought, the more he was at a loss on whether to laugh or cry.

If it wasn't because Steel Mandated Punisher's group of pirates who were more cautious and had at least two Beyonders assigned, as well as all their puppets and zombies to stop the Mandated Punishers that might've pursued them, Klein would likely have found himself in a situation of going two against five. If that had happened, he would've chosen to give up and directly engage in a strategic shift.

What made Klein most satisfied was that he had done a pretty good job of making specific preparations.

This was the professional habit of a Magician!

Because he had long known from Miss Sharron and Maric about the traits of the first five Sequences of the Mutant pathway, Klein was well aware that Steel Maveti, who had gone through the Lunatic phase, could use irrational factors to resist any Beyonder disruption and influence on his mind. He had very strong resistance in this aspect; therefore, he gave up the thought of using Psychiatrist's Dragon Might and Frenzy, as well as Nightmare, which was clearly weaker than the Mandated Punisher's Sealed Artifact, and he instead focused on the Interrogator's Psychic Piercing and the Priest of Light's purification powers.

Psychic Piercing wasn't a Beyonder power that disrupted one's thoughts and affected one's soul, but a means to directly attack the Spirit Body. In essence, the other effect acted on one's Body of Heart and Mind, and targeted the Soul Body. There was a clear difference between the two.

If any part of that combo failed to chain in any way, Steel Maveti would've been able to recover, making it impossible for me to kill him quickly. And in that environment, that would spell failure. Yes… I've also used the pathway's trait of losing themselves to their desires, making it easy to grasp their emotions. I believed that once they suffered a psychic attack, there would be a high chance of them counterattacking in madness, without any consideration of anything else…

In fact, the safest way of dealing with a Zombie is to set up matchsticks or have Danitz. I'll use Flaming Jump and Light of Holiness, kiting Maveti. It'll make him want to battle but be completely unable to reach his opponent. He wouldn't escape even if he wanted to. Just send a fireball, and I'll catch up to him. Unfortunately, it's a waste of time, and the situation didn't allow for it…

Klein sighed, took out his pocket watch, snapped it open, and checked the time.

Seeing that it was almost nine o'clock in the morning, he turned the handle of the door and walked out of the bedroom.

At this moment, Danitz was lying in a reclining chair, producing snores that sounded like a steam engine was operating in the room.

He was quite alert, opening his eyes and sitting up as soon as Klein came out.

“…Are you going out?" Danitz asked when he saw Gehrman Sparrow take off his hat from the coat rack.

"Yes." Klein maintained his persona and didn't explain that he was attempting to act by helping someone confess.

What about me? Steel Maveti and his men are almost all dead, so I don't have to worry about that anymore… Even if the newspaper doesn't publish the news, I can spread it myself. There were idle pirates and adventurers

who will use it as a material for bragging, spreading the matter to the sea and would end up informing Captain. That bunch of dogshit can't do a thing aside from drink and brag, but even so, they still have their uses… Danitz thought for a moment, then he asked while secretly feeling a sense of fear, "Mr. Sparrow, can I-I leave now?"

Klein revealed a faint smile.

"You have always been free."

That's right… I wasn't caught by him this time; I was just looking for help… I have always been free! Danitz was stunned for a moment, then he was delighted.

But right at that moment, he heard Gehrman Sparrow's voice lightly fleeting towards him.

"But that ends now."

Ah? What? Danitz looked confused.

It took him no less than three seconds to understand what Gehrman Sparrow meant.

He had been captured again!

"Why?" Danitz asked angrily and aggrieved.

Klein put on his hat and said in a low voice, "I want to meet your Captain."

Danitz widened his eyes, stood up abruptly, and shouted out, "What do you want?"

This fellow is a little too agitated… Klein replied calmly, "I have some things to ask her."

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CHAPTER 531
GREAT ACTING

He has some things to ask Captain?

Danitz frowned as he watched Gehrman Sparrow leave the room, unsure what his real motive was.

What is this fellow really after? Money, riches? But he had the time to take away the heads of Steel Maveti and Blood Brambles Hendry to exchange for nearly 10,000 pounds in bounty rewards. Yes, even after paying any commissions, it would still be seven to eight thousand pounds. Yet, he didn't do so. Moreover, he generously shared the spoils of war with me. This is very contradictory. When he first heard that I was Blazing, his first reaction was to call me a 3,000 pound bounty… In Captain's words, this isn't scientific…

Why would he deliberately give up the bounty? Unless… Unless he has a better way to claim it safely, or he had specially left it for someone? Yes… He had been prepared for the appearance of the Mandated Punishers… H-he has his own connections and information channels! This way, everything can be explained!

There's also the possible existence of the demigod that killed Qilangos. Hmm, there's a powerful and secretive organization behind Gehrman Sparrow!

Shocked by his own conjecture, Danitz instinctively tried to use his body language to express his feelings, but he forgot that his left arm was still fractured. He immediately grimaced in pain.

This made him feel even more terrified. He didn't want his captain to meet such a dangerous and crazy fellow.

He even suspected that Gehrman Sparrow's real motive was his captain's 26,000 pound bounty!

In a duel, that lunatic might not necessarily win against Captain, and there's still the first mate, second mate, third mate, and a few boatswains. But he has a terrifying organization backing him! You want to hurt Captain? Over my dead body! Danitz puffed out his chest, raised his neck, and was filled with a stirring sense of self-sacrifice.

He ran a hand through his hair, gave a long grunt, and said to himself, "I'll make further observations. Perhaps Gehrman Sparrow really only has questions that he wants answered."

Subconsciously, he looked around and found both the Flying Carpet and the Shadow Cloak. They weren't missing.

In other words, Gehrman Sparrow left the things that belong to me behind. Isn't he afraid that I'll take the opportunity to escape? Or did he steal my hair that makes it easy for divination?

No, no, he's a crazy guy. Even if he wishes to use my hair, he would just walk over and extend his hand to pull one out. It's impossible for him to do it secretly… Right, there's a powerful and secretive organization behind him! Perhaps, at this moment, there are people from that organization secretly monitoring me. They're waiting for me to leave, waiting for me to seek out Captain… How insidious!

*Gehrman Sparrow must've gone out on purpose! *Danitz felt that he had grasped the truth of the matter thanks to his experience and wisdom.

He paced back and forth before sitting back in the reclining chair. He then thought with a silent, mocking smile.

I'm not leaving!

I want to see what you can do!

I will not bring danger to Captain!

…

A quarter past three in the afternoon, Symeem Island.

This island was also a part of the Rorsted Archipelago, but it was the furthest from the City of Generosity, Bayam. It took nearly five hours on a liner to reach it.

On the way, Klein bought a suit with local characteristics and a small suitcase to replace the clothes he changed out of, for a total of fourteen soli. They weren't even worth a pound.

It's really cheap. It's just change compared to a complete suit… Wearing pantaloons, a thick brown jacket, and a light brown cap, Klein disembarked from the liner with a native face that didn't stand out, and he entered some of the old ports on Symeem Island. He had spent time buying clothes and changing his appearance, causing him to miss the 9 o'clock ferry and be put in a situation where he could only take the ferry at 10.

Thinking of the expenses he had to pay for this acting, he couldn't help but calculate his current financial situation.

The Faceless characteristic was sold for 3,825 pounds. The pirate bounties net me 3,000 pounds. Although I haven't received the 6,825 pounds, I can basically include it into my budget as long as Mr. Hanged Man doesn't get exposed…

The leftover cash from Donna and company's gratuity add up to 255 pounds in bits and pieces…

I found 26 pounds, 11 soli, and 8 pence from Steel Maveti's body…

Yes, there's still the five gold coins as reserves…

I haven't spent much money recently, only spending slightly more than a pound in total. This is something to be happy about…

With that, I'll have 7,110 pounds. Moreover, I still have the Nightmare Beyonder characteristic and the murloc's bladder. They're still worth something.

On second thought, I earned a 3,000 pound bounty with a Zombie Beyonder characteristic. The latter is worth about 3,000 to 5,000 pounds. That is to say I earned about 7,000 pounds… This is only from Steel Maveti, Blood Brambles Hendry, and Squall. Besides, there was quite a lot of waste… Indeed, hunting pirates is quite a good job. It can administer justice, punish the evil, protect the weak and innocent, and also make me rich overnight…

Klein subconsciously turned his head to the side, only to see that the color of the seawater was much clearer than that of Bayam's. It was as if the seawater was a huge, green, sparkling gem, reflecting golden rays under the sunlight.

Sure enough, it's not without reason that generations after generations of adventurers have gone out to sea to search for wealth. Even if I deduct the remnant spirituality of ancient wraiths, eyes from a six-winged gargoyle, spring water from Sonia Island's Golden Spring, and other supplementary ingredients of a Nimblewright Master, the money I have left will be enough to allow me to buy a decent manor here, in Desi Bay, in the Southern Continent's colonies, and in the non-metropolitan areas… Loen's countryside is said to be very beautiful, and if it turns out that I'm really unable to return, I can consider settling down in a similar place… Yes, I still have a 10% stake in the Backlund Bike Company, and my future returns won't be low… With confidence, Klein straightened his back and thought about the future.

After letting his thoughts wander, Klein began to think about the more realistic question, which was whether he should sell the Nightmare Beyonder characteristic, find an opportunity to return it to the Church of Evernight, or create a mystical item with it through an Artisan.

It depends on the situation. The ideal solution would be to sell it to the Church… The martyr, Klein, who had taken two potions from the Nighthawks, thought with uncertainty.

At the same time, he hoped that Little Sun would soon reach Sequence 7 and be qualified to gain clearance to the methods used to remove the mental corruption from a Beyonder characteristic.

As for the matter of releasing the Priest of Light from the glove, he wasn't in a hurry. Little Sun had just received the potion formula for Sequence 7, so he had no need for it at the moment. He would have to wait for a long time, and the powers of a Priest of Light was very effective in dealing with a pirate like Admiral of Blood in a way that was far more potent than the Sun Brooch.

As his thoughts slowly settled down, Klein entered the small port town.

The place was basically filled with natives. Their skin was nearly bronze, and their black hair had slight, natural curls. Their bodies emitted a scent that was derived from prolonged contact with spices.

After changing his appearance and asking about Raine's situation and if there was any news of Wendt's death, Klein found a secluded corner. He wiped his face with his hand, turning his face into a tall, thin Wendt with rather distinct facial features.

He carried his suitcase and circled around the town to its border. It was then that he saw the winery run by Raine's family.

The girl with flaxen-colored hair could no longer be called a young girl. She had obviously matured a lot compared to what Wendt remembered.

She was sweeping the entrance, and there was no one around.

Phew… Klein took a deep breath and slowly let it out, feeling as though he was placed in a very difficult position.

As a powerful keyboard warrior, he knew about theories like method acting and experimental acting, but he lacked further understanding. He could only try to guess at Wendt's mood and performance in this kind of scenario.

Finally, he closed his eyes and walked over.

Raine looked up when she heard footsteps, finally identifying the visitor.

She opened her mouth slightly and let out a half-surprised exclamation before saying with a straight face, "Why are you suddenly back?"

Remember, you're just acting… Klein revealed a smile.

"I came to bid you farewell."

He spoke in a local dialect, with a somewhat nondescript Bayam accent.

The language of the Rorsted Archipelago was also derived from ancient Feysac and belonged to another variant. As a half-historian, Klein was able to master it easily, and it only took him a short time to master it.

"Farewell?" Raine asked, slightly surprised.

Klein turned his head, looked to the side, and smiled.

"I'm going to chase after a treasure trove, and I don't know when I'll be able to come back.

"When the time comes, I'll appear with a great deal of money. I'll buy a manor in the suburbs; plant some rubber trees; set up a vineyard; have my own mill, wine cellar, blacksmith shop; and let the air be filled with the

scent of all kinds of spices. Then, I'll buy a few slaves and hire some servants, just like those masters. Heh heh, but I'll still be short of one thing."

He overcame his goosebumps that were about to form on his skin, and he turned to look Raine in the eye.

"I still lack a wife and a mistress for the manor.

"Raine, I like you. I wish to marry you. The reason I said it out loud today isn't to get an answer, but because I'm afraid that I would never have the chance to tell you again."

After listening quietly, Raine suddenly scolded angrily, "Wendt, you're a coward!"

Ah… This reaction isn't right… Klein deliberately revealed a surprised expression.

Raine suppressed her voice and said, "Three years ago, three freaking years ago, I was already prepared to head to Bayam with you. Yet, you didn't say anything in the end! You coward! You chicken!

"What's the use of telling me now? You're going to sea soon, and you may never come back!"

The more she spoke, the more agitated she became.

"You've said it out loud and become happy. You have no regrets, but what about me? I'll have to constantly think about you returning and live on in pain? You selfish bastard!"

She waved the broom in her hand and swung it towards Wendt.

Klein knew that the real Wendt would have hit the broom away, hug the girl, and tell her that he wasn't going out to sea again, but he couldn't do the same. He had to pretend to be chased away pathetically, running all the way

to a nearby alley. There, he hit his head against the wall while silently cursing himself.

*It was too f**king awkward!*

*This is too f**king awkward!*

Raine went back to the door, picked up a broom, and crouched down.

Her face was ashen; it was unknown what she was thinking about.

Vaguely, she heard a sound, and she fell asleep.

After using the charm, Klein turned around and nudged Raine, who was sitting on the ground while leaning against the wall, then he quickly left the area, hiding in the distance to peep at the results.

Raine quickly woke up and realized that she had fallen asleep without knowing it. Everything that had happened just now appeared like a dream.

She remained sitting there, motionless for quite a while.

Suddenly, she lowered her head and let out a sharp curse that seemed to come from the depths of her throat.

"Wendt, you selfish bastard!"

*Sigh. *Klein, who felt a tiny sensation of digesting his potion, sighed, changed his appearance, and left the place.

He would have to spend the night on Symeem Island, as there were no liners headed for Bayam until the morning.

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CHAPTER 532
LORD "CAUCASIAN"

After changing his face and turning into one of the two main streets, Klein went straight to the green mailbox and took out a letter he had prepared long ago from his pocket.

This was a "death notice" he had forged as an imitation of an official police document. It was sent to the sergeant of the town of Symeem Harbor. It was about the sudden death of the local resident, Wendt, in Bayam.

When deciding to do the acting, Klein had worked out a plan to keep things on track and not cause irreparable damage to the girl, Raine.

His plan was to use the Slumber Charm to camouflage the real acting as a dream, this way, if Raine had no love for Wendt, he expected her to directly reject his confession. After hearing about the other party's death, she wouldn't feel any guilt, and at most some fear. In response to this, she could effectively be placated by going to church to pray and confess.

If Raine also liked Wendt and responded to the confession, then the dream would give Klein a chance to extricate himself from the situation. The notification of Wendt's death would kill Raine's expectations, and it wouldn't have too negative an impact on her future life.

But even so, it's still a bit cruel. No matter what kind of woman she is, facing the situation of a guy confessing to her in her dreams after his death is definitely going to be heartbreaking. She wouldn't be able to recover for a long time.

Well… If I didn't do anything, and when the news of Wendt's death reaches her, Raine would definitely feel very sad even if it might not be that serious. However, that knot in her heart would never be able to be mended, and she would be stuck wondering for the rest of her life whether Wendt had gone out on an adventure to pursue his and her future, or if he simply didn't like her…

It's not a bad way to end things like this. Once she has overcome her pain, she will carry that gentleness of having been truly loved once while leading her future life.

Sigh… Regardless, to forcibly interfere in the lives of others for acting, having an impact on an innocent person's life to a certain degree even though I'm using the excuse of fulfilling a wish, it's not a truly kind thing to do. Just like Roselle said, the further one proceeds in the Beyonder pathway, the more twisted and evil it feels. The acting method might not be a catalyst… All I can do is try my best to minimize such effects… After sending the letter, Klein exhaled, and with a native face that didn't stand out, he walked to the only inn in town.

Along the way, he summed up his previous experience, which was that "disguising yourself as someone else and obtaining feedback" was likely a main clause of the Faceless principles, second only to "you can disguise yourself into anyone, but you are ultimately yourself."

If it were any other Faceless, they would've blocked out information about Wendt's death for the sake of this role. They would have agreed to Raine's confession and spent one to two years in a relationship with her, marry her, and have children with her, and then, to not be bound by the various relationships in this identity, remember who they were and leave coldly… If there was no exposure during this process, the potion would mostly be digested… But I really can't do it! It's just completely against my conscience! I can only try to push the envelope… Klein sighed, inexplicably afraid.

He shook his head and thought in a silent self-deprecating manner, *Beyonders not only have to constantly fight against threats and madness, but also fight against all kinds of evil thoughts, as well as the corruption that pulls one down and can cause one to fall if they aren't careful…*

Even so, at the end of the day, one might still be corrupted by the abyss, becoming a monster that one swears to get rid of. Sigh…

Suppressing his thoughts, Klein stepped into the inn and said to the boss behind the counter, "An ordinary room."

The thin boss looked up and gave a glance, saying, "A valid ID certificate."

How can a face I just came up with have one? Klein smiled in embarrassment.

"I forgot to bring it."

"Then you cannot stay here. This is the rule of our town." The boss once again lowered his head and calculated his income and expenditure for the day.

Klein took out a soli note and pushed it over as if nothing had happened.

The boss's eyes suddenly widened.

"No, no, put it away! I don't want to be locked up by the sergeant!

"Get out, get out, you dirty bastard with no proof of identity."

Klein was thrown out of the inn in shock, unable to believe that the omnipotent entity known as money had just lost its power.

After a few seconds of silence, he turned into an empty alleyway, turning back into Gehrman Sparrow with stark facial features.

Klein returned to the inn, tapped on the counter, and said Loenese in a Backlund accent, "A room."

The boss looked up and immediately put down the things in his hand. He then stood up and nodded with a smile.

"Okay, okay.

"Do you need a room with a view of the sea, or something quieter?"

He switched to a clumsy Loenese that had a thick accent that resembled that of the land of spices, with no further mention of identification.

This really is a pragmatic world… Klein silently lampooned and politely responded, "Quiet."

"Yes, yes, immediately," the boss responded hurriedly.

Then he called an attendant, took the keys, and led Klein personally to the second floor.

"Sir, how many days will you be staying? It's 1 soli 5 pence a night. "

"Just tonight," Klein couldn't stand the enthusiasm, so he answered succinctly.

At the Wind of Azure Inn, his luxurious suite with Danitz was five soli a night.

Without a doubt, the room the boss had chosen was clean and tidy, and there was no trace of the usual humidity in a harbor inn. Klein looked around and nodded in satisfaction.

"Excellent."

"It's my honor," the boss flattered with obvious fear.

Klein put down his luggage, rested for a while, then he got up and went back down to the ground floor to settle his dinner.

Beside the counter, tables were arranged messily on the first floor. There was a greasy layer on their surface, and a fireplace was burning in the corner, giving off light and heat.

The Rorsted Archipelago was slightly to the south, and the lowest temperatures in winter was only about 10°C. However, for the locals, this was still cold enough that they needed a fire to warm them up.

Klein randomly found a seat and sat down, ordering a local specialty of grilled meat and spiced mushroom soup, with the main dish being potato bread.

While he was waiting, he swept his gaze over the customers inside the restaurant. His gaze then instinctively landed on a lady.

This lady had a head of simple tied up black hair and a pair of distinctive greenish-gray eyes. Her appearance was the type that one would never get sick off easily, and the more he looked at her, the more intrigued he became.

She was obviously not a native, but she was wearing a man's shirt and a thick tan jacket. By her hand was a round-brimmed hat with a depression in the middle.

This was one of the more common adventurer outfits out in the sea. At her table, the three other men were the same, and they clearly appeared to have been exposed to the elements.

Klein had never hid his appreciation of beautiful ladies, but his attention wasn't drawn to her by her appearance.

The sea had a strong sense of discrimination against females. Women who could achieve a certain status among adventurers and pirates were either

very scheming, very powerful, or both. They were people that one needed to be cautious and wary about!

Their boots have some fresh mud on them… Did they just come back from the forest? Heh heh, they really are adventurers… Klein made a preliminary judgment based on some clues.

If these four adventurers came by ferry from Bayam, even if they had previously stepped on sewage or mud, the traces would've already dried up. Furthermore, as the town hadn't rained in the past two days, overall, the roads were quite clean with only some dust. Eliminating the two possibilities, it could only be explained that they had returned from a trip to the woods on the outskirts of the town.

Klein had heard that many adventurers went deep into the primitive forests of the colonial islands in search of abandoned, forgotten pagan temples or altars, which often contained gold and jewels of ancient worship, but were later buried for various reasons in a place that no one knew of. In the bars of the islands, there was no shortage of legends that someone had managed to make a fortune overnight on an adventure into the woods.

There might be evil spirits lingering in those places… It would be better to hunt pirates, or for one to at least acquire the relevant information in advance… Klein retracted his eyes and concentrated on waiting for the food.

The seven Churches classified the various gods believed by the colony's primitive faiths as evil spirits, but Klein believed that some of them were natural spirits.

After a while, the specialty grilled meat was served. It had been sliced into many smaller pieces and strung onto a wooden stick. The surface was smeared with a reddish-brown sauce. The fragrance was rich and the color was alluring.

It looks a little like the kebabs from my previous life… In Loen, they're usually roasted as huge chunks of meat. Only after the meat is roasted would the chef slice up the meat… The method used here makes the flavors infuse the meat better… Klein picked up the wooden stick and bit down on a piece of meat. He felt the meat's juice slightly overflow, and there was a hint of sweetness in the salty fragrance.

*It's my type! *He nodded in satisfaction.

Klein enjoyed the meal and even tasted the local "Gurney Sap," a special beverage, like lemonade with sugar and milk.

He went back to his room. Because he had been hunting the night before, he hadn't slept at all. He washed up early, put out the fireplace, and got into bed. Sleeping too early meant one problem—he would wake up in the middle of the night to pee.

Klein's dream was interrupted. He opened his eyes and slowly accumulated the courage to lift his quilt.

In the middle of the night, Symeem was about 8–9°C, and it was enough to make it feel sufficiently cold.

After lying still for a while, Klein stretched out his arm and silently withdrew it.

He contemplated for a few seconds before reaching out his hand again and picking up the Sun Brooch from his bedside table.

Although it only provided the feeling of a hot summer on a spiritual level, and it didn't produce any actual heat, it could at least deceive himself into thinking that it wasn't cold.

Klein got out of bed and headed for the washroom.

He narrowed his eyes to ease the pressure on his lower abdomen.

When he was done, he pulled up his pants and was about to wash his hands when his spiritual perception was triggered.

Klein frowned slightly and looked up at the vent in the bathroom.

Suddenly, something black and slippery dropped and hung there.

It was a venomous snake extending its forked tongue!

Klein was startled. He opened his mouth and shouted, "Bang!"

The snake was miserably hit, and it split in half.

What happened? Klein stared at it for a few seconds. Seeing no further movement, he walked out of the bathroom and pulled a gold coin from his pocket.

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CHAPTER 533
MR. 4,200 POUNDS

"There is danger in the inn."

Klein softly chanted the divination statement, entered Cogitation, and then flipped a gold coin.

Clang!

A faint but crisp sound echoed in the quiet room. The gold coin tumbled and fell, landing in Klein's palm.

It was tails, indicating a negative response.

No danger… With a frown, Klein looked around and pulled out a bottle of insect-repelling essential oil from his coat on the coat rack.

He sprinkled a circle around him, then he quickly took four steps counterclockwise, entering the gray fog to make a divination for confirmation.

In about ten seconds, he received a revelation—there was still no danger.

Returning to the real world, Klein shook his head; put the gold coin and bottle back; wore his coat, trousers, and boots before sitting at the edge of his bed, leaning back against the pillow as he placed great caution on this turn of events.

He still remembered his Seer principles, especially the one about "divination is not all-powerful," so even if the answers he received

indicated it was safe, he didn't dare to relax and return to his slumber.

This isn't to say that he didn't believe in the gray fog's ability to shield him from interference, but rather that there were too many possibilities. His divination statement might not be accurate enough to cover them all, resulting in his misinterpretation.

He already had a guess about what had just happened. It was that the four adventurers in the restaurant had indeed found the abandoned and forgotten ancient temple in the primitive forest on Symeem Island. They had obtained wealth or cultural relics, but they had also stirred the barely-surviving evil spirits, causing them to be plagued by evil thoughts and curses.

Time ticked by, and Klein suddenly felt a subtle spirituality fluctuation spread out from the room and quickly blend into the surrounding darkness.

The hidden flow that he had barely sensed vanished, and the tranquility of the night returned.

As expected… It's a result of Beyonder powers… It was solved just like that? I'll just wait a little longer. It would be dawn in an hour or two anyway… Even if there really is a problem, this place has a cathedral and a Mandated Punishers team… Klein half closed his eyes and began to engage in Cogitation.

…

Bayam, Amyris Leaf Bar.

Danitz, determined to hoodwink any monitoring, carried a cup of Lanti Proof and drunkenly watched as the girls on the boxing ring danced a hot, sexy dance.

"Dogshit!" It's been so long since they've lost a single piece of clothing! " he shouted with the other drunks.

Then, ignoring whether they received any response, they laughed out loud, clinked glasses, and drank.

"Have you read the newspapers?" a man who was fooling around in the bar late at night burped and said to his companions.

"Did your brain get eaten by a donkey? Do you think… Do you think that I can read those twisting and turning letters of the alphabet? Holy Lord of Storms, I'm only interested in this kind of twisting and turning! Hahaha!" His companion raised his glass and pointed at the dancers, laughing at what he thought was a humorous answer.

The man who had spoken earlier smacked the back of his head.

"Steel is dead!

"He was killed by Blazing!"

The nearby Danitz was stunned for a moment, then he sat up, turning his head slightly.

He cleared his throat and took a sip of the liquor, acting as if nothing had happened, but he secretly inched closer to hear what the others had to say about the matter.

The adventurer and part-time pirate who had brought him into the trade had once said that life at sea would've been meaningless without liquor, women, and boasting.

"Steel? What Steel? Let me tell you, when I was young, I once defeated a steel pipe!" another drunkard interrupted.

"What did you do to the steel pipe? Should I say something like woah, yours sure is thin!" The first man to speak revealed a knowing smile.

He didn't wait for a reply as he continued, "Steel Maveti is dead! The second mate of Admiral of Blood is dead!"

The last half of his words came out in a low growl. It frightened one of the fellows who was already wavering to slip to the bottom of the table as he raved in horror, "It wasn't me, I didn't do it…"

Dogshit! A bar is always so chaotic! Hurry up and get to the point! I'm waiting for you to praise Lord Blazing! The disguised Danitz couldn't wait to smash the cup of alcohol in his hand at the group.

"The papers mention that it was jointly done by the Navy and the Church. Steel is dead, Blood Brambles is dead. Even Calm Squall is dead. John Smith and that bunch of assholes have been caught as well!" A drunk who was still a little lucid came over and joined in on the conversation.

"No, no, no! That's not the truth!" The man who raised the topic first shook his head with a smile. "I have a friend working at the news agency. He told me that he has verifiable intel that cannot be published. The Navy and the Church were only used. The true murderer is Blazing Danitz and a mysterious, experienced, and powerful adventurer, a bounty hunter."

"Impossible! There's absolutely no way Blazing Danitz can defeat Steel! Even if it's a sneak attack, there's no way he can finish Steel!" A few drinkers shared similar viewpoints.

"The crux is that powerful adventurer. I suspect he's an adventurer nearing the rank of a pirate admiral!" the man who had started the conversation emphasized. "I've no idea how Danitz got to know that guy. Heh, he contributed in the matter. Apparently, Blood Brambles was finished off by him! Didn't you notice? Blazing's bounty has increased to 4,200 pounds!"

"That's right!"

"Really?"

"Blazing sure isn't simple!"

"What a fierce pirate, no—a great pirate!"

"Great pirates? I really couldn't tell the last time I drank with him!"

Pui! You son of a bitch, when did I ever drink with you? I don't even know you! Amidst the exclamations, Danitz thought in delight.

4,200 pounds! If those fellows were to know, they would definitely get up at night to wipe the deck in envy. Hahaha, I can now be said to be the strongest boatswain on the Golden Dream!

At this moment, Danitz wished he could fly back to the ship and drink and brag with fellows like Iron Skin and Barrel, telling them all about the thrilling events in Bansy Harbor—how he had defeated the fallen bishop, how he had cleverly escaped from the ambush of Steel and the others, how he had set up a trap to finish off all his enemies, and how he would never be able to play the card game of life ever again.

*Unfortunately, for the sake of Captain, I still have to continue to be the servant of Gehrman Sparrow, that madman… Sigh, I'm already a great 4,200 pound pirate! *Danitz sighed, allowing himself to continue to be paralyzed by the alcohol.

…

As the Storm cathedral's bells rang, the orange sun rose in the sky. The surroundings were still so quiet that only the sound of water could be heard.

Without encountering anything abnormal, Klein exhaled in relief and took off his clothes, returned to bed, and made up for his lack of sleep by sleeping for another two more hours.

His considerable spirituality allowed him to wake up at the scheduled time of 8:30 a.m. He washed up slowly, changed his clothes, and went to the first

floor to buy a loaf of bread with cooked chestnuts and a glass of Gurney Sap. He ate as he walked to the dock.

Since he had already bought his return tickets for the 9 o'clock liner, Klein kept watch of the time and prepared to board the ship.

At that moment, he saw the lady with the greenish-gray eyes, as well as the three male adventurers from her team.

They were buying tickets at the ticket office.

*The liner is about to leave. They definitely wouldn't be able to make it in time for the 9 o'clock trip… I wonder what they obtained from the abandoned temple, but last night they attracted an existence similar to an evil spirit. Please don't let anything unexpected happen when they ride on the liner… *Klein used his body to block the adventurers' line of sight, took out a gold coin, and made a divination.

His revelation was that the later liner wouldn't be in danger.

Klein hesitated for two seconds, looked at the passengers waiting for the ten o'clock liner near the ticket office, rubbed his fingers together in silence, and lit the ticket in his palm.

He went back to the ticket office as if nothing had happened and bought the ten o'clock liner ticket for four soli.

Then, he went to the washroom at the docks, went above the gray fog, and quickly divined his worries.

He knew very well that if the results showed that there were great dangers, he wouldn't take the risk of boarding the ship. Instead, he would find a way to prevent the ship from sailing and destroy it, if necessary, to prevent any innocents from dying.

If the revelation was the same as the divination from before, he would ride it normally while keeping a lookout for any accidents.

In the end, he still received a negative answer.

Klein was relieved and returned to the real world. He adjusted the position of the murloc's bladder for quick access.

If an accident really happened, this Beyonder ingredient would become quite important in the vast ocean.

This Beyonder ingredient could also be used in a rudimentary, simple manner, just like the All-Black Eye which had been contaminated by the True Creator.

…

Ten o'clock sharp.

Klein, in his Gehrman Sparrow appearance, picked up his suitcase, followed the adventurers, and boarded the liner.

Along the way, he appeared to doze off or read old newspapers and magazines on the ship, but in actual fact, he was keeping an eye on the greenish-gray-eyed lady and her companions.

This wariness continued all the way to the port of Bayam, but no accidents occurred in the middle.

Did they resolve all the problems? What did they actually get? Klein stopped by the side of the road, bought the latest newspaper from a newsboy, and watched the four adventurers from the corner of his eye until they disappeared.

Phew… Klein decided to not think about it anymore. As long as it didn't endanger the overall situation, he wasn't concerned about what those people

had done. He was just a little curious.

He picked up his suitcase, leafing through the papers as he walked down Acid Lemon Street like an ordinary passerby.

Suddenly, with a chuckle, he said to himself, *The bounty for Danitz has risen to 4,200 pounds…*

If things continued like this, he suspected whether he could resist the urge of sending the fellow to the governor-general's office.

Walking back to the Wind of Azure Inn, Klein heard undulated snores that were slowly reaching a crescendo before he even took out his keys.

*He didn't escape? *Klein was slightly surprised, but he wasn't too surprised either.

He had previously tampered with Shadow Cloak, so as long as Danitz left, he could use divination methods to track him down and find the Vice Admiral Iceberg.

Although he's timid, he's still cautious… Klein opened the door and entered, looking at Danitz, who awoke with a start. He grinned a little.

"Congratulations, Mr. 4,200 Pounds."

Danitz was instantly wide awake, wanting to laugh dryly in response, but he couldn't.

At this moment, he felt that his life might be in danger.

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CHAPTER 534
A DREAM LESSON

Danitz's worries didn't come true. Klein gave him a look and went into the bedroom to rest.

During the five hours he spent on the liner, he had always been in a highly tense state. He had also been alarmed last night and didn't sleep well as a result. At this moment, he couldn't help but feel exhausted.

With a thud, Klein closed the bedroom door.

*Phew… He scared me to death! *Danitz relaxed and slumped into the reclining chair.

The scene of him turning into gold pounds had surfaced in his mind a moment ago. He found it difficult to stop having these scenes appear one after another in his mind.

After a moment of silence, Danitz, who had been hanging around the bar until dawn, fell asleep again without realizing it. He dreamed that the captain had arrived to save him, but she had failed. Instead, she got caught by Gehrman Sparrow and ended up becoming a maidservant for this crazy adventurer.

Just as Danitz was outraged and unable to resist, he suddenly saw the blurry scene around him turn clear just as he was about to wake up. The scene froze on the luxurious suite of the Wind of Azure Inn.

Knock! Knock! Knock!

Danitz heard a slow, soothing knock on the door.

Wasn't I dreaming? With this question in mind, Danitz walked over to the door and turned the handle.

As the crack in the door widened, he saw a familiar figure.

She was a beautiful lady, with a face shaped like a goose egg, a high nose bridge, thin lips, and a pair of pale blue eyes that resembled clear spring water.

Her long brown hair parted in the middle, tied in a simple but delicate knot at the back of her head as they flowed down.

She didn't wear a hat, only wearing a beige coat which was tight at the waist. Her collar was covered with palm-sized flowers woven from white lace.

Matching her coat was a dark-colored skirt which reached her knees. The pleats of her skirt were connected, looking slightly fluffy. On her feet were a pair of leather boots that shared the same color as her hair.

"Captain!" Danitz cried out in alarm

He hurriedly snapped out of his reverie, turned around and faced Gehrman Sparrow's bedroom while taking a defensive stance.

"Be careful! Run! A lunatic is looking for you! He has a terrifying organization backing him!"

As the feeling of self-sacrifice welled up in him, Danitz heard his captain calmly say, "This is a dream."

Dream… Yeah, I'm dreaming, what's there to be afraid of… Danitz glanced left and right, folded his arms, turned around, and said, "Captain, you

simulated the powers of a Nightmare? That can't be right, you were near Sonia Island just last week."

The largest island in this region of the Sonia Sea, which was also the origin of its name. It was almost like a small continent. Originally, it was the only remaining gathering place for the elves after the Cataclysm, but as time passed, this ancient Beyonder race was plagued by all sorts of factors and gradually died out. The occasional sighting of them proved that they hadn't completely gone extinct.

At the end of the Fourth Epoch, the Loen Kingdom occupied this island, but in the Twenty Year War, they suffered a terrible defeat, handing over Sonia Island to the Feysac Empire. That was already more than seven centuries ago.

Sonia Island was situated north-northwest of the Rorsted Archipelago, and it took nearly half a month by ship to arrive there. Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina Edwards was still in the vicinity of Sonia Island last week, so it was impossible to reach Bayam within a week. Unless she could fly or use the spirit world to travel.

The beautiful lady whom Danitz addressed as Captain nodded.

"We have just entered the Rorsted seas, still a thousand nautical miles away from Bayam."

In other words, she'll take another three to four days before arriving? That's what I call normal… Danitz curiously asked, "This should've already surpassed the range of a Nightmare?"

Moreover, it far exceeds… he added inwardly.

Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina entered the room and walked towards the table and chair.

"It's not a Nightmare power, but a secret ritualistic magic. It uses an item left behind on the ship to enter the dream of someone very far away…”

Listening to the Captain's meticulous explanation, Danitz instantly felt as if he had returned to the Golden Dream and was beginning his lesson.

I've never heard of such ritualistic magic before… Yes, Captain has mastered many strange and rare magic and witchcraft. No one can tell how much knowledge she possesses… She seems to have mentioned that her Sequence name is Mysticism Magister… Sigh, if I had known that she had this "secret technique," then I wouldn't have been so frustrated over how to inform her about the unexpected events in Bayam… Danitz interrupted Edwina's description with a flurry of thoughts.

"Captain, you sensed that there's a problem with our point of contact over here?"

"Yes, this is another secret technique…” Edwina seemed inclined to describe the specific method in detail.

Seeing this, Danitz hurriedly sighed.

"Poor Old Rinn and the others…”

Edwina stopped walking and turned her back to the window, asking succinctly, "What happened?"

"I'll have to start from Damir Harbor." Danitz felt energized, as if his long-lasting depression had finally paid off at that moment.

He described his attempts to recruit Gehrman Sparrow, but he ended up discovering that he was a madman, and he also exaggerated his plight on the White Agate.

According to the rough draft he had prepared last night, he thoroughly described the weird and horrifying situation at Bansy Harbor, including the

ambush and assassination attempt involving Steel Maveti. He explained everything about how he joined forces with Gehrman Sparrow for a counterattack and hunt, as well as his own theories about Gehrman Sparrow's background and powers. This included Creeping Hunger and the secretive, powerful organization.

During this process, he tried his best to restore the truth, only exaggerating the role he played, raising his status from servant or attendant, to an assistant or collaborator.

Vice Admiral Edwina listened quietly the entire time without interrupting him. When he was done, she nodded lightly and said, "He has no ill intentions."

Him? Gehrman Sparrow means no harm? Danitz quickly said, "Captain, regardless, he's a dangerous fellow!

"Are you sure he means no harm?"

"I can't be sure," Edwina replied very calmly.

"Then why were you…” Danitz took a silent breath, sensing the similarity between his captain and Gehrman Sparrow. They were people who he couldn't engage in a conversation with.

Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina said with a straight face, "That's just my speculation and judgment."

"…”

Danitz rubbed his temples with his right hand. "Anyway, he's dangerous. There's a secret organization backing him, and I've no idea about the situation of the organization. Captain, I don't think you should take the risk of communicating with him, even if he claims to have something to ask of you."

Edwina thought for a moment before saying, "There's no need to take risks.

"I can communicate with him through you."

Danitz first heaved a sigh of relief before asking both curiously and expectantly, "Captain, how will that work? Or should I say, what do I need to do?"

Edwina raised her right hand, revealing a stand and a blackboard in her dream.

"I need you to hold a ritual," she said.

"It's called a Soulfall Ritual. It allows my soul to pass through the spirit world and attach itself to your body. I'll be able to converse directly with Gehrman Sparrow. It works on anyone below that of a demigod, with an effective distance of no more than 500 nautical miles…

"It involves reason and communication, and it belongs to the realm of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom. You must draw the corresponding symbols and magic labels…

"In mysticism, the blue star corresponds to the God of Knowledge and Wisdom. Mercury, brass, lavender, pepper, and mint are needed…

"Blue star corresponds to Saturday. The time of the blue star is from midnight to one on Friday, and eleven to twelve noon on Saturday…”

Edwina explained as she wrote the key points to remember on the blackboard, and Danitz instinctively sat down and assumed a listening posture.

As he listened, he suddenly felt at a loss.

Why do I need to attend classes even in my dreams?

…

In the bedroom, Klein, who was sleeping, suddenly jolted awake, having vaguely sensed something.

He got out of bed and listened for a moment. In the living room, although Danitz was snoring, his breathing was calmer than before.

It wasn't too strange, but it was sufficiently unusual for an experienced senior expert in mysticism like Klein, who had been through a lot.

He softly walked to the door that separated the bedroom from the living room, reached for the handle, and slowly turned it.

Without a sound, Klein walked out of the bedroom and saw Danitz lying in a reclining chair, fast asleep. Everything around him appeared normal.

Klein quietly activated his Spirit Vision and checked Blazing, but he didn't find anything amiss. Whether it was the color of his aura or the changes in his mood, there was nothing abnormal about him, all within a reasonable range.

After watching for a while, Klein frowned and took out a silver charm.

"Dream Charm!"

…

In the dream, Danitz was learning the Soulfall Ritual with a bitter expression. He had no doubt that the captain in front of him was genuine.

No one can fake such a style and hobby!

At that moment, he heard the sound of the lock turning.

Subconsciously, Danitz looked towards the bedroom, where the crack in the door was widening, and Gehrman Sparrow, who was wearing only a white shirt, walked out expressionlessly.

"You! How did you appear here!" Danitz shot to his feet, blurting out in shock.

He quickly snapped to his senses and stammered, "Th-this is my dream!"

How is Gehrman Sparrow appearing so easily?!

With one hand in the pocket of his dark trousers, Klein walked toward the woman who had her back to the window and said in a low voice, "A charm."

Then, looking directly at the woman, he asked almost with certainty, "Edwina Edwards?"

Her attire is a little strange… She doesn't look like an adventurer, much less a pirate. She looks like a woman with a decent job, someone who can support herself on her own… The style of her attire looks like it comes from Intis… Klein thought, feeling somewhat unaccustomed.

Edwina nodded slightly and similarly replied with a question, "Gehrman Sparrow?"

"Yes, good afternoon, Ma'am." Klein smiled slightly, pressed his hand to his chest, and bowed.

Edwina nodded and replied, "Good afternoon."

Klein, who was maintaining his persona, stopped talking, waiting for the other side to take the initiative to ask him about his purpose.

…

He looked at Edwina.

…

Edwina looked at him.

…

There was a sudden silence in the dream for several minutes.

From time to time, Danitz looked to the right and to the left, having a baffling feeling that perhaps all of this might really be a dream.

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CHAPTER 535
FOND OF TEACHING

Unable to tolerate the situation, Danitz decided to do something about the situation.

He coughed twice and faced Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina Edwards and said, "Captain, Mr. Gehrman Sparrow has some questions for you?"

*Phew… *Klein let out a sigh of relief.

If this stare down continued, he felt as though his persona would collapse.

Edwina gently nodded her head, looked at Klein, and said, "Mr. Sparrow, have you received education?"

What kind of question is this? Klein's expression didn't change as he indifferently replied, "University graduate."

Ah? Danitz looked at Gehrman Sparrow in surprise, unable to believe the fact that this crazy adventurer and bounty hunter had actually gone to university and even graduated!

He had no way of putting a university—a hallmark of wisdom—with that of Gehrman Sparrow together!

Unless it's some "Hunter University" or "Killer Academy"…Or a university that exists only in the fantasies of madmen and psychopaths… Danitz couldn't help but lampoon silently.

Edwina didn't seem surprised. She continued to ask, "What languages have you mastered?"

"…”

Klein resisted the urge to frown and said, "Jotun, Elvish, Dragonese, ancient Hermes, Hermes, ancient Feysac, Loenese…”

Edwina responded tersely.

"Do you understand the other domains in mysticism?"

Feeling adrift for a moment, Klein felt like he had returned to his previous life's elementary school days. Due to his age handicap, he had been asked a series of questions by a teacher, such as how many Chinese characters he had mastered, if he had mastered the four arithmetic operations, whether he knew the English alphabet, and how many Tang dynasty poems he could recite…

Calm down… You're Gehrman Sparrow now… Klein once again said without emotion, "Adept."

Edwina thought for two seconds and then explained in an unhurried manner, "I have to combine your standard of knowledge with how I would answer the questions so that you can understand the answers more easily."

This… Klein was surprised to find that the beautiful lady in front of him was nothing like an adventurer acting as a part-time pirate. She was basically a teacher with a cold expression but a kind and patient attitude.

He calmed down after thinking about the vampire that headed for the Church of Mother Earth daily.

*This is the first pirate admiral I'm officially meeting. She's indeed unique… *Klein secretly sighed and said, "First question, where do Beyonder creatures appear at sea? The commonly seen ones."

He didn't directly ask about mermaids, as he didn't want her to see through his real purpose, which would lead to unnecessary accidents.

Edwina thought for a moment and then wiped the "Soulfall Ritual" off the blackboard. She then wrote and drew:

"Set off from Sonia Island, sail 1,200 nautical miles in this direction and you'll enter the depths of the sea which humans have never explored.

"There is a Naga tribe active there. They've been working hard to find the underwater city which is rumored to have a powerful demon sealed within. That's the entity of their faith…"

Edwina spoke in detail, partly from her own efforts to find the treasure itself, and partly from the knowledge and rumors she had exchanged.

It took her awhile to finish the general story, but to Klein's dismay, there were no mermaids anywhere except in the eastern waters of the Gargas Archipelago.

He quickly calmed his mood and said, "Second question, do you know how to remove the mental corruption from a Beyonder characteristic?"

He didn't hide the fact that he knew about Beyonder characteristics.

Edwina's eyes flickered for the first time, as though she had a new understanding of Gehrman Sparrow.

She shook her head.

"I don't know.

"However, I once imagined that it's possible by borrowing the power of an external force and completely crushing the corrupted Beyonder characteristic to reduce it to the smallest specks of light. This way, whether it's corrupted or cursed, they will scatter having lost their vessel. They

would rapidly or slowly vanish. As for the shattered Beyonder characteristic, it will gather bit by bit due to their particular traits, eventually taking form again.

"Unfortunately, only gods can do this. If you get the favor of any god, you can try to please 'Them' by offering enough sacrifices and pray for a response."

The law of convergence of Beyonder characteristics… In his mind, Klein filled in what Edwina had purposely left out.

At the same time, he couldn't help but sigh. This Vice Admiral Iceberg, Captain of the Golden Dream, was extremely knowledgeable in mysticism. She wasn't worse than him, someone who had read many of Roselle's diary entries and had experienced many things.

*It was said that Vice Admiral Iceberg can replicate or simulate the Beyonder powers of her opponents when they use them in front of her… This is rather similar to Mr. Isengard Stanton's 2-081 ring… *As soon as Klein's thoughts began to wander, he forcefully reined them back, and he nodded as if he was thinking about something.

"I agree with this hypothesis."

"Regretfully, I haven't done it in practice. It's only a conjecture." Edwina rarely used a word that described emotion.

Danitz, who had been listening by the side, had a dazed look on his face. He was unable to keep up with the conversation at all.

What are they talking about? What are they discussing? Why do I know every word, but know nothing when they're strung together… What's a Beyonder characteristic? What does shattering it do? What does it gathering together represent? Danitz looked left and right, his eyes blank.

At this point, Klein threw out the third question he had thought about.

"Where can you find ancient wraiths?"

He only mentioned this kind of monster because the corresponding ingredients could also be used in the domain of Death. It didn't expose the secrets of his own Sequence.

Edwina glanced at Danitz and said, "I'll keep an eye out for you.

"If you want to attend Bayam's Beyonder gatherings, he knows a few. He can take you there."

Not bad, it's easier to talk to smart people… Klein added, "Do you know where there are people who can make mystical items out of Beyonder ingredients or characteristics?"

"I met one at a gathering, but he never showed up again," Edwina answered frankly. "I have grasped the corresponding knowledge. I can simulate it, but I cannot guarantee the success rate."

Heh heh… I'll wait then… Klein didn't harp on the topic and switched to asking, "How much do you know about Death's Key?"

"Little." An iron black key suddenly appeared in Edwina's hand. It was about the size of a lyre; its shape was ancient, and it had a dark luster.

The pirate admiral said while half-carrying the item from the shipwreck, "If you mean this key, then I can tell you that it belongs to the giants."

Klein glanced sideways at Danitz.

"Your boatswain told me that it can also belong to a dragon or a demonic wolf."

"That was the earliest guess. I've recently found some historical documents. And with the help of the other items on the ship, I have a rudimentary idea."

Edwina didn't show any agitation. She was filled with patience, but her expression remained cold.

After finally regaining his sense as the owner of the dream, Danitz curiously asked, "Captain, is it really the giants'?"

"Yes." Edwina gave an affirmative answer. "That batch of documents showed that there were still many giants active in the Fourth Epoch. Some of them had switched faiths to the God of Combat, while the others were left scattered, becoming the hunting targets of the humans.

"One of the tribes built a ship and tried to find the lost Giant King's Court at sea, never to return. The sunken ship we discovered, along with some of the items inside, are very similar to the relics they left behind in their original settlement, so we have sufficient reason to believe that the key belongs to the giants, and it is very likely to be pointed towards the lost Giant King's Court of their race before the Cataclysm."

Giant King's Court? Little Sun said it's not far from the City of Silver… Klein didn't say a word, but he quietly listened to Vice Admiral Iceberg's description.

*I have to say, the City of Silver and the Forsaken Land of the Gods are things I know that completely surpasses other Beyonders… Hmm, even the seven gods can't find that place, or they find it hard to figure out the exact situation. In this aspect, I'm stronger than 'Them'…*Klein thought about it with a smug and self-deprecating manner before saying in a deep voice, "If I offer a sufficient price, are you willing to sell the key?"

"Of course, unless I acquire additional clues to the Giant King's Court." Edwina continued to speak at a moderate pace.

Very good, if the Tarot Club organizes an expedition to the Giant King's Court one day, I will buy this key… Klein was about to ask the last question when he suddenly remembered the four adventurers.

Relying on the power of the Dream Charm, he conjured the lady with greenish-gray eyes, who wore a man's shirt, and her three companions.

"Do you know them?"

Edwina took a glance and said almost without thinking, "Leticia Dolera, an archaeologist and adventurer.

"Rumor has it that she's a member from the Moses Ascetic Order or the Element Dawn."

Moses Ascetic Order… The ancient organization that believes in the Hidden Sage… It really isn't for money, and their goal is definitely something from the abandoned temple… Klein asked casually, "What do you know about Element Dawn?"

This mysterious organization was similar to the Psychology Alchemists, having been born in the recent one to two hundred years. It combined the elements of various schools of mysticism. It had its own set of theories, and its members were all proficient in spell casting and had mastery in many ancient witchcraft techniques.

Edwina pursed her lips and said, "They've always been fighting against the Moses Ascetic Order.

"Rumor has it that the eldest daughter of Emperor Roselle, Bernadette Gustav, established it."

The Element Dawn is headed by Bernadette? Zaratul's prophecy is quite accurate after all. She can really be considered an important figure in the Beyonder world… Klein sighed inwardly, feeling somewhat enlightened.

He resisted the urge to sigh and looked at Edwina. He calmly said, "One last question."

When the beautiful lady and Blazing Danitz's attention was fully focused on him, he slowly opened his mouth.

"Are you interested in cooperating?"

"What kind of cooperation?" Edwina returned with a question.

The smile on Klein's face became more and more exuberant, with a hint of madness in it he said, "Hunt Admiral of Blood."

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CHAPTER 536
LOCAL FAITH

What? Hunt Admiral of Blood? Danitz almost raised his right hand to his ear.

His first reaction was that he had misheard.

However, Gehrman Sparrow's smile with hidden madness and the slight movement of his captain's eyebrows—an abnormality of hers—reminded him that what was said had really happened!

This… This madman Gehrman Sparrow really is daring! This is one of the seven Pirate Admirals. They aren't people that a character like Steel Maveti can be compared with! Danitz's pupils shrank, his heart on the brink of roaring.

Putting aside the fact that Admiral of Blood Senor's own might, just the pirates underneath him are intimidating enough. His first mate, third mate, and the captains of each ship are all capable of independently leading a large pirate crew!

There are still many of the crew which Steel Maveti had brought to Bayam with him in the Blood pirate crew!

When Vice Admiral Hurricane Qilangos died silently like a wild dog in Backlund, it was mainly because he wasn't with his pirate crew. However, Admiral of Blood Senor is different. He seldom leaves his flagship and rarely leaves the company of his men.

Even if the focus is placed back on Senor's strength, it would still be extremely terrifying. He's mysterious, bizarre, and is one of the few powerhouses at the sea who is second only to the Four Kings. Even Captain might not dare to claim to be his superior… A madman's guts really does exceed my imagination. No, he doesn't know the meaning of fear at all! The death and replacement of a pirate admiral will definitely be a great shock to the Five Seas! One thought after another flashed through Danitz's mind, but in the end, he strangely calmed down.

It was because he recalled that Gehrman Sparrow was a powerhouse at the level of the seven admirals, and there might be a hidden, terrifying organization backing him.

Edwina said after a few seconds of silence, "Do you know of the Rose School of Thought?"

Not only do I know them, I've also killed their people and taken their mystical items… Wait a minute, why do I have to describe myself as a bad guy… Klein converged his smile and said in an unperturbed manner, "I've hunted their members."

Edwina fell silent again. Next to her, Danitz once again had various thoughts:* "What are they talking about? What's the Rose School of Thought? Where am I? Whose dream is this?"*

After a short moment of silence, Edwina said, "After the huge battle with Vice Admiral Dusk's pirate crew, Senor's crew vanished. At present, no one knows where they are. One will have to wait patiently."

Is this an agreement? Klein once again revealed a smile.

"I do not lack patience.

"How can I contact you?"

Edwina turned her head to look at Danitz.

"He knows how."

Me? Soulfall Ritual? Wait a minute, Captain, you mean I have to follow this madman, Gehrman Sparrow, during this period of time? No! Who knows when this fellow will go crazy! With a start, Danitz quickly opened his mouth and said, "Captain, I've already left the Golden Dream for too long. I've missed too many lessons! I can't wait to return!"

He tried his hardest to show his sincerity in his eyes, filling them with the desire for knowledge.

"I believe we can switch to someone else, like Iron Skin and Barrel…"

Before he finished his sentence, Edwina suddenly raised her right hand and pressed it against her ear.

She looked slightly to the side and said without expression, "What did you say?

"I couldn't hear it.

"Roselle's Dream Spell is reaching its limits…"

The pirate admiral's skirt fluttered slightly as she took a step back before her figure quickly turned faint, reducing into points of fragmented light.

The rest of Danitz's words were left stuck in his throat. He stretched out his right hand in an attempt to grasp something, but he ended up weakly drooping down.

Roselle's Dream Spell? The Emperor's presence in the field of mysticism is also quite formidable… The full name of the Vice Admiral Iceberg is Edwina Edwards… Edwards. Isn't this the surname of one of the emperor's Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse? A descendant? However, from the tone of Vice Admiral Iceberg, she isn't familiar with the eldest daughter of the emperor, Bernadette. They might not even know each other… Klein looked

at Danitz, whose expression had completely collapsed, and let out a soft laugh.

"Perhaps one day I will call you Mr. 10,000 Pounds."

"…”

Danitz straightened his back in fright, then he saw Gehrman Sparrow's figure disappear from his dream.

If I were only Sequence 7 and had a bounty of seven or eight thousand pounds, then I would be targeted everywhere I go… Danitz stood rooted in his dream, his head hurting the more he thought about it.

…

In the evening, Danitz looked at Gehrman Sparrow, who was dressed as a native.

"Today, we'll be visiting the location faction. We might be able to find some good things there. Heh heh, they have a great need for Beyonder ingredients, food, and weapons."

At this point, Danitz looked Gehrman Sparrow up and down. It was rare for him to find something that he was better than him at. He said with a smile, "Their area is filled with local people. There aren't even many people with mixed blood. If there's even the slightest signs of an abnormality in their clothing, you will be discovered.

"Your pantaloons and brown jacket are fine, but you can't wear a shirt inside. A real native wears Taraba shirts; they're similar to Sea Soul shirts, but they're either all blue or white. They don't wear caps, headscarves, or anything.

"Also, people like you who look obviously Loenese will encounter very serious discrimination and hostility there, just like a wolf that sneaks into a

flock of sheep. You can't hide your existence at all…”

Before he could finish, he saw Gehrman Sparrow tilt his head and look at him. His deep facial features quickly turned soft. His fair skin was instantly stained with the color of bronze. In just a snap, he had become an undeniable native that didn't stand out in any way.

"…”

After a few seconds of silence, Danitz laughed dryly as if nothing had happened. "Me too. I have to disguise myself."

Your disguise? Heh… Klein took off his cap and sat down.

"What local faction?"

It actually trades Beyonder ingredients, food, and weapons?

"Ahem, to put it simply, ahem— The Resistance." Danitz suddenly wasn't sure if Gehrman Sparrow had any connections with the Loen officials.

Klein was startled for a second.

"Resistance?"

Danitz smiled awkwardly and said, "People who clamor for independence and for natives to administer their local affairs. Their encampment is deep in the woods or at sea. They cooperate with many pirates and adventurers. Of course, the ones backing them are mainly people from Feysac and Intis. Often, there will be priests from the God of Combat and the Eternal Blazing Sun secretly coming over."

Bayam isn't that calm after all… After leaving the kingdom and coming to the sea, Klein finally understood what it meant by an international situation. This wasn't something that could be compared to reading about wars in East Balam from the papers.

He nodded slightly and didn't object to visiting the local faction.

After leaving the Wind of Azure Inn, Klein followed Danitz, whose face was painted black. They went through the streets, heading all the way southeast.

Leaving the confines of the City of Generosity, they entered a zone filled with different architectural styles. The buildings here had raised floors, propped up by wooden pilings. There were three- or four-story buildings that had evolved from the Loen-styled terrace houses.

The roads that split from each other were narrow and dirty, with many stalls on either side. They sold all kinds of headgear, earrings, and accessories made of stone. They were mostly bright red or multicolored.

"What a bunch of strange fellows. They especially like bright colors, just like those venomous snakes in the forest," Danitz whispered.

As someone from Intis, you aren't much better either. You advocate the color of gold, and advocate a sense of luxury and exquisiteness, just like a nouveau riche… Klein lampooned.

They passed by a group of dark-skinned, skinny, and shriveled natives, entering the alleys which had clothes drying over their heads. The scene before their eyes suddenly opened up, revealing a small municipal square.

On the square, a group of locals was gathered around the central pond. Some were kneeling, some were prostrating, some were mumbling, and some were singing softly. They had devout expressions, but they looked numbed.

As soon as they realized that someone was approaching, they quickly got up and ran into the surrounding alleys in a flurry.

All the windows on the second, third, and fourth floors of the surrounding houses clanged shut, and the square grew quiet, but Klein's spiritual

perception told him that there were many people behind the windows, around the alleys, in the dark corners, watching these strangers who had suddenly arrived in their world.

Danitz lowered his head and said in a suppressed voice, "Don't worry, this is their way of protecting themselves."

"Oh?" Klein expressed his doubts.

Danitz let out a chuckle.

"Before this place was completely colonized, the natives on the Rorsted Archipelago always believed in Sea God Kalvetua. They believed that this deity who appears in the form of a gigantic sea serpent would protect all the islands here, preventing them from being devoured by earthquakes or tsunamis.

"Now that this belief has been outlawed, the Church of the Lord of Storms has been constantly fighting against the heretics. Even the Church of Evernight and the Church of Steam and Machinery are unable to expand their influence here, and there are only a few cathedrals.

"But in fact, how can the faith that has been in place for centuries, if not a millennium, be so easily eradicated? There are still plenty of believers of the Sea God in Bayam, Blue Mountain Island, and the Rorsted Sea. Even if a bunch of people are captured every one to two months, a situation in which they suffer all kinds of extreme punishment, it's impossible to reverse this situation any time soon. The Resistance's main pillar of support are the believers of the Sea God.

"In my opinion, it will take at least another hundred years before the faith of the Sea God will be completely eradicated. Of course, that's under the premise that there aren't any other disruptive elements."

Sea God Kalvetua… Its image is of a gigantic sea serpent… As Klein listened thoughtfully, he followed Danitz into a four-story house on the

right. He went to the top floor via a narrow staircase.

Knock! Knock! Knock! Danitz knocked on the door to his left.

"Who is it?" someone asked in a low voice.

Danitz replied with a chuckle, "A friend who brings wine and barbecue."

"Where from?" the person inside asked a strange question.

Danitz stepped back.

"At sea."

*Creak. *The door slowly opened and Klein saw a naked arm.

The arm was tattooed with a blue, hideous sea serpent.

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CHAPTER 537
EXCESSIVE SPIRITUAL PERCEPTION

Behind the door was a bare-chested man with a hideous blue sea serpent tattooed on his arm and short streaks of red paint painted on the sides of his cheeks, chest, and abdomen, each group formed out of three streaks.

*Really exotic… However, aren't you afraid of being too conspicuous? Aren't you afraid of being caught by the police while you're outside? You're part of the Resistance that engages in secret operations! *Klein was about to retract his gaze when he was almost forced to frown by the man's thick, messy eyebrows and cold-blooded eyes.

He has killed many people… Klein made a rough judgment based on his spiritual intuition.

Honestly speaking, due to his previous life's identity and knowledge, he initially held a lot of sympathy for the rebels under colonial rule. However, after hearing that the man and the followers of the Sea God Kalvetua basically engaged in the same acts, he became even more wary and repulsed.

This wasn't to say that he discriminated against the local faith, but rather, he understood that the traditional faith of all the colonial islands was still in a primitive stage that believed in sacrifice. They worshiped with food and blood, using living sacrifices, and were still in a state of complete ignorance.

In addition, with the experiences of the Emperor and myself, the Beyonder nature of this world is filled with madness and twistedness. A "deity" still in the primitive stage of sacrifice is basically unable to resist this trend. It's quite obvious what kind of style they follow… Without a word, Klein followed Danitz into the room.

"Edmonton, who's here?" A mild voice sounded from the area near the windows.

The tattooed man closed the door and said, "They've disguised themselves."

At that moment, Klein had taken a good look at the situation in the room and gained a basic understanding of it.

The living room wasn't very large. A cupboard, a table, and a few chairs were enough to make it look cramped.

To the right were two doors leading to what appeared to be a bedroom; to the left was a "kitchen" separated by a cabinet. As for the washroom, there was no doubt that there wasn't one. When Klein went upstairs, he discovered that there was a common washroom at the corner of each flight of stairs. The stench of them not being washed for extended periods of time urged any passersby to walk up faster.

Directly in front of him was a window. Two bamboo poles hung out and were used to hang a lot of clothes to dry.

There were four or five men sitting or standing in the bedroom's doorway and the living room. All of them were dark-skinned natives with slightly curly hair. They wore dark blue Taraba shirts and more or less had red paint on their bare skin, and as for the sea serpent tattoo, Klein couldn't tell if it was there or not because of the clothing.

Some of them had revolvers at their waists, some carrying brownish-red hunting rifles. Some even carried gray steel backpacks and long, thick high-

pressure steam rifles. They formed a semicircle around Danitz and Klein, who had just entered the room.

The person who spoke was a wheelchair-bound man in his forties. He wore a jacket and had a blanket over his knees.

He had a shaved head, a slightly green beard on both sides of his face, and his dark brown eyes were calm and collected.

He glanced at his visitor and slowly smiled.

"Blazing."

Danitz was stunned for a moment before forcing out a laugh.

"Kalat, you have a good eye."

Dogshit! Am I so bad at disguising myself? he roared inwardly, unwilling to accept the fact.

Kalat ignored Blazing's insincere praise and instead, chuckled.

"I heard that you killed Steel and Blood Brambles?"

"How else would they be dead?" Danitz retorted without hesitation.

Kalat narrowed his eyes, slowly shifting his gaze to Klein, who had a featureless face.

He knew very well that Blazing Danitz alone would have a hard time killing Blood Brambles Hendry, much less Steel Maveti. His success was rumored to be due to the help of a powerful adventurer, a seasoned bounty hunter.

Is it the person beside him? When he looked into Klein's eyes, he didn't see any nervousness, worry, or vigilance. Those eyes were like a deep ocean.

It could very well be… At the very least, he's stronger than Blazing! He signaled to Edmonton and the others with his eyes, secretly informing them to be on their guard.

"What are you doing here?" Kalat didn't pursue the subject.

Danitz subconsciously looked at Klein, and after seeing his nod of affirmation, he replied, "Here to see what good things you have to offer."

Kalat pointed to a table and said, "It's all placed there."

There were many strange and different items laid out, including a whistle made of bone, a simple and crude bagpipe, an iron-black leaf, and a rock stained with blood…

Without waiting for Klein and Danitz to examine the items, Kalat clapped his hands and said, "I have a mission.

"If you can complete it, you can freely choose an item from these at no additional cost."

He laughed and added, "By the definition of you foreigners, they aren't mystical objects, but they all have some supernatural power, but it will slowly, yes—slowly weaken until it disappears."

"What mission?" Klein asked calmly, having no intention of hiding the fact that Danitz was only a follower.

He reached into the blanket that extended to his knees and took out a stack of white paper.

"Find out where they are.

"If you can catch them directly, you will get even more."

He raised his arms and began to display lifelike portraits, including a lady with greenish-gray eyes dressed in a man's shirt.

Leticia Dolera… Klein recognised who the Resistance was looking for at a glance.

It was the female archaeologist and adventurer he had met last night and had boarded the same ship with this morning. She was suspected to be a member of the Moses Ascetic Order or the Element Dawn.

Danitz looked at it closely for two seconds and found the picture vaguely familiar.

Suddenly, he remembered where he had seen her before.

Gehrman Sparrow had shown it in his dreams!

He had just asked the captain about it in the afternoon, and we're already bumping into something relevant in the evening… Isn't he too resourceful at gathering information? Danitz resisted his urge to glance at the crazy adventurer beside him, afraid that Kalat and Edmonton would notice something amiss.

He was very experienced in this area.

The Resistance, who believe in the Sea God, are looking for Leticia… The faith of the Sea God spreads throughout the Rorsted Archipelago, including Symeem… There was a snake last night… The image of the Sea God is that of a gigantic sea serpent… Klein superimposed the two matters together and quickly came to a preliminary conclusion.

Archaeologist Leticia and company had obtained an important item involving the Sea God in the forgotten temple in the ancient forest of Symeem Island. Hence, it resulted in last night's probing and the Resistance's search!

Klein thought for a moment, then he gave a perfunctory reply, "I'll keep an eye out."

I won't randomly get myself involved in matters related to evil spirits. Of course, if it's necessary, then I will report it to the officials… he silently added a few words inwardly.

Kalat nodded and said, "Take a look first and see if there's anything you want."

Klein walked over and was just about to inquire as he made his selection when he suddenly sensed something and subconsciously looked towards the right side of the item pile.

There was a short sword made of thin bones. It was slightly longer than a forearm and had a milky white body. There were a few dark red deep stripes on it.

It can trigger my spiritual perception… Klein stretched out his right hand in an attempt to pick up the sharp bone sword, that was placed right at the front, to carefully examine it.

The moment his fingers touched the bone sword, cries of despair and pain suddenly echoed in his mind. A thick stench of blood faintly appeared at the tip of his nose, and he seemed to see many distorted and rotten illusory figures that were covered in mucus.

Klein's forehead ached, as though he had been pierced by a needle, and he subconsciously retracted his finger.

A little sinister… It's not a simple item… Klein, who had experienced things far more intense before, only showed a slight change in expression.

He resisted the urge to activate his Spirit Vision, afraid that he would see something he shouldn't.

Noticing this, Kalat exchanged glances with Edmonton and said with a smile, "This bone sword is capable of draining an enemy's blood. It's not bad. Do you want it?"

A little proactive… Klein frowned, relaxed his brows immediately, and then he said in a deep voice, "No, there's nothing I want here."

If Kalat hadn't asked, he was even planning on buying the bone sword and researching it above the gray fog. However, the fact that the man promoted it had left him vigilant. Thus, he rationally abandoned his original plans.

Kalat crossed his hands and said, "It's not expensive at all.

"Or would you like to look at something else?"

"There's no need." Klein's pupils shrank suddenly as he turned and walked straight towards the door.

Danitz hesitated momentarily before hurrying after him.

Edmonton, who had a sea serpent tattoo on his arm, watched silently. He seemed as if he would reach out and stop them at any moment, but in the end, he didn't do anything.

They were the powerful adventurers who had killed Steel Maveti and Blood Brambles Hendry!

Once out of the room, Klein stomped down the stairs without saying a word. Danitz ran after him, alarmed.

Based on his take of the situation, he didn't inquire about the situation and only followed.

The two quickly returned to the square, and the crowd which had gathered once again to either kneel or prostrate scattered once more.

But unlike before, there was a man who had still remained kneeling on the ground, motionless.

Klein didn't even glance at him as he walked past without stopping.

However, Danitz had taken a subconscious look, only to discover that the man's face was as dry as a weathered rock.

Pa!

A piece of flesh from the man's cheek fell to the ground; it was a piece of grayish skin with facial hair attached to it.

He seemed to have lost all the moisture in his body.

Danitz was startled and didn't dare to look again, feeling that things had become strange and dangerous at some point.

The two of them passed through the alleys, left the city, and boarded a rental carriage.

The carriage driver was obviously a native, around forty years old, and his laughter was very pleasing.

But along the way, he didn't say a word. It was so quiet that it made Danitz feel like his heart was beating like a drum.

Klein pursed his lips and remained silent.

The rental carriage quickly arrived at the dock area. In order to change his attire, Danitz got it to stop a distance from Acid Lemon Street.

After getting off the carriage, Klein didn't pay the fare or stop. He immediately took large strides and left, leaving Danitz stunned.

He tossed two soli to the carriage driver and hurriedly chased after Gehrman Sparrow.

After a few steps, he looked back and saw the driver kneeling down with a face full of zeal and devoutness. He leaned over the ground and kissed the ground where Klein had stepped.

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CHAPTER 538
DISPEL

What's happening?

Danitz couldn't believe what he was seeing.

This didn't shock him, but it left him inexplicably terrified. It was like jumping into a bucket filled with ice when drunk, feeling a bone-piercing chill permeate his body from the soles of his feet to his head.

What exactly happened? Why did things become so strange? Danitz took a breath, forcing himself to turn his head, and he chased after Gehrman Sparrow.

He found the crazy adventurer walking faster and faster, to the point where he had to run with small paces to keep up.

Crossing the street and through the alley, Danitz suddenly saw a greenish shadow fall from a tree.

Pa! Its body was covered in scales as it twisted its slippery body and had a triangular head. It extended its scarlet forked tongue and was none other than a rather long venomous snake!

Dogshit! Why would there be snakes in this season? Danitz wasn't afraid of such creatures. He had even roasted snake meat before, but it was the abnormality of everything that left him agitated.

Circling around the coiling snake, Danitz subconsciously looked left and right and found that on both sides of the gutter, in the corners of ruined

houses, and on the insides of rusty water pipes, there were pairs of cold, vertical, and different-colored eyes looking out.

Danitz felt a chill run down his spine, as if his scalp had been pierced by a dense array of fine needles.

He didn't dare to stay any longer, nor did he dare to leave. He increased his speed again and followed closely behind Gehrman Sparrow.

Entering the Wind of Azure Inn, he couldn't help but look up as he walked up the wooden stairs, wanting to ask something.

Suddenly, his chest tightened and his breathing stagnated.

At that moment, it was as if he had dived into the bottom of the sea, being pressed down by the heavy torrents of water from every direction.

Whoosh!

Faintly, Danitz heard the rush of the tide and saw a faint, illusory light surround Gehrman Sparrow, as if it were forming an endless, bottomless blue ocean.

Within that ocean, there was an enormous azure-blue figure holding everything up. It resembled a tower.

This… Danitz's right foot stopped in mid-air, unable to lower his foot.

He wasn't unfamiliar with such feelings. Back at the last pirate convention, the King of the Five Seas, Nast, was even more imposing and terrifying than this. Almost all the pirates couldn't lift their heads, and even powerhouses at the admiral rank could only barely resist.

Danitz knew very well that it wasn't a result of Gehrman Sparrow's own powers.

If he was at the level of a demigod, there was no need to include the Mandated Punishers during his hunt of Steel Maveti!

*Ocean… Tide… *These two terms flashed through Danitz's mind, and he immediately thought of the matter of the Resistance's faith in Sea God Kalvetua.

C-could it be that Gehrman Sparrow suffered the Sea God's curse via an unknown process when he touched the bone sword? The devotee's corpse that lost all its moisture is one of the conditions for the curse's activation? When the carriage driver prostrated and kissed the ground, was it because he sensed the Sea God's aura?

Man… Gehrman Sparrow would probably die here today… Should I stay far away to avoid being implicated? At most—at the very most, I'll come back to collect his corpse…

It might still be possible to save him. I can use the Soulfall Ritual to seek Captain's help. She knows so many different kinds of odd secret techniques. She should be able to resolve this problem… No, Lord. The Soulfall Ritual has a requirement of being within 500 nautical miles. They're still en route, and it will take at least half a day to enter that range…

As he desperately tried to think of something, Danitz stopped panicking and treaded steadily into the luxurious suite with Gehrman Sparrow.

Klein still remained silent, but his dark brown eyes seemed to have a rich azure-blue color that was nearing the color of black.

He went straight to the bedroom and locked the door behind him.

Danitz stood outside, in a dilemma on whether to flee or save the man.

Inside the bedroom, Klein closed his eyes, waiting for the right opportunity.

Suddenly, he took four steps in a counterclockwise manner, chanting a statement with each step.

A wave of manic or high-pitched ravings rapidly rang in his ears as his Spirit Body shot up into the gray fog.

Without a sound, he heard an indescribable, shrill, and painful howl.

Klein appeared within the ancient palace, at the very end of the long, mottled table.

In the motionless gray fog below, an illusory, gigantic azure-blue sea serpent appeared.

It was located in an ancient dark ruin, coiled around a half-collapsed pillar. Its hideous head was raised, and its bloody mouth was wide open, revealing many curved fangs that were even longer than a human's forearm.

On its milky-white fangs, there were layers upon layers of flowing blood and mucus.

This sea serpent madly swung its tail, setting off terrifying waves and ridiculous ripples, causing the entire ruins to sway, as if it was about to collapse.

The scene rapidly shattered and dimmed. Regardless of how the unimaginably large sea serpent struggled, it was unable to turn the situation around. All it could do was let out a long, painful scream in agony as it was reduced to points of light before disappearing into the gray fog.

Klein sat in the high-back chair belonging to The Fool as he quietly watched everything. He didn't make any superfluous actions for a long time.

The gray fog silently spread out, and the scene seemed to return to its eternally unchanging state.

After nearly a minute, Klein leaned back in his chair, sighed, and said the serpent's name, "Sea God Kalvetua…”

After coming into contact with the bone sword, he had already felt the abnormality. And during his conversation with Baldy Kalat, he had keenly discovered that a tiny, weak but extremely cold and sinister energy had invaded his body at some point in time and was slowly corrupting his soul.

Klein made a prompt decision and turned around to leave. He then sensed that there was a connection between the sinister power and his surroundings. It gradually strengthened and slowly connected to an unknown place.

So, as he diverted attention to resist the corruption, he also controlled himself so as to not interact with his surroundings.

Klein believed that as long as he responded to the abnormality on his journey back, it would only serve to intensify the corruption, to the point of making irreversible.

At first, he wanted to find a nearby washroom and use the gray fog's shielding and isolation to remove the cold and sinister power, but after repeated considerations, he decided to leave the area. This was because there were many followers of the Sea God around, and it was extremely likely for an accident to happen.

During this process, Klein grasped another point, which was that if he dispelled it ahead of time, the power projected by Sea God Kalvetua would leave remnants in his flesh and blood. The consequences and effects would be unknown.

He had no choice but to patiently wait for the opportunity to 'purify' himself by waiting for the cold and sinister energy to thoroughly permeate his spirit.

Reflecting on everything that had happened, Klein lightly rapped the edge of the table and muttered to himself, "It's not that strong…”

The Sea God's level was much lower than he had imagined!

His original plan was to use the method that had finished off Amon's avatar to deal with the Sea God Kalvetua's projection which was trying to take over his body. However, even before he had even fused with the Dark Emperor card or threw his paper angel, Kalvetua ended up being dispelled by the gray fog directly, without leaving a single trace.

On this basis, Klein concluded that Sea God Kalvetua's level was inferior to Blasphemer Amon—even though it was possible that the latter was more adept at intrusion, but it had only been an avatar.

Was it thrown off its pedestal by the Lord of Storms, or is it not even at the level of an angel. It's just a slightly stronger demigod that can respond to the prayers of its believers within a certain range? Klein recalled and found that Sea God Kalvetua was in an abnormal state.

The foundational existence of this evil spirit is rather weak, as though it can collapse at any moment…

Moreover, it felt like it had fused with the spirit world in the ruins it was in. And it's precisely as a result of this that it was able to escape the encirclement of the Church of Storms?

Klein leaned back in his chair and made a guess.

What happened today is definitely not a coincidence. It stems from Archaeologist Leticia's act of taking away some important artifact in the forgotten temple. It caused Sea God Kalvetua's condition to instantly deteriorate when it was already barely surviving. It made it impossible for it to hold on to its existence…

As it got its believers to track the item, it also prepared to possess another body for its survival. That bone sword should've originated from its demigod body, and it hides a bit of the power it projects. As long as the target is suitable, it will infiltrate the body of the person who touches it,

corrupting the soul, and establishing the coordinates. It will then allow its spirit to be transferred over before it dissipates…

But clearly, it's not adept in such matters. Yes, it's not the Snake of Mercury. It's unable to create a closed-loop on itself for reincarnation. It's also not like Blasphemer Amon, who can be a parasite inside a person's soul. To really possess my body, it will directly cause its body to crumble and create a terrifying monster.

According to this logical development, the dying Kalvetua will likely engage in many crazy actions in the near future… Klein frowned. He didn't hesitate as he plummeted into the fog and returned to the real world.

He unlocked the door, opened it, and entered the living room, startling the pacing Danitz.

Danitz looked him up and down a few times and asked cautiously and warily, "Are… you alright?"

Klein maintained Gehrman Sparrow's persona and calmly replied, "It's settled."

*Settled? *Danitz looked around before glancing at the bedroom, wondering if he had been hallucinating, that there wasn't any Sea God curse.

What did he do in the bedroom? He was lifted from the curse of the Sea God in just a minute or two? Man, this guy has a huge secret… Danitz took two steps back and made way.

…

Beside a table covered with a significant number of miscellaneous items, the wheelchair-bound baldy, Kalat, wore a look of regret as he said to the tattooed man, "What a pity."

"Just a little more… He didn't pick it up, just touched it." Edmonton sighed as well.

Kalat looked at the slightly bent bone sword and fervently said to himself, "When an outsider picks up that holy sword, God will walk the land again…"

Edmonton fell to his knees as well, as though confessing to a deity.

As time passed, both Kalat and Edmonton suddenly heard two miserable shrieks.

They looked up and saw that two of their companions had collapsed. Their skin was like a weathered rock, having lost all the moisture in their bodies.

Kalat and Edmonton glanced at each other and felt a peculiar atmosphere.

Both of them stood up at the same time and looked at the table.

That milky-white holy sword cracked loudly, splintering into countless small pieces.

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CHAPTER 539
LATE-NIGHT OPERATIONS

"When an outsider picks up that holy sword, God will walk the land again.

"But what happens if the holy sword shatters?"

These two sentences echoed in the minds of Kalat and Edmonton; the matter was completely in the gaps of their knowledge.

For a few seconds, they stared at the shattered holy sword, their expressions dull while they remained speechless.

They couldn't believe that the holy sword, which had only been touched by an outsider in the evening, had suddenly shattered!

What does this mean? What does it represent? The two of them didn't dare to think too deeply about it. They felt as if they had returned to the very beginning. Back then, one of the secret bases of the Resistance had been discovered by the Loen military. They were raided without any warning, and this resulted in their fathers being killed in that massacre. Their female relatives were abducted and sold to different places. Before receiving the grievous news, the feelings Kalat and Edmonton felt that day mirrored what they felt today. They felt heavy, confused, expectant, and unease, all of them mixing to form an intense pressure.

"Return to the forest, find the High Priest, and figure out the reason. Perhaps, this is the latest revelation from God…" Kalat turned his wheelchair and said in a deep voice.

Edmonton immediately stood up, saying to his remaining subordinates, "Continue searching for those blasphemers, but do not stay here.

"Also, instruct the believers outside not to hold any rituals or even pray!"

The unexpected change in events made him extra vigilant.

…

Bayam, in the corner of the street where the Cathedral of Waves was located.

Holding a stack of white folded paper, Danitz turned his head to the side, feeling a mix of nervousness, worry, and puzzlement.

"You mean that I'm to post them in different parts of the street and finally post it on the main door of the Cathedral of Waves?"

He was very afraid that the door of the cathedral would suddenly open and a group of fist-brandishing priests and bishops would rush out, immediately attacking them without even asking why he had posted the poster.

Klein maintained his coldness and said, "Yes."

His original plan was to hand the matter of Sea God Kalvetua over to Mr. Hanged Man, so that he could warn the Church of Storms. However, considering that he still held the secret of Bansy Harbor, and he might even have reported the matter, it would be easy for him to arouse suspicion with another piece of important information in such a short period of time.

As for the solution, it was very simple. He could post a few posters on the Mandated Punishers' front door so that they could see it as soon as they came out.

There was a small problem with Klein's plan—he couldn't tell which of the shops around the Cathedral of Waves was the cover identity of the

Mandated Punishers. All he could do was make Danitz work a little harder and stick the posters everywhere in prominent spots, including, but not limited to, the front door of the Cathedral of Waves.

…I should've run away earlier… Why would I think that this fellow had saved my life? Perhaps I would've been converted into gold pounds if he were any other powerful adventurer… No, who would've imagined that this lunatic would so easily resolve the Sea God's curse. Fleeing might put me in an even worse state… While lamenting inwardly, Danitz unrolled the pile of white paper and casually glanced at the content.

"After Leticia Dolera and company entered and left the Sea God's ruin in Symeem Island, they were pursued by the Resistance. Meanwhile, Kalat and the Resistance were trying to sell a strange bone sword that looked a little bent. Sea God Kalvetua's body is on the brink of collapse with an extremely deranged mental state."

"…”

Danitz froze for two seconds, then he subconsciously glanced at Gehrman Sparrow.

I can understand the first few statements, but why is there a mention of Sea God Kalvetua being on the brink of collapse and in an extremely deranged mental state… How does Gehrman Sparrow know? Did he discover a problem when he was dealing with the Sea God's curse? And how did he deal with the Sea God's curse? The organization behind him is more powerful than I thought… Could it be that it's similar to the Aurora Order, in which they serve a real deity? The more he thought about it, the more Danitz trembled in fear.

The first time he heard of the Aurora Order had originated from a robbery at sea. Back then, it was the first time he saw his captain's serious expression. After that, he was taught some so-called general knowledge of the mysterious world.

Klein responded to Danitz with an emotionless gaze.

In the poster, he had eliminated any subjective assumptions, and he had only described the matters that could be confirmed with certainty, so as to not interfere with the judgment of the higher-ups in the Church of Storms.

Among them, the content regarding an important item that Leticia and company had taken away was excluded. The lost temple was changed to a broader and more inclusive Sea God ruin. The base was obviously abandoned by Kalat and the others after realizing that something had happened to the Sea God, so it was also left unmentioned.

Danitz suddenly retracted his gaze, afraid to look any further.

Captain said that the more secrets someone has, the more dangerous they are! He thought for a while and worriedly said, "If we stick it on the front door of the cathedral, it will definitely garner immense attention from the Church of Storms.

"Will they discover that I was the one who did it?"

Klein gave a terse answer.

"Yes."

"…”

Danitz forced a smile and said, "Then wouldn't I be in grave danger?"

Klein used his Clown ability to control his expression and calmly replied, "You were already a pirate who has a bounty for your head."

Do you think you can swagger down the main streets of Bayam now? Klein lampooned inwardly.

*That's true. No matter what, they will still capture me and claim my bounty… No, there's something wrong with that! *Danitz blurted out, "But my bounty will increase!"

Klein looked at him, but he didn't say anything. All he did was grin a little.

For a moment, Danitz thought he heard a rhetorical question.

Isn't this a good thing?

*A good thing for a donkey to kick! *With a dry chuckle, Danitz took the pile of posters and, taking advantage of the heavy winds and late night, posted them in prominents spot on the street near the Cathedral of Waves.

It really looks like posting a small advertisement… Klein, who had one hand in his pocket, observed from afar and commented inwardly.

He sighed and thought, *It's good to have an assistant. At least, I don't have to do something that tarnishes my reputation… If I were in Tingen or Backlund, if something like that had happened… the scene would be was too beautiful to imagine…*

Danitz finally reached outside the Cathedral of Waves, plastered the poster on the front door, clenched his fist, and pounded on the door.

After finishing all of this, he turned around and ran, as if there were ten Mandated Punishers running after him from behind.

Klein didn't dare to be negligent. He pulled out a paper figurine, shook it off, and burned it to ashes before briskly walking to another street.

After his recent encounters with the Mandated Punishers, he had a deep understanding of their style, and he didn't dare to be the slightest bit careless.

It was only when they were far away from the Cathedral of Waves that they slowed down and regained their normal walking speed.

Danitz had a good constitution; his face wasn't flushed nor was he panting.

He was slightly puzzled and asked, "Why didn't you just write to the police or throw it in the governor-general's office?"

Before Klein could reply, he had already realized why.

That's right. The lower-ranking police and the staff of the governor-general's office are locals. They might very well pity the Resistance or might be clandestine believers of Sea God.

As they were talking, they turned a corner and saw an extremely large red building in front of them. The inside was brightly lit and music could be heard from within. People and carriages streamed in and out the door. It didn't exude any vibes that it was late at night.

"Ha, we actually ended up walking here." After a second of hesitation, a smile appeared on Danitz's face, a smile that all men understood.

Red Theater? Klein, who was rich in theoretical knowledge, suddenly came to a realization.

Danitz laughed mischievously.

"This is one of the most famous places in the entire Sonia Sea. There are mysterious and flirtatious Balam girls, passionate Feynapotter girls, open and alluring Intis maidens, tall and graceful Feysac ladies, conservative and quiet Loen women, gentle and docile natives…"

This fellow knows a lot… He comes often? Klein swept a glance at Blazing and said nothing.

For some reason, Danitz felt as though he had been seen through, and he immediately laughed awkwardly.

"This is what pirates talk about when bragging. I've only been here a few times.

"I didn't have much money in the past. I could only find some average ones, and it's mainly in the area of the Fog Sea. Afterward, I joined the Golden Dream…"

*No wonder… Although Vice Admiral Iceberg's men receive quite good employment perks and often get to share in the treasure, it's still quite difficult to save up a few houses in Bayam… *Compared to the typical pirate, this guy at least knows temperance and saves his money… Klein thought in enlightenment.

Danitz didn't wish to continue on the topic as he changed the topic.

"There are a lot of street girls in Bayam, especially there."

He pointed into the distance and said, "There was once a pirate who did an experiment. He randomly knocked on a family's door, produced some money, and requested to do it with the mistress once. In the end, three to four families out of the ten agreed. Tsk, if it's someone like you, who has the standard Loen look, almost no one will refuse you. They might secretly hide their daughters to prevent you from discovering her. Heh heh, Loen's Navy would commit many murders and rapes here every year; they aren't any better than the pirates, but they would only be sent back to the country, and pay some small fines."

Klein listened quietly, and he suddenly thought back to the evening when the believers of the Sea God were praying around the pool. He thought back to their feverish and numb faces.

…

Backlund, within the Odora family's villa.

Emlyn White, who had taken the initiative to expose certain problems about himself, nervously followed Cosmi underground. He once again arrived in the gray stone hall where the black iron coffin was kept.

"Esteemed Lord Nibbs, why have you summoned me?" Although Emlyn had rehearsed this scene in his mind dozens of times, he still couldn't completely remove the tension and apprehension in his heart.

In this state, he suddenly understood a problem. From the viewpoint of theater studies, the role he was acting as should hide his worries and fears.

There's no need for any special concealment… I did well! Emlyn was suddenly much calmer.

A deep, aged voice sounded from the coffin that was covered with symbols and magic labels.

"To reward you.

"For the Ancestor, you risked your life to pray to The Fool. Although you didn't receive a response, you bore an enormous risk. This is an act that needs to be rewarded.

"Here is an acceptance draft for 7,000 pounds, a reward for you. I didn't give it to you in a timely fashion due to the Great Smog of Backlund, but it's never too late.

"At the same time, you must always be aware of yourself and not relax. If anything abnormal happens, immediately inform Cosmi."

*He really gave me money… *Emlyn almost forgot to close his mouth.

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CHAPTER 540
SUPPRESSION

Even when Emlyn White left the Odora family's underground region, he still found things surreal. He couldn't believe that he could so easily be rewarded with 7,000 pounds.

The acceptance draft was light and weightless in his hand, but he felt the absurdity of reality.

The Hanged Man's method was really effective… Instead of exposing me and punishing me, Lord Nibbs gave me a generous reward. And this was done solely to feign ignorance while encouraging me to make attempts so that he can observe in secret… Are the thoughts of the Sanguine that complicated as well… Emlyn sighed, his mind feeling adrift.

Quickly, he stopped his thoughts from wandering and turned his attention back to the reward of 7,000 pounds.

With this, I can buy that baron's remains from The Hanged Man and concoct it into a potion…

I'll soon become a baron—Sanguine Baron, Lord Emlyn White!

Emlyn's eyes lit up as his footsteps turned significantly brisk.

Within the Sanguine, if one wasn't bestowed the corresponding ritual by the elders, they would remain stuck at the same level they were at during birth. It was almost impossible to rely on time to advance.

Unless one was extremely lucky, having an ancestor of the family that was nearing the end of their lifespan such that they had no choice but to bestow their powers to a descendant through a ritual, most of Emlyn's Sanguine peers would remain stuck in the concept of "adulthood." There might not be any chance of them obtaining an "aristocratic title" for decades.

Emlyn's father and mother had lived for years, but they had yet to become barons up this very day. They couldn't even see any hope of becoming one!

As Emlyn walked out the door, he couldn't help but glance at the nearby Cosmi Odora.

*This elderly Sanguine who has been active in the Roselle era has only been a baron up to this day… And I am about to reach this rank as well! One day, I will become a Sanguine Marquis like Lord Nibbs! No, a duke, or even a prince! Only by doing so will I be able to shoulder the responsibility of being the Sanguine's messiah… Yes, the baron's remains is only about four thousand pounds; I'll have a lot of money left. I can even buy a few more dolls and give them some new clothes… *Emlyn unconsciously straightened his back and began to walk more and more proudly.

…

In the Berg household in the City of Silver.

Derrick lit some candles and prepared for the sacrificial ritual.

The lightning frequency alternated several times before he finally found an opportunity.

He was very sure that the Chief wasn't be able to keep an eye on him at this moment, because he had left the City of Silver with the little boy, Jack, who had recovered somewhat, and a group of explorers, in search for the so-called route that led from the coast to the destroyed city.

It didn't take long for Derrick to set up everything and say Mr. Fool's honorific name in a reverent, low voice.

He very skillfully and methodically sacrificed the Spirit Eater's stomach pouch needed by Miss Magician, and the Beyonder ingredients designated by Mr. Hanged Man, to the ruler above the gray fog.

There were many cracks on the City of Silver's solid city walls, but they were filled to the brim with black hard soil. Strands of dense weeds grew on them, swaying in the wind like human hair.

All of a sudden, all of them stood up as if they wanted to capture something, but they turned limp without any strength left in them.

…

Early morning, at the Cathedral of Waves.

Alger Wilson, who had come to collect the bounty, heard an important piece of news from the diocese bishop, Chogo.

Leticia Dolera of the Moses Ascetic Order had disguised herself as an archaeologist and entered the depths of the jungle on Symeem Island. It was unknown what she did that inflicted grievous injuries to Sea God Kalvetua, who had been in hiding for years, pushing it to the verge of collapse. As a result, it was frantically searching for an opportunity to survive.

*Rumor has it that this evil spirit which calls itself "Sea God" had been discovered by two powerful cardinals of the military a long time ago. After it was defeated by them through the use of a Sealed Artifact, it could only barely escape and hide… This situation has persisted for more than a hundred years. Without any intrinsic changes, why would it suddenly collapse and be unable to maintain its existence? *Alger frowned slightly, wondering what the difference was.

A situation deliberately created by the Moses Ascetic Order?

But why didn't they do so in the past hundred years?

To complement one of their other plans?

Between speculation and doubt, Alger suddenly became aware of an important factor.

The biggest and most fundamental difference between the last hundred years and now was that The World had come to Bayam!

Mr. Fool's adorer had come to the Rorsted Archipelago!

*Does his appearance anywhere indicate that something big is about to happen or is brewing? Previously, it was the Great Smog of Backlund, and there was the abnormality in Bansy Harbor. Now, there's the dying struggle of Sea God Kalvetua and the unknown plot of the Moses Ascetic Order… No, to be precise, wherever a major problem is brewing or about to happen, Mr. Fool's adorers will be there! They accept Mr. Fool's arrangements and pursue the activities of those secret organizations, the evil gods, and angels! *As soon as his train of thought changed, Alger was suddenly enlightened, feeling as though he had grasped the truth.

It's not that things happen wherever The World is, but that The World and the other adorers will appear when something is about to happen!

What good does this bring to Mr. Fool? Is it a plot solely to destroy the enemy's schemes, or does it help "Him" lift his seal and release more power? Alger held back his doubts and decided to seize the opportunity to submit some intel from before.

He clenched his right hand into a fist and pressed it against his left breast. He said with a look of hesitation, "Your Excellency, while pursuing the remnant forces of Steel, I heard a piece of intel."

"What is it?" Chogo had originally planned to send this bishop-ranked captain out into the sea to search for traces of the Resistance, but he was

forcibly interrupted by him. For a moment, he felt irritated.

Alger "recalled" and said, "Someone mentioned Bansy Harbor in a conversation. They mentioned that an abnormality had happened there, but the descendants of the Medici family were well hidden and didn't end up being discovered."

Bansy Harbor, abnormality… Chogo took a step forward and pressed, "What else did they say?"

"Other than mentioning that there was a fallen bishop of the Church, nothing else. Your Excellency, is the Medici family a dark family of the Fourth Epoch?" Alger asked deliberately.

Chogo's expression sank.

"That's not something you should know.

"I'll report it to His Eminence Kottman at once."

Kottman was a Church of Storms Cardinal, the Archbishop of Rorsted Sea, a high-ranking deacon of the Mandated Punishers, and the true ruler of the Beyonder world in the archipelago, Jahn Kottman.

Chogo thought for a moment before asking, "Who was the person who mentioned this? What does he look like?"

Alger was long prepared.

"I don't know them, and they never showed up again.

"I remember that the person mentioning Bansy Harbor and the Medici family was an ordinary-looking, young man with a thin face, a broad forehead, black eyes, and black hair. He wore a monocle.

"He seemed to notice that I was eavesdropping but he didn't show any anger. Instead, he smiled at me."

Alger had been describing Blasphemer Amon!

He wanted the cardinals to believe that the exposure of the secret regarding the Medici family and Bansy Harbor was the result of a struggle between the Kings of Angels.

*This is really a suitable person to use as a reason…”He" wouldn't appear to defend himself, and even if "He" did, no one would believe it… And clearly, any divination regarding him would have zero results… If Beyonder means are used to confirm my information source, there will be strong signs of interference from Mr. Fool, and they won't be able to get an accurate answer. From the looks of it, this is equivalent to what Amon did… *Alger thought with considerable relief.

Chogo nodded lightly.

"Find these people and trace the whereabouts of the Resistance."

"Yes, Your Excellency!" Alger answered with a look of piety and struck his right fist on his left breast.

…

Dark clouds covered the sky as the rain fell down in torrents, creating white fog in the process.

In the port of Bayam, the blue water rose slowly but firmly, and the freighters and liners rocked like leaves fluttering in midair.

The rain continued to fall, and the sea level gradually approached the dyke. The city was flooded with water in many places, and the environment was greatly suppressed.

One by one, the fanatical and numb locals, in their Taraba shirts and tattered jackets, came to the edge of the cliff or the dyke before jumping into the sea.

Their flesh and skin rapidly lost moisture as they fell, and they were already desiccated corpses by the time they fell into the sea.

A group of people were rioting as they hugged a Navy sailor who was walking out of a base. They angrily bit him to death with their teeth, reducing him to a mangled, bloody mess and caused chaos on the streets.

Whoosh!

Boom!

The dyke collapsed, and the rising seawater poured into Bayam City.

When Klein jolted awake, his mind was filled with the scene from his dream.

For a Seer, this was a very clear revelation!

Sea God Kalvetua has failed to find a way to survive and has completely given up, resulting in it going completely mad. It wanted to create a storm, stir up a tsunami, and drown the Rorsted Archipelago so that countless can join it in death? At the same time, its devotees are starting to do extreme acts… I've already informed the Church of Storms. They'll likely be able to stop it… No, even if I didn't inform them. They'll definitely be able to sense a problem with the appearance of such a situation. They would then make the necessary response… Klein rolled to his feet, wore his clothes, and walked out of his bedroom.

He saw Blazing Danitz standing by the window, looking out.

He saw the clouds hanging low as rain poured down, as though it was endless.

A sign has appeared? Klein walked over to Danitz, who was also looking out at the repressive weather. He could faintly hear the abnormal sound of the tide.

In the midst of silence, the sound of explosive thunder suddenly rang out in the air. The leaden-colored clouds quickly split apart, and the falling rain lost its source. In the direction of the docks, everything returned to normal.

The morning sun shone down from high up in the sky, bathing Bayam in holy light.

Danitz hissed and said to himself, "Jahn Kottman changed the weather…”

Jahn Kottman… The Church of Storms Cardinal and high-ranking deacon of the Mandated Punishers? He suppressed Kalvetua's powers? Klein retracted his gaze while in thought.

Danitz heaved a sigh of relief.

"I was rather worried just now. Heh heh, afraid that the Sea God whose on the brink of a breakdown would create a disaster.

"But there's Jahn Kottman."

Seeing that Gehrman Sparrow was silent, he continued adding, "At sea, even the King of the Five Seas and Queen Mystic won't be his equal.

"Captain said he's a Sequence 3 demigod. The potion's name is…

"It's… Sea King!"

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CHAPTER 541
VISITOR

Sea King… Upon hearing the name to Jahn Kottman's Sequence, the first thing Klein thought of was the complete honorific name of the Lord of Storms: "The King of the Skies, the Emperor of the Seas, the Lord of Calamity, the God of Storms!"

*Sequence 3 is Sea King… Sequence 0 contains the elements of Sea Emperor, so it does match well… I wonder what Sequence 0 of the Storm pathway is called… *Klein looked out the window again and saw that, although the weather was still gloomy, the morning sun was up. The sound of the tide had retreated, and the rain had stopped.

He pulled back his thoughts and analyzed the situation from the information that Danitz had revealed.

The potion name is Sea King, which means that the corresponding Sequence 3 demigods, Saints, have to act as a Sea King. And all acting has one premise, which is that one possesses all the powers needed…

As a Sea King, he would definitely be a powerful ruler of the seas that he controls even if there's a distance limitation. He would be able to walk freely on the seabed, cause tsunamis as he wishes, raise the sea level, and control marine life… Fighting in their "home ground," they're absolutely capable of suppressing all demigods of the same level… The King of the Five Seas and Queen Mystic are roughly at this level as well. It's just that there are differences in strength because of the different degrees of digestion and their grasp on their powers?

But no matter what, as long as they're at sea, Sea Kings are nearly unbeatable…

With the abilities displayed by the Sea King, coupled with the oceanic environment, if one hasn't seen the Eternal Blazing Sun, True Creator, and other true gods, it's not incomprehensible that people would worship him, believe in him, and pray to him…

Many of the deities who received primitive worship might be at this level. They might not even be angels…

Yes, "don't look directly at God" refers to a true deity. Previously, Sea God Kalvetua didn't give me such a feeling, nor did Amon's avatar. Of course, I can't be sure if the actual body of a King of Angels has some kind of attribute that also doesn't allow one to look directly at them…

One is a Sea God who's on the verge of collapse and at most, a Sequence 3, while the other is a Sea King who is in good condition and is able to use Sealed Artifacts at any time. The outcome is obvious. Jahn Kottman would definitely be able to suppress Kalvetua's madness to prevent the sea from drowning Bayam. He would prevent the entire Blue Mountain Island and its many cities from turning into a lost sea ruin…

Just wait a few more days. Kalvetua's madness will completely dissipate which will end up resolving the matter. This is the simplest and most effective way to deal with the situation, and it wouldn't bring about any panic at all. Most people here wouldn't even detect anything amiss.

However, there are also some problems. Firstly, there shouldn't be any other accidents. It's a mystery what that archaeologist, Leticia, did in Symeem Island. She had single-handedly orchestrated the death of the Sea God. Perhaps the forces backing her—either the Moses Ascetic Order or the Element Dawn—might take the opportunity to seek something. This is the greatest dormant danger. Yes, there should also be a High-Sequence Beyonder in the governor-general's office and the military. This is a colony base the kingdom has in the Sonia Sea… Things won't turn out too bad…

Then, there are the fanatical believers who will most likely become sacrifices as Kalvetua becomes madder and closer to its death. They are like stalks during the harvest, falling down in bunches.

However, for the Church of Storms, this isn't too bad of a development. The most pious of the heretics would die with their deity, which would save them the trouble of screening and handling them. If they aren't too pious, they wouldn't be affected too much, and it's possible to reform them… The only drawback is that the Rorsted Archipelago would be lacking in manpower for a long period of time. Although such a problem is troublesome, as long as they grit their teeth, things can be resolved. Thus, the Church of Storms, Sea King Jahn Kottman is more likely to sit back and do nothing… Phew, I wonder how many people will die in the native enclaves and slums because of this… Klein's thoughts were suddenly interrupted by a uniform set of footsteps and a roar high in the sky.

Instinctively, he looked up and saw airships painted in dark-blue, with several cannon muzzles and machine guns sticking out, fly past him as they headed in different directions.

On the main street, soldiers in red coats, white pants, and black leather boots were lined up in neat rows. They were carrying rifles and dragging cannons as contingents of them moved past.

The tense and solemn atmosphere suddenly spread.

This is a colony… Klein inexplicably felt mixed feelings as he sighed to himself.

"I wonder how long it will take the Church to get rid of that sea serpent and find the place where it's hidden. That place is definitely a treasure trove with countless precious items…" Danitz, whose main job was a treasure hunter, suddenly spoke, appearing both expectant and full of regret.

His attitude had changed extremely quickly. He had already reduced the Sea God to a sea serpent, using "it" as a pronoun.

The Church won't do anything other than keeping the matter suppressed. They'll see Kalvetua perish just from waiting for a few days… Of course, members of the Church of Storms might not have that kind of patience, especially when I've heard that Jahn Kottman's main job is being a high-ranking deacon of the Mandated Punishers. It's just that with the archipelago isolated overseas, he also works part-time as a cardinal to unify his authority. Perhaps his style of doing things is more like that of a Mandated Punisher… The place where Kalvetua is hiding? That ruin is almost integrated into the spirit world. Finding it wouldn't be so easy; otherwise, it wouldn't have led such an abject existence until today… At this thought, Klein suddenly had an idea.

Finding the ruin where Kalvetua is hiding would be very difficult to find from the real world. Since it has already perished, it's not something that can be found in a year or so, unless more accurate information is obtained.

But if the search was done from the spirit world?

The spirit world would make it even harder to pinpoint its location, but it doesn't completely lack options. Snake of Mercury Will Auceptin had once done so with the help of his folded crane… I still have no idea how to do that exactly, but that's not important. I can ask Mr. Azik. Death's domain controls part of the authority of the spirit world… The Underworld, or should I say "Hell," was created by Phoenix Ancestor Gregrace in the spirit world… A thought flashed through Klein's mind. He took out the ancient and exquisite copper whistle, put it to his mouth, and blew into it.

He believed that even if he returned to the bedroom or entered the washroom, the messenger's massive body would be discovered by Danitz, who similarly had a nontrivial spiritual perception, so he didn't avoid him.

Danitz was imagining the treasures of Sea God Kalvetua when he suddenly felt a chill at his neck.

He felt something inwardly, and he quickly activated his Spirit Vision before looking to the side. There, he saw white bones spewing out from the

floor and flying upwards, forming a giant skeleton with an illusory head that pierced through the ceiling.

The skeleton slightly lowered its head; its two pitch-black flames at its eyes were visible even through the ceiling.

The oppressive feeling brought by its massive body made Danitz jump to the side. His body was half-bent, and he conjured a scarlet flame in the palm of his right hand.

What kind of monster is this? Danitz looked at Gehrman Sparrow in surprise, only to see him holding a copper whistle and lifting his head as he looked at the skeletal monster.

Klein looked up at the huge messenger as the huge messenger looked down at him. Both parties seemed frozen in place.

…Tsk, I was too anxious. I summoned the messenger before I even wrote the letter… Should I make it stay here or let it return first and let it come back later? I'm Gehrman Sparrow now, yes—Gehrman Sparrow! Klein didn't say anything. He indifferently withdrew his gaze, took his time to find a pen and paper, and he began to write the letter.

He gave a general description of the matter regarding Sea God Kalvetua, but he concealed the fact that he had nearly been possessed and how he had to borrow the gray fog to dissipate the curse. He mixed in information about Kalvetua's ruins, where it hid, when describing the dream he just had.

“…Perhaps, a solution can be produced using the spirit world, but I lack the corresponding knowledge and hope to receive your guidance."

Klein folded the paper and turned to see that the messenger's hand had clenched at some point in time.

He pretended not to notice anything and threw the letter up.

The messenger paused for a second, then it opened its hand and caught the letter.

Its body suddenly disintegrated, and its bones crumbled down, drilling into the floor.

"What… What was that?" Danitz finally uttered a sound.

Klein glanced at him and replied calmly, "Messenger."

*Messenger? *Danitz was stunned for a moment before understanding what he meant.

Such a huge and terrifying monster is actually a messenger used for delivering letters? Indeed, there's a powerful secret organization behind Gehrman Sparrow! I-if I had such a messenger, everyone on the ship would envy me. It would be really, really cool! Danitz thought of how he would brag and flaunt his messenger when he returned to the ship.

Putting away Azik's copper whistle, Klein got a chair and sat down, prepared to eat breakfast in a while.

After a while, he heard knocking at the door.

Danitz warily went over, and with the help of the peephole, he noticed that the person at the door was a middle-aged man with a boat-shaped hat.

"Elland? How did you find this place?" Danitz asked as he opened the door.

The visitor was the captain of the White Agate, Just Elland.

With wrinkles at the corner of his eyes, Elland looked into the room and chuckled.

"When you were checking into this hotel, you used Gehrman Sparrow's name for the registration. It's easy with a look."

That's because this identity is quite proper and innocent. Besides, in the eyes of the Church of Storms, I belong to the military… Klein slowly stood up and said to Elland, "What happened?"

Elland pointed outside and said, "Bayam met with an accident, but it's not a big problem. The military has joined forces with the Church, and they're currently conducting a search and arrest operation throughout the city. They're searching for a few powerful Beyonders who are archaeologists in name.

"In order to find the target as soon as possible, the military has used all their resources, but it's still not enough for such a large city. Heh heh, they believe that although you're of unknown origin, you're very friendly to us. They hope you can help with the search and prevent any accidents from happening. The corresponding remuneration will be available after the matter."

This is all thanks to you for exaggerating my degree of friendliness… That is to say, after the Church of the Goddess and the Church of Steam and Machinery, I can once again receive money from the military? For a moment, Klein felt mixed feelings.

Seeing that he didn't answer immediately, Elland added, "Although there won't be any major problems, the earlier we find the target, the earlier we can control the corresponding disaster.

"And perhaps that might save a few more people."

Klein fell silent for a moment before gently nodding.

"Okay."

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CHAPTER 542
BAYAM UNDER CURFEW

Seeing Gehrman Sparrow put on his coat and hat and pick up his cane, Danitz recalled that he had apparently been forgotten.

He coughed once, and under the gaze of two pairs of eyes, he said, "D-do I need to follow?"

It's best not to… Who knows what would happen! Before this, we had only stopped at Bansy Harbor, but we ended up encountering a rather strange situation. Last night, I brought Gehrman Sparrow to visit the Resistance's liaison and ended up being involved with the Sea God's curse. Today, if I were to follow this madman to search for Leticia and the other archaeologists, then who knows what would happen? Danitz looked down and glanced down at his left arm which was still tied with a splint. In a matter of days, he felt that he had encountered more events than he had in months or even half a year.

"You can stay here, but someone will be here for the sweep later." Elland laughed.

Someone will sweep this area? And then the great pirate Blazing would be caught and turned into gold pounds? Danitz frowned and laughed dryly.

"Aside from the reward, there aren't many opportunities to earn money from the military. I'm very willing to give it a try.

"The only problem is that you'll have to wait a few minutes. I'll don a disguise, Mr. Captain. I don't want to put you on the spot by causing unnecessary misunderstandings."

If I don't disguise myself, for a great pirate like myself to engage in operations with the military and the church, it will only result in me being captured immediately… Danitz imagined himself being pressed down, having a knee crushing his back, struggling like a catfish.

After thinking for a few seconds, Elland took out an iron-black mask from his inside pocket and tossed it over.

"Just put it on. I will explain the rest."

Yes, there's no need to waste time on useless disguises… Klein evaluated inwardly.

Without a word, he turned the handle and walked out of the room.

Elland followed close behind, and Danitz hurried to catch up with them as he grabbed his coat and put on the iron mask.

When they reached the street where there was a lot of flooding but no pedestrians on the streets, Klein pressed down on his hat and asked, "How do we start?"

Elland laughed.

"In regions.

"My Beyonder job has some special characteristics. As long as I see the person in the flesh, in a photo, or a sketch, then I'll be able to firmly remember the target's appearance and obtain an additional sense on an extraordinary level. Yes, I can also detect any abnormalities and grasp indistinct traces. When put together, it allows me to do investigative sweeps in a rather effective manner."

Sequence 8 Sheriff of the Arbiter pathway… Klein nodded thoughtfully and asked as they walked, "Do you have their belongings?"

The poster Danitz had posted last night had a portrait of Leticia attached to it. Klein had used ritualistic magic to pray to himself and produce it.

"No." Elland shook his head. "We have yet to learn of their previous whereabouts. The only things that we can confirm is that they didn't return from Symeem Island until around 3 p.m. yesterday. And after 2 p.m., no passenger ships left the docks. And that due to the weather this morning, only entry is permitted."

In other words, Leticia and company haven't left by boat yet… Klein understood what Elland meant.

Danitz suddenly let out a sneer.

"That doesn't mean anything. Maybe they left Bayam yesterday afternoon and went to the other cities on the island."

Blue Mountain Island was the largest island in the Rorsted Archipelago. It was very large in size and had dense forests and rich mineral resources. Therefore, there were many cities on the island, and they were all built around fertile land with astonishing mineral resource reserves.

For this wealth, the Loen Kingdom first bribed the indigenous princes, then forced them to use force, and finally set up the governor-general's office. In a more efficient manner, it opened wide roads leading to cities and completed several important railways—this was in the form of establishing a corresponding railway company to sell shares and raise funds on the Backlund Stock Exchange.

Of course, these large projects were accompanied by the deaths of many local people, sinister construction workplaces, excessive work, almost slave-like treatment, and a fairly modest salary, which allowed bodies to be buried one after another under the roadbed and railroad ties.

To this day, a large number of locals still loathed the railway, believing that it had swallowed a large amount of human life and brought about countless

suffering. It was the symbol of an evil god and devil.

Elland turned his head to glance at Danitz and said, "If they leave by land, then there's nothing to worry about."

"Why?" Danitz asked, puzzled.

It's very simple. The roads that lead through the forest are controlled by the Resistance, and the majority of the Resistance are believers of the Sea God. Hence, how would Leticia and the others, who were responsible for Kalvetua's breakdown, dare to pass through these regions at night? If they dared to, then it can only mean one thing; they didn't realize the severity of the consequences of what they had done in the Sea God ruins on Symeem Island. This also negates the conjecture that either the Moses Ascetic Order or Element Dawn has other motives… Klein controlled the urge to shake his head, and he followed Elland into another street.

Without explaining anything, Elland took out a notice and handed it to Gehrman Sparrow.

"The main target is this woman."

I drew this woman… Klein glanced at it before tossing it to Danitz.

At this moment, they heard the intense sound of fighting coming from the side room.

"She has been found?" Danitz asked the question Klein wanted to ask.

"Probably not." Elland shook his head. "According to the orders, the first thing to do when discovering the target is to release red fireworks. Once it appears, everyone will close in on that location. If one encounters other wanted criminals who they cannot handle alone, they are to release orange fireworks. Surrounding teams would rush over to reinforce them. If they're ordinary pirates or criminals, we are to handle them ourselves. Let's wait. Perhaps, it's because the fireworks couldn't be released in time…"

While he was talking, the glass on the third story of the house facing the street shattered with a crack. A bear-like brawny man jumped down. His speed was extremely fast as he ran into the distance like a cheetah.

At this moment, an enormous shadow enveloped him, and gatling sounds came from the sky above.

The brawny man's body was almost torn apart by the machine gun fire as he fell to the ground without putting up any resistance. Blood flowed out and dyed the ground red. If the residents weren't forbidden to leave their homes, then they would've screamed.

At some point in time, the airship had floated over, but it didn't stop and had turned toward another direction.

“…Goltadt." Danitz recognized the victim.

Seeing Gehrman Sparrow turn his head over, he forced a smile and said, "This is the leader of a pirate crew. He's from Feysac, with a bounty of 950 pounds."

Feysac… So they really are savages… He actually ran on a curfewed street, completely unaware to be on guard of attacks from above… That's right. Some pirates spent the entire night in a drunken stupor. They have no idea that even airships have been dispatched… If he had planned his escape route, then he might've been able to dodge the machine gun fire… Klein looked away and watched the monster in dark-blue paint fly over the roof.

When Danitz saw the pirate's outcome, he was grateful that he had followed Gehrman out.

Seeing that the alert over here had been lifted, Elland didn't linger any longer and led Klein and Danitz to the area that he was in charge of.

After walking quickly for five or six minutes, they saw a barricade at the intersection in front of them. Guns were mounted and cannons were set up.

Loen soldiers in red uniforms stood guard over the area in silence.

On the other side of the barricade, twenty to thirty corpses lay scattered on the ground, forming a vanguard formation.

Their clothes were tattered and their faces gaunt, clearly indicating that they were natives.

A little further away, several young native children were hiding in the corner. They were quietly looking at them in fear. Their eyes were dark and their faces were dirty.

Klein and company fell silent for a few seconds before circling around the area.

…

Backlund, Cherwood Borough.

Fors lifted the ceramic cup from the table and felt the heat.

She roused herself and quietly waited for any changes.

The temperature of the hot water dropped rapidly, and a thin layer of ice appeared on the surface of the liquid. White frost appeared on the rim of the cup.

"I'm a Trickmaster now…” Fors closed her eyes in delight.

She didn't waste any time after receiving the Spirit Eater's stomach pouch, immediately concocting the potion and completing the advancement. She obtained quite a number of spells with lower potency.

Among them, Fors's favorites were Fog, Wind, Flash, Freezing, Electric Shock, and Tumble, which made people slip.

Only at this point did she feel that she was a complete Beyonder. She was no longer someone who could only pass through walls or rely solely on ritualistic magic.

…

At almost noon, Elland, with the help of Klein and Danitz, had completed most of the investigation.

"Let's eat some bread and drink some water before continuing." He took off his boat-shaped hat and spoke with parched lips.

Klein was about to nod when he saw an orange firework fly into the air not far away.

Without hesitation, Elland put on his hat and ran in that direction.

"I'll go and support them."

"Orange means other wanted criminals that cannot be dealt with… Who could it be?" Danitz said to himself with interest.

He switched to a gait of raising his legs high as he proceeded forward, hoping that the battle would be over before he arrived. Then, he saw Gehrman Sparrow follow behind Just Elland, leaving him alone by himself.

Glancing at the "dark-blue monster" flying in his direction, Danitz let out a hollow laugh and quickened his pace.

Two minutes later, they arrived at their destination and saw a house with a lawn facing the street. Three or four military personnel were lying on the ground. Their faces were pale, and their bodies were trembling as if they had been thrown into a frozen lake.

The more Klein walked in that direction, the colder it felt, it was as if he had arrived in the polar regions.

Soon, he discovered that the ditches outside the house were filled with thick snow.

Just then, a burst of female laughter came from inside the house at varying pitches, alternating between craziness and strangeness.

"Hahaha…

"Gyahaahaahaa…

"Hahaha…

"Gyahaahaahaa…”

Danitz couldn't help but stop and touch his neck, which was covered in goosebumps, with his right hand.

With a clanging sound, the window opened and a charred body flew out.

It landed hard on the ground, as if it were caught in an inferno.

With just a glance, Klein was able to recognize through his spiritual intuition that this was one of the three male adventurers who had followed Leticia.

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CHAPTER 543
THE REALITY THAT EXCEEDS EXPECTATIONS

The target appears to have been found… Klein looked away and made a rough judgment.

As there were no portraits, the dead adventurer's face was burned black, which meant that Elland clearly didn't recognize this as one of their targets. After observing the situation and listening to the creepy laughter for a few seconds, he pointed to the three or four military personnel lying outside the house.

"Drag them back first, then wait for the other teams to arrive before launching our attack.

"Or…”

He hesitated for a moment, then he raised his head to look at the approaching dark-blue airship.

Without another word, and without instructing Klein and Danitz, Elland ran to the unconscious military personnel whose faces were purple.

Tap. Tap. Tap… The closer he got, the weaker his steps became. In the end, his body became stiff and every step he took became extremely difficult.

Elland, who had been the boatswain of the Imperial Navy, was experienced, He decisively stopped moving forward and turned around slowly, walking back one step at a time.

The more he walked, the smoother it became. However, he was still shaking uncontrollably, his eyebrows and temples were covered in a thin layer of frost.

A quick freezing effect that defies common sense… An extreme cold reminiscent of a disaster… With Elland's attempt, Klein was able to grasp the danger level of this area, and he could only sigh inwardly.

Unfortunately, the Sun Brooch isn't able to produce actual heat. It's only a stimulation of one's mind. Although it can make a body generate clear effects, it will only allow a person to withstand this cold for three to four seconds at most…

Looking at Elland's chattering teeth and how he was unable to open his mouth despite wanting to say something, Klein's gaze swept over Danitz.

He threw his cane and said in a low voice, "Fire."

Fire? Danitz was stunned at first, but he quickly understood Gehrman Sparrow.

He had also witnessed the entire process of Elland's failure!

A scarlet fireball that couldn't be considered bright formed on Danitz's right palm, and he threw it towards the flanks of the military personnel.

The fireball traveled for nearly twenty meters and then landed on the ground without creating an explosive sound. Instead, it quietly rose into the air.

The scarlet pillar of fire emitted sizzling sounds as it continuously shrank and quickly dimmed.

Suddenly, it expanded, as if it was in a desperate struggle before it perished.

Klein, wearing a black tweed coat, jumped out and landed right next to the military personnel.

He bent down and reached out with both hands and grabbed the man's clothes.

Then, he pushed his feet against the ground, exerted strength at his waist, and threw the man out.

The military personnel immediately flew into the air, smoothly flying out before landing ten meters away from the area, escaping the region with the coldest chill.

After doing this, Klein snapped his fingers and lit a match in his pocket before the chill seeped into his body.

The scarlet streams of flames gushed out like water, instantly enveloping him.

By the time everything faded, Klein had disappeared from his location.

Flames leaped out, flickering and extinguishing from time to time. With the help of Danitz's fireballs and his own matches, Klein constantly phased around in the extremely cold area, easily throwing out several military personnel.

After two to three attempts, he carried the last member of the military back to his original position.

Elland had clearly recovered as he gave a thumbs up.

"I'm very glad and honored to have made the decision to ask for your help today."

Captain, I like your tactful praises… Also, remember to raise the remuneration… Klein nodded politely, half turned, and looked at the open

windows of the house. He heard the laughter grow stranger.

Danitz pursed his lips to the side and silently cursed Elland.

Did you not see the contribution I made?

Although my fireball has become something akin to a prop for a magic show, it still made actual contributions!

This guy's nickname is Just Elland, but he's not just at all!

As he muttered, a shadow loomed over the area, and the airship had arrived in the air opposite them.

"Evacuate the people in the surrounding houses!" an officer shouted from the airship.

After Elland and two other teams cleared several nearby buildings, the airship lowered its altitude and adjusted its cannon muzzles.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The cannons fired continuously, bombarding the house which was still filled with creepy laughter.

Hearing the explosions and seeing the flashes of flames, Klein sighed as he held his cane.

This is the firepower bombardment he advocated. He had once proposed it in Tingen City but was unable to put it into practice. And today, however, the overseas colonists were producing the real scene before him.

Elland and the others stood guard in different positions under the deafening sound of the cannons, so as to prevent the people or perhaps monsters inside from breaking out.

Soon the house collapsed, and smoke rose from the piles of masonry. All the snow and ice was gone.

Suddenly, a thick bolt of lightning flashed, openly striking the airship.

Klein frowned. He saw that the airship was completely still and heard a steam boiler produce a jarring sound.

The dark-blue monster in the sky lost some control. Significant amounts of smoke began to billow out as it began descending to the side.

Seems like they're being shielded by ammunition and being protected by an outer layer of air… I thought it would cause an explosion, blasting the airship to pieces… Klein turned his full attention back to the collapsed house.

When he initially felt the extreme coldness and saw the male adventurer's charred body, he thought he had met another demoness—one who grasped the Witch potion formula. Having dealt with demonesses several times, he knew that Beyonders of this pathway could control ice and black flames from Sequence 7.

But that flash of lightning had made him reject this judgment. He believed that Leticia was indeed a member of the Moses Ascetic Order or Element Dawn, a real woman.

The moment Klein arrived at this conclusion, the pile of bricks and wood were immediately lifted away. The bright red and charred figure crawled out, with its elbows used to prop it up from the ground.

She was a female and Leticia's original appearance could barely be recognised. This made Elland and the others shocked to discover that they had already found their target. However, compared to before, Leticia's current state was both terrifying and miserable.

Her body was covered in black spots. The artillery shells had torn open red holes that lined her body. White fascia that seemed to have a life of its own was squirming inside her body.

The top of her head had split open, and her brain came oozing out, sticking to the surface like the palms of children overlapping each other.

Her gray eyes were out of focus, one of them blazing with fire, the other flashing with lightning.

Two heads that were screaming in pain were embedded at her abdomen below her chest. They were the other two male adventurers.

Not only has she lost control, but she also appears to be corrupted… She was already severely injured from the previous bombardment, and her aura had dropped to an extreme level… Klein didn't take action and instead watched as the Beyonders from the military began to attack.

Psychic Piercing, Whip of Pain, Purifying Bullets, and small-caliber gunfire were launched… With this series of attacks, Rampager Leticia, who only had enough time to crack the ground and spread the crack outwards, completely broke down and became a dismembered corpse.

Pa!

Her torso fell to the ground, and the heads of the two male adventurers rolled out.

Klein's eyes slightly narrowed. He discovered that there was a yellowish-brown book hidden within the flesh and blood of Leticia's abdomen.

On the surface of the book, there was a line of words written in Elven: "Book of Calamity."

Why do these books and notebooks always find themselves in the stomachs of people. It's the same as the Antigonus family's notebook last time… Klein

lampooned, then he suspected that the Book of Calamity was the item that the fake archaeologist, Leticia, had taken from the ruins of the Sea God.

At this moment, some military personnel grabbed the two male adventurers' heads who still seemed capable of speaking and hurriedly asked, "What did you do in the ruin of the Sea God?"

"Sea God's Ruins…" One of the male adventurers answered with pain and confusion, "We haven't been there…"

He tried to move his eyes, to check the situation below his neck.

"The Sea God ruin in Symeem Island," the military personnel reminded him.

"No… We didn't…" The male adventurer wanted to shake his head, but he couldn't do so. "We went to an ancient elven ruin… Leticia found a book there… She liked it very much… She quickly began to study it, then s-she went mad! She's crazy!"

As the male adventurer shouted out, whatever was left of his mind completely dissipated.

It's not a lost temple of the Sea God but a ruin of the ancient elves? This is different from what I imagined… Klein was about to listen carefully when Elland came over and politely asked him and Danitz to distance themselves from the interrogation.

Turning into another street, Klein slowed down and thought about the whole thing.

Why would Leticia's act of taking the Book of Calamity out of the ancient elven ruins cause Sea God Kalvetua to be no longer capable of maintaining its existence, slowly bringing it to the point of breakdown? What's the connection between the two?

Elves… Sea God… According to Little Sun, the ancient god, Elf King Soniathrym, wielded the present authorities of the Lord of Storms. That is to say, the elves no doubt possess Sequence 3 Sea King, or an even higher Sequence 2…

Could it be that it was by chance that this sea serpent, Kalvetua, discovered a ruin of the elves at the bottom of the sea, directly devoured the Beyonder characteristics left behind by a certain high elf, and was lucky enough to survive the two possibilities of death and losing control? As such, it succeeded in acquiring the rank of a demigod and gradually gained the faith of the Rorsted Archipelago's natives?

Klein slowly came to a realization, and he had to thank Mr. Hanged Man for this.

Initially, Little Sun didn't reveal the corresponding authorities of the eight ancient gods, but later, under the guidance of The Hanged Man, he explained some things, including the Elf King Soniathrym general situation.

As for devouring Beyonder characteristics or the corresponding ingredients to advance, it wasn't something that didn't happen. Before the potion system was fully constructed, the human ancestors had made similar attempts to obtain Beyonder powers. However, only a very small group of extremely fortunate people had managed to survive to become Beyonders without becoming monsters, lunatics, or dying on the spot, with their flesh and blood falling apart.

Such an attempt had a one in a thousand chance of success, or even a one in ten thousand chance. After the potion system was established, no one was willing to take such a great risk.

If that's the case, then Kalvetua was indeed very lucky back then… Of course, there's also the factor of its strong physique… However, its intelligence didn't seem to increase much, only being capable of deceiving its believers. It didn't actually find any traces of the elven ruins on Symeem Island, and how it's closely related to the one it's hiding in…

After Leticia and company took the Book of Calamity, that ruin collapsed, causing Kalvetua's hiding spot to experience abnormalities, resulting in the barely surviving Kalvetua to be unable to hold out any longer? This can explain how Leticia and company managed to easily succeed. There aren't any members of the Resistance or the Sea God's followers defending the area. Only when something happened did Kalvetua discover the problem and realized the connection between the two ruins.

With what he just gathered, Klein tried to explain what he had been wondering about the whole time.

This included why the dying Sea God Kalvetua didn't allow its followers to become carriers—it would've reduced most of the accidents and made things easier. With the brutality Kalvetua displayed, it was only right that it made such a choice.

The answer Klein arrived at was that the body Kalvetua wanted to corrupt and possess had to have a certain amount of elven blood, and that was the only way to survive the transfer of Beyonder characteristics up to a certain level.

However, when Klein touched it, due to the gray fog and his uniqueness, it allowed Kalvetua to instantly find a better target.

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CHAPTER 544
EXPERT

Klein had just sorted out his thoughts when Elland caught up with the two and said with a smile, "We've found the target; the investigation is over. I'll bring you back to the hotel first, and I'll bring the remuneration in two days. Also, it's best if you don't go out today."

Klein maintained Gehrman Sparrow's character by only nodding slightly without giving any verbal response.

On the way back to the Wind of Azure Inn, Danitz clearly had some doubts or wistful thoughts on his mind, but due to the presence of Elland, who was part of the military, he could only change the subject and discuss with great interest about which pirates would end up being caught in the city's thorough sweep today.

To him, they weren't friends as long as those guys didn't belong to the Golden Dream. They weren't worth sympathizing with.

After entering the hotel room and watching Elland leave, he closed the door and said while clicking his tongue, "The Book of Calamity… Ancient elven ruins… This really is an interesting matter, but how did the elves end up like devils? Just by casually taking their book, a casual flip through it had caused that woman to go insane and lose control!"

What kind of image do you have of elves? Living in the mountains and seas, specializing in cooking, creatures who enjoy nature? Heh, according to Little Sun, the eight ancient gods before the Cataclysm were all very tyrannical, very cruel, and very evil. Among them was the Elf King Soniathrym, and the elves who believed in "Him" and viewed "Him" as their

king couldn't have been any better. One can make a comparison with the members of the Aurora Order… The Beyonder races left behind by the Dark Epoch basically can't be associated with the "good" alignment that normal people have in mind… Klein replied in his mind.

Of course, he didn't rule out the possibility that after the ancient gods' fall, the dragons, giants, elves, Sanguine, and other living creatures would gradually extricate themselves from the negative effects and become more normal. However, this was only limited to the middle and lower levels, and it didn't include the demigod powerhouses. And the high elf that left behind the Book of Calamity was clearly the latter.

With a thought, Klein suddenly realized something.

Danitz understands Elvish!

He recognized the title of the ancient goatskin book as the "Book of Calamity!"

Vice Admiral Iceberg has actually taught her crew to such an extent. Not only does it include ancient Feysac, but she has also taught them Elvish, which can stir up the powers of nature… Perhaps Jotun and ancient Hermes are all part of the curriculum on the Golden Dream… They really are a bunch of pirates with knowledge and dreams. However, Ma'am Captain, aren't you being a little overboard on certain subjects? Danitz is lacking in so many other aspects… That's right. The most important thing for a pirate whose main job is to be a treasure hunter has to be mastering the ancient languages… Klein ignored Danitz's comments and looked out the window.

The sky remained gloomy, as if a heavy rain would fall at any time. It made one involuntarily feel suppressed.

Klein nodded slightly, feeling slightly relaxed as he thought.

Leticia has been found. Being aware of the ancient elven ruin on Symeem Island, the Church of Storms and the kingdom's military will likely use its connection to the place where Kalvetua is hiding, to find the Sea God that is becoming progressively crazier. Or they might use the ruin to speed up its collapse.

That way, apart from the most fervent and pious Sea God believers dying, the rest basically won't suffer any harm…

Klein had originally thought of using the spirit world to locate Sea God Kalvetua's hiding spot after it died before the official Beyonders did. He could then infiltrate it, taking the treasure with him. But even before the plan had begun, the appearance of the Book of Calamity pushed his plan to the verge of failure.

*Phew… It's fine. It only existed in my imagination, and it never belonged to me. It's fine if I don't get it… I don't even know what I'll get… Letting this matter get resolved this way is for the best… *Klein withdrew his gaze from the weather; his mood calm and relaxed. He just inevitably felt a slight sense of loss.

That day, he and Danitz followed Elland's advice and didn't head out again. They only remained in the inn.

In Bayam City, there would be the sound of gunfire and explosions from time to time. This continued until the sky turned dark.

…

The next morning, Klein got up on time and found that there were layers of clouds in the sky and the sky remained dark.

This meant that the confrontation between the Church of Storms Cardinal, high-ranking deacon of the Mandated Punishers, Jahn Kottman, and Sea God Kalvetua was still ongoing.

Klein felt pain in his stomach and prepared to head to the washroom with the newspapers.

However, he gave up on that idea when he saw Danitz leisurely reading a newspaper while lying in a reclining chair, munching on a piece of white bread in his mouth.

Reading the newspaper while on a toilet doesn't match Gehrman Sparrow's persona!

Although it would be boring, I mustn't slack off on acting… Sigh, I've once again found a difference in the behavior between my true self and my disguised identity… Klein summed it up in silence and went into the washroom.

He took off his pants and sat down on the toilet, staring almost in a daze at the pale white wall in front of him, as if he could read words from it.

At this moment, his spiritual perception was triggered.

He hurriedly tapped his molars and activated his Spirit Vision.

Two thick, long white bones appeared in front of him. They were the messenger's legs.

The messenger stood there, its head passing through the ceiling, but its black flames in its eye sockets could still be seen.

It lowered its head slightly and looked down at Klein, who was sitting on the toilet.

Klein looked up, stunned for two seconds, his mind filled with a baffling thought.

Should I act like a woman, hurriedly covering my nether regions, or should I just be open and fearless?

Before he could make up his mind, the messenger dropped the letter, disintegrated into a pile of bones, and disappeared into the floor.

It took a moment for Klein to react before he caught Mr. Azik's reply.

*This messenger is being more and more impolite! Can't you see that I'm using the toilet? Don't you know to knock on the door or to squeeze it through the crack under the door! *Klein cursed in anger and amusement.

After giving it some more thought, he felt that it would be putting the messenger in a tough spot to pass the letter through the crack in the door. The four-meter-tall giant had to lie down in order to reach that position.

Just thinking about it is rather funny… Well, the next time I write a letter, I'll add a paragraph so that Mr. Azik can educate the messenger so that he will be more polite… Klein unfurled the letter and read Azik's reply.

"…According to the knowledge I've recalled, I can provide you with two methods. The first requires certain prerequisites. If a unique item belonging to you or someone else is located where Sea God Kalvetua is, you can use divination to easily locate its position… The other prerequisite is that you can enter the spirit world. I have plenty of methods for this. I'll list the most common three…

"The second method is to use a secret deed ritual and pray to Red Light Aiur Moria. 'He' represents authority and will. At a certain level, 'He' grasps the relevant knowledge of the creatures in the spirit world and the locations in the spirit world…"

So Red Light of the seven pure lights is named Aiur Moria… The principle of a secret deed ritual is to adjust one's state, release one's mind and body, and align oneself with the target of the prayer bit by bit. Finally, an overlapping will occur, allowing one to acquire the corresponding knowledge. And this kind of alignment and overlapping is relative. While acquiring knowledge, my secrets will also be open to the target of the

prayer… I can't trust Red Light… I have too many secrets… Klein's first reaction was to rule out the second approach.

As for the first solution, there was also the chance of failure. Klein didn't have any unique items located where Sea God Kalvetua hid itself.

Either I use the help of the Resistance and send something to Kalvetua, or I'll have to find the original owner of an item sacrificed to Sea God from its believer. Furthermore, it has to be unique… Send something to Kalvetua… As he thought, Klein suddenly had an idea.

He braced himself and considered it over and over again, thinking that there was a certain probability of success.

After finishing his deed in the washroom, Klein washed his hands, took four steps counterclockwise, and went above the gray fog. He planned on attempting divination and received a revelation that there was danger, but it was manageable as long as it was handled properly.

With all of this done, he returned to the living room and walked towards the reclining chair.

Danitz immediately sat up and said with a dry laugh, "Is there something…?"

"Do you know the words to the prayer relating to the Sea God?" Klein asked with an unperturbed tone.

Danitz spread out his hands and suddenly hissed.

"Dogshit…” He softly cursed his injured arm and switched to smiling. "Yes. I've seen a few members of the Resistance hold rituals. Uh… The details are: 'Adorer of the sea and spirit world, guardian of the Rorsted Archipelago, ruler of the undersea creatures, master of tsunamis and storms, the great Kalvetua.' By the way, the two instances that it was effective were recited in Elvish."

Adorer of the sea and spirit world… Its bearing is very low… It's not the same as my honorific name… That's true. I created it by copying it from the seven true gods… Klein nodded gently and said, "Do you know where there are empty warehouses and abandoned houses?"

"Of course! Every great pirate knows a few," Danitz replied without hesitation.

Klein turned around and walked towards the coat rack.

"Take me there."

To do what? Although Danitz was puzzled, he didn't dare ask.

…

In the dock area, in a dirty and dilapidated warehouse.

Danitz watched Gehrman Sparrow take out three candles and several metal bottles. Unable to hold back his curiosity any longer, he asked, "W-what are you planning on doing?"

Klein didn't look back and replied very calmly, "Sacrifice."

"To whom?" Danitz pressed with interest.

Klein set up the altar, took out an iron cigar case and calmly said, "Kalvetua."

His plan was to give something directly to Sea God Kalvetua!

As long as Kalvetua accepted it, he could use divination and other methods to find its hiding place!

As for whether or not Kalvetua would accept it, he had certainly considered it, believing that it was a definite possibility. As Kalvetua was currently on

the verge of death, it was in a state of extreme madness, with little sense of reason. It acted on instinct alone, and it might have a strong desire for the aura of the gray fog.

Therefore, Klein was prepared to sacrifice an iron cigar case that was often placed above the gray fog. He wanted to see if Kalvetua would accept it or not, and if he didn't, he wouldn't suffer any losses. He could then pretend as though nothing had happened.

Sacrifice to Sea God Kalvetua? At that moment, Danitz found his brain lacking. He couldn't comprehend what was on Gehrman Sparrow's mind.

"Are you crazy? How could it accept your sacrifice? Even if it's accepted, what would be the point? It's dying! And it's very dangerous!" Danitz blurted out.

Immediately, he added inwardly, *No, Gehrman Sparrow isn't crazy, because he has always been crazy… *

Klein glanced at him and simply said, "In this domain, I'm an expert."

When it comes to sacrificial rituals, I'm an expert! Klein wasn't modest about this.

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CHAPTER 545
THE ENRAGED KALVETUA

Danitz felt choked, unable to say a word. He quickly stepped aside and watched as Gehrman Sparrow lit the candles, burned some powder, and dripped some extract.

Taking in the smell that pervaded the air, he couldn't help but raise his voice.

"Y-you're using the wrong materials, right?"

He remembered that the Resistance didn't use things like Full Moon Essence Oil, slumber flower, or chamomile when sacrificing to the Sea God.

It's not like you're praying to the Evernight Goddess!

Klein turned his head to look at him, then he returned his gaze to the altar.

"That wouldn't be an issue."

As a professional who often offered and received sacrifices, he was very aware that the burning of extracts, essential oils, and herbal powder mainly had two uses—one was to help the ritual's host to better adjust his spirituality and enter the proper state; and the other was to please the corresponding deity, to please the target of the sacrificial object, and to increase the probability of a response. In this aspect, every deity had certain characteristics and preferences.

This sacrifice, on the other hand, mainly relied on Kalvetua's abnormal state of mind. It had gone completely crazy, and it thirsted for the gray fog's aura. Neither of the two could be missing, and everything else wasn't important.

As long as the aforementioned two conditions were satisfied, pleasing Kalvetua or not didn't affect the ritual. It neither increased the success rate nor would it increase the possibility of failure. It could be completely handled in a perfunctory manner.

If Kalvetua still retains its reason, and even if I were to strictly follow the requirements of its ritual, do you think it would respond to me? Klein silently lampooned and took half a step back, ready to start the most important part of the ritual.

He thought for a moment, then without turning his head, he said directly, "Stay further away."

Me? Instead of getting angry, Danitz was overjoyed. He quickly nodded.

"Alright, okay!"

He rushed to the door of the warehouse, planning to escape the moment something went wrong.

Klein half-closed his eyes, cogitating about the countless spherical lights that overlapped each other, and he quickly entered the proper state.

He chanted softly in Elvish, "Adorer of the sea and spirit world, guardian of the Rorsted Archipelago, ruler of the undersea creatures, master of tsunamis and storms, the great Kalvetua.

"Your devoted servant prays for your attention;

"I pray for you to take this offering.

"I pray for you to open the gates to your Kingdom."

As he said the awkward sentences one after another, the sound of wind rose within the wall of spirituality, as if it was going to overturn everything.

Klein's clothes fluttered in the wind as he took out another small metal bottle that he had prepared beforehand. He poured about five milliliters of the remaining Thousand-faced Hunter's blood into the air.

This was a material filled with spirituality!!

The strong winds sucked the drops of blood, howling as it drilled into the candle flame that symbolized Sea God Kalvetua.

Without a sound, the candle flame burgeoned to form an illusory door. On the surface, there were symbols and magic labels. From the inside, the faint sound of crashing sea waves could be heard.

Suddenly, all signs of movement vanished. There was only the sound of breathing that reverberated through the illusory door, as though there was something hiding behind it; something massive that was suppressing its hunger with great difficulty.

Huff. Huff. Huff…

The sound of the loud, heavy breathing became clearer and clearer, to the point that even despite being situated at the door of the warehouse, Danitz still felt his scalp tingle.

*Bang! *

The illusory door suddenly opened, and something that visibly resembled a hurricane poured out.

Amidst the sharp wailing sounds, Danitz felt the invisible wall of spirituality shatter. He discovered that he had been thrown into the air like a small boat in a storm. He slammed into the door, producing a dull thud.

He fell outside the warehouse, his back scuffed from several wooden splinters.

The scarlet fireball that he had instinctively condensed in his hand instantly dimmed and was quickly extinguished in the hurricane, like a candle that was about to burn out.

While he was flying in midair, he saw what looked to be a bloody, gaping mouth appear behind the illusory door. It revealed milky-white sharp teeth, which was slightly curved and longer than a human arm, as it madly smashed against the illusory door in a bid to enter the real world. Its beast-like howls first echoed inside the warehouse, causing Danitz to bleed from his ears and nose.

Klein also flew up into the sky as a result of the hurricane, and his line of sight was immediately occupied by a bloody, forked, and massive forked tongue that burst forth with sparking lightning.

His body was scorched black as it stiffened in the air. The forked tongue pierced through his body as it was reduced to ashes.

Klein's figure appeared on the other side. His hat had fallen off, and his clothes were messy. He looked rather wretched.

Fortunately, he knew that a situation would occur, and he knew that there was going to be danger. He had constantly been on high alert, and he didn't let down his guard as he used Paper Figurine Substitutes just in time.

At this moment, Kalvetua, who was situated behind the unperturbed, illusory door, finally realized that its violent blows had no effect and stopped.

It took a deep breath and caused the blue seawater to gush in from all directions. The water then collapsed into a whirlpool that emitted a terrifying suction force. It was so powerful that it could swallow a cargo ship!

The iron cigar case on the altar flew into the vortex.

The tiny cauldron containing some herbal ashes flew up and into the whirlpool.

Many objects within the warehouse, along with the soil, were thrown into the whirlpool.

Klein also flew up as he found it difficult to resist being thrown into the whirlpool!

He tried to snap his fingers to ignite flames and leap out of the whirlpool's reach, but the suction force and the hurricane spoiled his plans.

His figure suddenly became thinner, turning into a paper figurine.

As the paper figurine fell into the whirlpool, Klein, who had emerged from another position, once again soared into the air, unable to extricate himself from the terrifying suction force!

At this critical moment, he no longer hesitated. He made the black glove he wore on his left palm turn pale as it was tinged with a slightly dark green color.

He activated Creeping Hunger, and he directly used Steel Maveti's soul!

Klein's body suddenly grew heavy as he pushed forward with his left palm.

An ice wall, that wasn't too thick, solidified in front of him, helping him temporarily isolate Sea God's whirlpool.

Taking advantage of this, Klein landed, his feet heavily landing on the ground as he sank deep into the ground.

Kacha!

The ice wall lasted only a second before it was shredded to pieces by the boundless suction force, and the remnants flew into the huge sea serpent's throat.

Relying on the strength of a Zombie, Klein used both of his feet to hold himself in place and no longer flew up again. However, he was still unable to stop himself from sliding towards the illusory door where Kalvetua's gaping mouth was. He drew two deep ravines on the ground in the process.

Outside the warehouse, Danitz wasn't affected by the suction force of the whirlpool. Instead, he tried condensing a fireball to throw to the side, allowing Gehrman Sparrow to jump out of his predicament and escape. Unfortunately, the flames were extinguished again and again by the hurricane.

As Klein drew closer to the illusory door, he could smell the stench of blood and decay. Right in front of him were milky-white fangs that emitted a chilly air.

His thoughts raced, and he quickly came up with a solution.

The solution was simple, it was to throw out the All-Black Eye that originated from Nimblewright Master Rosago!

Since you want to make a whirlpool in the sea in a bid to devour everything, I will make you consume another bottle of a Beyonder potion without any supplementary ingredients, as well as the mental corruption of the True Creator! If that's the case, I don't believe that you, who's already on the verge of collapse, will be able to hold on! Klein gritted his teeth and reached into his pocket.

Perhaps it had sensed his malicious intent, or perhaps it had lost its patience, but at this moment, Kalvetua suddenly raised its head and let out a long howl, causing the seawater whirlpool in his throat to collapse and disintegrate into countless water droplets which sprayed out of the illusory door.

Splash!

Torrential rain fell in the warehouse, and a dazzling silver ball of intertwined lightning condensed in Kalvetua's throat once again.

With a boom, it spat out that lightning ball.

Amidst the "torrential rain," the silver ball of lightning transformed into streaks of stunning lightning bolts that quickly expanded outwards. It destroyed the frugal altar and occupied the entire warehouse.

*Sizzle. *Klein's figure kept phasing in and out of existence amidst the sea of lightning. His body would char and turn into scraps of paper. Outside the warehouse, Danitz also suffered its effects. All his hair stood up as his body convulsed.

After continuously using Paper Figurine Substitutes and approaching his limit, Klein finally manage to withstand it until the lightning subsided.

As for the illusory door, it was affected by the complete destruction of the ritual and quickly closed.

Creak!

Sea God Kalvetua's hisses of indignation were isolated by the door.

After a moment, the illusory door completely disappeared. The surroundings were in a wretched mess. Only a candle was left on the altar, weakly swaying its flame.

Bang! Danitz leaned forward against the warehouse's wall, barely standing at the doorway.

He tried to speak, but he couldn't stop convulsing. He could only express his grievance with his eyes.

Gehrman Sparrow is really a madman!

I can still remember the horror I experienced in Bansy Harbor, and I still… have nightmares about it. Previously, when he was picking out items offered by the Resistance, he attracted the curse of the Sea God. I was so frightened that I almost ran away while on our journey back… This time, he even did some sacrificial ritual and nearly summoned Kalvetua over. It was really extremely dangerous just now… W-why does he love to take risks so much and enjoy causing major trouble? Time after time, he searches for thrills while on the brink of death! Is this a manifestation of his craziness, or is there another reason?

Sea God Kalvetua is still very strong. Even though it's on the brink of death, and there's the door of sacrifice in between us, it was still able to release a portion of its strength that could easily finish me off… As expected of a demigod that can fight against a Sea King… Klein pulled his feet out of the ground and saw that his boots were in tatters.

At the same time, he found that, regardless of it being due to luck or an inevitability, Kalvetua had accepted his "sacrifice" in all sense of the word. This was because the huge sea serpent had swallowed the iron cigar case which had been tainted with the gray fog's aura and many other things while producing the whirlpool.

In other words, I can try to locate its hiding place in the spirit world, but I'll have to wait for its death so that it can't interfere and resist my divination… This search would require me to enter the spirit world, and I can't keep using the gray fog forever… Klein quietly let out a breath. He felt the glove on his left hand become filled with an indescribable madness and hunger. It seemed like it was going to devour the wearer if it wasn't fed.

There are no sinners around… Klein turned his head to look at Danitz, who was standing by the door.

Danitz's mind suddenly tightened. He felt as if he was being targeted by a monster and was about to become food for the other party.

The hunger he felt at a spiritual level had made him tremble slightly. He yearned to immediately turn around and flee.

Then he heard Gehrman Sparrow's indifferent voice.

"Close the door from the outside."

“…Alright!" Resisting the residual pain from the electric shock, Danitz moved the door which had been sent flying open, barely closing the hold.

Klein seized the moment to carry out a sacrificial ritual. He prayed to himself and responded to himself by throwing Creeping Hunger, that was about to lose control, above the fog.

The mystical item that had frightened Danitz, so much so that he didn't dare to resist, immediately became docile, gentle, and tame.

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CHAPTER 546
SPIRIT WORLD

Upon returning to the real world, Klein extinguished the candles, put away the remaining items, and carefully checked the situation in the warehouse.

Luckily for him, the whirlpool of seawater created by Kalvetua had completely wiped the area clean, leaving only the subsequent sprays of rain, the blackened patches from the lightning strikes, and sparse piles of ash, as well as the ravines produced by Klein's two feet.

The traces are easy to deal with.I can get Danitz to use his fireball to "wash" the place later, disguising it as an internal strife between pirates… Klein nodded indiscernibly and pulled out one of the few remaining paper figurines. He shook his forearm and flicked his wrist.

The paper figurine flew out and burned on its own before turning into black ash.

After doing all of this, Klein walked towards the door, frowning as he walked.

The soles of his boots were gone, and the rest of his clothes were tattered and torn, wet, or charred.

This was unavoidable under those circumstances, as it wasn't something a paper figurine could withstand—the tearing was a result of the potent suction from the whirlpool, the moist sensation came from Kalvetua's torrential rain, and the charred black marks were a result of being struck by bolts of lightning in the interval when Klein was using his Paper Figurine

Substitutes. Even now, despite having calmed down, his right forearm still spasmed a few times due to the electric shock.

It cost me 8 pounds 6 soli… I have to get a new set of clothes… I had divined danger and had made preparations, but I didn't expect Kalvetua to be more powerful and crazier than I had expected… I hope that I'll gain something later. Klein silently shook his head. He restrained his expression and endured the pain before coming to the door and knocking three times.

Danitz, who was constantly uneasy, hesitated for two seconds before he opened the door.

Discovering that Gehrman Sparrow had returned to his cold and reserved state, with him no longer emitting a hunger and madness that struck terror to his spirituality, Danitz let out a sigh of relief. He took a glance inside and asked, "Is it over?"

"No." Klein curled the corners of his lips and revealed a gentle smile.

Not yet? Danitz jumped in fright.

"W-what else needs to be done?"

Klein maintained his smile that concealed madness.

"A clean up is still necessary.

"That's basic courtesy."

A clean up… Danitz was stunned. Raising his right hand, he pointed at himself and said, "Me?"

The corners of Klein's mouth widened.

"Or shall I do the honors?"

Then I would be eaten by Creeping Hunger! Danitz let out a hollow laugh.

"How should I clean this place?"

"Use a fireball," Klein answered simply.

As a part-time pirate, it didn't take much effort for Danitz to understand Gehrman Sparrow's intentions. He walked past him and headed for the interior of the warehouse.

During this process, he had a few questions in his mind, which were quite puzzling.

Captain said that Creeping Hunger needs to devour a living person every day, but Gehrman Sparrow can only satisfy it after a battle. He usually doesn't bother with it. B-besides, in that battle just now, Gehrman Sparrow had used Steel Maveti's ice powers. He didn't feed it after… Strange… What secret lies behind this?

A seal of a certain level? Or, can it be that the organization behind him is capable of sealing Creeping Hunger?

As Danitz "cleaned" the warehouse, Klein stood outside, looking up at the overhanging dark clouds, looking forward to what would happen next.

I've already sent the iron cigar case that's tainted with the gray fog's aura over, so all I need to do is wait for Kalvetua, a fake "Sea God," to collapse and die… I hope the Beyonders of the Church of Storms and the kingdom's military won't have the time to find it in time, or leave behind some items of certain value that they think little of… Klein slowly took in a deep breath, listening to the dull bombardment sounds coming from behind him.

…

In a hotel, Alger stood at the window, staring out at the overcast sky.

I received the Sanguine's anesthetic gas not long after the last Tarot Gathering. I was prepared to go out to sea to gather ingredients, but a week has passed, and I'm still stuck in Bayam… The corners of his mouth twitched as he shook his head.

First, there was the incident of The World hunting Steel Maveti. It earned him quite a sizable amount of money, and then he had to wait for the reward. After that, when the reward was obtained, he encountered the breakdown of that sea serpent, Kalvetua, and was ordered to search for the adventurers and archaeologists—Leticia and company.

*I heard that during the investigation yesterday morning, Leticia and the others were found. The Mandated Punishers and the military seemed to have obtained some important clues, and quite a number of them went to Symeem Island… Heh, this is something that I'll never have dibs on… *Alger retracted his gaze, pulled up his short robe that didn't reach his knees, and muttered to himself.

"Let it end as soon as possible."

Once Kalvetua was completely dead and the tsunami was no longer a latent risk, he could leave the harbor. After leaving the City of Generosity, Bayam, he could work at advancing to Sequence 6 Wind-blessed.

As his mind whirred, Alger's heart skipped a beat and he turned around to look out the window.

He saw the clouds high in the sky quickly dissipate, with the crimson moon quietly hanging in the sky.

…

Klein slept until midnight, when he was suddenly jolted awake. He had vaguely sensed something.

He rolled out of bed, went to the window, and pulled back the curtains.

Crimson moonlight shone in, covering everything like frost. It was cold and dreamy.

Klein looked out and saw that the clouds which hung low had disappeared. The bright crimson moon was high in the sky amidst the sparse stars.

This means that the confrontation between the Sea God and Sea King has ended? Klein pondered for two seconds, retracted his gaze, closed the curtain, took four steps counterclockwise, and went above the gray fog.

He sat at the end of the long, mottled table, took out a gold coin, and began to recite a divination statement in a low voice.

"Kalvetua is completely dead."

…

After he repeated this seven times, he flicked the gold coin and watched it leap upwards and tumble down.

The gold coin landed in Klein's palm, and the king's head faced up.

It meant a positive result!

It meant that Sea God Kalvetua was completely dead!

As expected, the ancient elven ruins on Symeem Island and the hiding place which Kalvetua used to maintain its existence are closely connected… The Mandated Punishers and the military have just received the Book of Calamity, and since they only learned about the ruins for a little more than a day before Kalvetua couldn't hold out much longer… I thought it could forcibly survive for two or three more days… Klein sighed and tried to divine whether the official Beyonders had already entered Kalvetua's hiding place.

Unfortunately, due to the lack of information, his divination failed, and he was unable to obtain any revelations.

After thinking for a while, Klein changed his angle, undid his spirit pendulum, and began to divine if it was dangerous for him to search and explore Kalvetua's hiding place.

As this involved himself, he quickly received a conclusion.

The topaz pendant was rotating counterclockwise at a not-so-fast frequency and low amplitude.

It's dangerous, but it's acceptable… The danger is even less than the sacrificial ritual… Klein nodded gently, returned to the real world, and began his preparations for his operation.

He locked the bedroom door first, then he arranged the ritual to summon himself.

Once again entering above the gray fog, Klein picked up the Dark Emperor card and placed it inside his Spirit Body.

All of a sudden, he turned corporeal as if he was of flesh and blood. The surrounding black fog stuck to the surface of his body and formed a majestic aura. It was as if he was entirely clad in physical armor, but on his head was a gorgeous pitch-black crown.

Looking at the human-skinned glove on the table, Klein hesitated to put it on.

Above the gray fog, Creeping Hunger was almost in a sealed state. It didn't dare to make any unusual movements, but once it left the area, the uncontrollable hunger would cause harm to its wielder, whether they were alive or in Spirit Body form.

Amidst Klein's considerations was whether the Dark Emperor's high level could suppress the Creeping Hunger inside his Spirit Body and keep it normal.

I'll give it a try. If it doesn't work, I'll end the summon and return here… This will hardly require any time, and there's no danger… Klein picked up Creeping Hunger and put it on over the iron-black armor gauntlet.

He didn't hesitate any longer and stepped into the Door of Summoning. With the help of the expanding candle flame, he arrived in the real world.

Without being careless, Klein's first reaction was to check the state of Creeping Hunger. He found it calm and submissive, subservient to the high level of the Dark Emperor.

Not bad… With a sigh of relief, Klein placed the mystical items, such as Azik's copper whistle, the Biological Poison Bottle, and the Sun Brooch, into his body one by one.

Finally he picked up his black hardwood cane and prepared to use it to search for his "lost" iron cigarette case that had been tainted with the gray fog's aura.

Of course, in order to find the place where Kalvetua was hiding, one had to first enter the spirit world and pinpoint the location from within. Otherwise, it would only fail.

As for how to enter the spirit world, Klein didn't consider the three methods provided by Mr. Azik. As a Spirit Body with intelligence and the ability to think, how was he not able to find the spirit world and enter it?

He calmed down a little and recalled the scene of countless spherical light. His body and mind quickly became tranquil. His thoughts gradually became empty as his consciousness gradually extended and expanded.

He soon discovered that he was surrounded by indescribable illusory, transparent things. All the colors became bright, distinct, but overlapping, and the gray fog had grown so faint that it seemed to cover everything in an ethereal manner.

In the depths, high up in the sky, there were seven rays of lustrous brilliances that shone with different colors. They seemed to possess life, and they contained immense knowledge.

This was the spirit world. It completely overlapped with reality and was omnipresent.

If I happen to encounter the Mandated Punishers or military personnel, I will immediately end the summoning and return above the gray fog… Klein took a step forward. After easily entering the spirit world, he felt his body become illusory.

The black cloak behind him fluttered up slightly, and the hardwood cane in his hand stood upright.

He said in a low, dignified voice, "The location of my unique iron cigar case."

…

While chanting, Klein felt tense for a baffling reason. In the saturated and distinct colors of his surroundings, pairs of indifferent and eerie eyes glanced over.

After repeating it seven times, Klein released his grip and waited for the revelation.

The black hardwood cane floated, floating forward at an adequate speed which was neither too fast or slow.

Klein followed it, flying through the real, the illusory, the strange, and mysterious spirit world.

Here, if he lost his bearings, it was very easy to end up completely lost and never be able to leave again.

Of course, there wasn't a problem for Klein. If he really "got lost," he could end the summoning and return directly to the space above the gray fog.

Klein chased after the black cane, which was sometimes thrown and sometimes dropped, shuttling back and forth between distinct and overlapping colors. He passed by half-hidden spirit world creatures that couldn't be accurately described, and it was hard to know how far he had traveled.

Suddenly, he saw an eye. It was round, with clear blacks and whites.

The eye looked at him without blinking. There was no head, nor was there a corresponding body.

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CHAPTER 547
PRIEST

The huge eye, which had its blacks and whites clear, appeared translucent. It floated quietly behind saturated, overlapping colors. Klein couldn't tell if it was hostile or friendly.

At this moment, Klein remembered a passage from the Sights in the Spirit World. The ancestor of the Abraham family had said: "Try not to cross eyes with any creatures of the spirit world for more than three seconds unless they have already expressed interest in communicating with you. This is considered provocative behavior. Also, do not let yourself appear terrified and nervous. For some predators, this will increase their desire to attack."

As the words flowed through his mind, Klein retracted his gaze and continued to "chase" after the flying hardwood cane in front of him, at a rather adequate speed.

The sight of the full black armor set and black crown he donned, matched with a cloak of the same color, entered the round eye. But the figure quickly passed by, disappearing far away. It didn't stir up the slightest change.

*In essence, the spirit world is a very dangerous place. If one isn't careful, one can encounter a terrifying existence at the demigod level… *As Klein continued to make his way through, he realized that this place was truly chaotic. Although the seven lustrous brilliances that could be used to mark his location remained high above, covering the "sky," they could still be seen from time to time beneath his feet, to his left and right, and from the front and back.

If not for his black cane, Klein wouldn't have been able to determine his bearings.

Suddenly, through the faint fog of the void, he saw, on his left—based on a normal human being's concept of left—a floating castle. It was entirely black in color. Its spire towered, and it was covered with vines, extremely reminiscent of a Gothic style.

At the top of the castle stood a translucent woman who was almost as tall as the castle. She was wearing a complex, gorgeous, dark, and gloomy black dress. She didn't have a head, and there was a neat cut by her neck. Her drooping hands held four blonde heads with red eyes. If one looked closely, they would find that these brilliant-looking heads were exactly the same.

When Klein, who was disguised as the Dark Emperor, passed by, the four heads the woman carried blinked.

Klein didn't respond as he flew forward as though he hadn't seen her.

The woman slowly turned her body, letting the heads in her hand watch him depart.

What kind of monsters are these… As the thought flashed through Klein's mind, he saw the black cane plummet rapidly.

He hurriedly chased after it, once again experiencing the feeling of a free fall.

About eight seconds later, a faintly discernible collapsed building appeared in front of him.

Outside of the building floated a spirit world creature which resembled a giant jellyfish. It extended transparent, sticky tentacles, and pulled the surrounding area into its own "territory."

At the end of each tentacle grew a white skull with deep eye sockets. It kept shaking as it floated about with light but slow movements.

The black cane passed through the strange creature of the spirit world and hovered in front of the almost illusory collapsed building.

Found it? Klein was delighted at first before he solemnly glanced at the giant jellyfish that was waving its skull.

He made preparations for battle, but he didn't attack immediately. Instead, he tried to emit the profound dignity that came with the high level of the Dark Emperor card. His eyes indifferently stared at the eye sockets that were deeply recessed.

After three seconds of frozen silence, Klein said ancient Hermes in a low voice, "Leave!"

The tentacles supporting the skulls twitched twice; then, the giant 'jellyfish' slowly floated up, disappearing into the depths of the spirit world.

*This Dark Emperor card is still very useful… I was already considering throwing Mr. Azik's copper whistle. The descendants of Death should still have some standing in the spirit world… *Klein breathed a sigh of relief and descended, grabbing the black hardwood cane.

Then, he fell into the collapsed building ruin, with a sense of anticipation.

For him, even if the Church of Storms and the kingdom's military had found this place ahead of him and had taken away the most valuable items, he would still be satisfied as long as there were still some remaining.

*Even if there's nothing else, it'll be sufficient for me to explore an elven ruins and see what information they left behind… *When Klein passed through an ethereal "barrier" that resembled a curtain, he felt the air around him suddenly become thick and heavy.

A shimmering wave of light appeared around him, coming from the deep blue water that filled the area.

At the bottom of the sea was an ancient, dark ruin. All the buildings had either collapsed or half-collapsed.

A huge pillar, carved with strange patterns and symbols, extended out from the middle. It appeared to be heading straight up to the top, as if it had supported the place in the past, but now it was broken and was leaning on the top of a nearby building.

Klein recognized this place, as well as the pillar. It was the hiding place of Sea God Kalvetua, a hidden place where reality blended with the spirit world.

At this very moment, an unwilling, pained, angry, and crazed scream echoed in the air. It didn't weaken in the slightest. That scream was precisely the same howl of hatred that Kalvetua had let out before its death.

*It's really dead… *Holding the black cane, Klein landed on the greenish-gray stone road in front of the ancient ruins.

On both sides of the road stood pillars that were neither thick nor tall, and on them were also strange patterns that were different from the symbols and magic labels from before.

At the bottom of each stone pillar, there was a figure sitting beside it. Some of them wore ancient robes, while some wore brown jackets that were fashionable nowadays.

As soon as they sensed someone approaching, they raised their swords, axes, and other weapons, stiffly but quickly. They turned to where Klein was, revealing their weathered, grayish-black faces and their shriveled bodies which were devoid of any flesh or blood.

Their eyes—feverish and numb—were fixed on Klein, who was wearing a black crown and black armor.

Kalvetua's devotees… However, this also means that the Church of Storms and the kingdom's military haven't found this place yet… Klein sighed and injected his spirituality into the Sun Brooch. He muttered a word in ancient Hermes, "Holy!"

He activated the Sun Brooch's Holy Oath, and through the corresponding word in ancient Hermes, he temporarily added a Holy attribute to the damage he dealt with his attacks.

Pa!

Klein flicked his wrist and threw his cane.

He bent his body slightly and charged towards the first "Sea God Guard" who came rushing over.

While running at high speed, Klein suddenly turned left and dodged the enemy's axe. He then swung his arm backwards and used his cane to draw a clear grayish-white crack on the enemy's body.

Pure golden flames silently rose from within the crack, wrapping around the Sea God Guard and burning it until it was on the verge of collapse.

Bam!

Klein exerted strength into his feet and stomped past the enemy.

Behind him, the completely desiccated Sea God Guard finally collapsed, turning into ashes within the golden flames.

Tap. Tap. Tap! Klein bent his back, quickly moving forward, sometimes to the side, and sometimes diagonally as he passed by each of the Sea God Guards.

At the same time, he brandished his cane, whipping, stabbing, cleaving, and slashing, leaving different marks on the guards that resembled dessicated corpses.

Tap! Tap! Tap! Klein passed through the road and arrived in front of the half-collapsed ruins.

Behind his gently fluttering black cloak, the Sea God Guards bloomed into golden torches, lighting up the greenish-gray stone slate and the patterned pillars.

Amidst the chaos, the guards fell down, one after the other, and no longer moved.

Klein went up the steps and entered the building where the half-collapsed pillars were.

The first thing that entered his vision was an unimaginably huge blue sea serpent. The scales all over its body were slippery, and they were covered with patterns that were similar to the symbols inside the ruins.

Its gaping jaws bit into a pillar, its curved milky-white fangs sinking in.

Its body below its head height was slumped across the ground. Its coiled body occupied about a third of the expansive hall, like a small, blue hill. However, its surface was covered in wounds with mangled blood and flesh. Even its bones could be seen.

A mysterious cyan light had already gathered over its body as it crept slowly towards one of its fangs that was longer than a human arm. This caused the slightly curved sharp bones to slowly straighten up.

Its dying cry reverberated in the air, causing Klein's corporeal Spirit Body to show signs of instability.

At this moment, an old man wearing a clergyman's cap was lying beside Kalvetua's body.

His hair was gray, and his body was like a gray rock. He stuck his face tightly to the serpent's body, making incomprehensible sounds from his throat. His actions were an unknown.

Around the gigantic serpent's corpse were dessicated corpses. They were similar to the Sea God Guards outside, but they were even more bizarre. Their stomachs bulged to the point of rupturing. In addition, their mouths were stained with dark red blood and had strips of bluish meat hanging from them.

The blue dots of light also leaked out from their bodies, rushing towards the white fang that was gradually straightening up.

Before Klein could figure out what such a scene signified, the old man in the clergyman's cap, who was lying on top of Kalvetua, stood up in a staggered manner and turned around.

His eyes were flashing with a blue light, his mouth was covered in blood-red meat which he was using all his strength to bite into.

In the place where his face had been stuck to, the snake's body was mangled. It was missing a lot of flesh and blood, and even its bones were almost visible.

He was eating up the corpse of Sea God Kalvetua!

This… Klein frowned, roughly understanding what was happening.

After Kalvetua's death, the priest and guards in the hall lost control and began to frantically devour its flesh and blood.

At this point in time, the Beyonder characteristics had yet to appear completely. Kalvetua's body still contained a large part of it, and many

guards had problems with a potion overdose or conflicting pathway characteristics. They broke down on the spot and died completely.

However, there were always people who were lucky enough to survive the sudden death, or there were those who lost control of themselves and became disgusting monsters, or those who directly skipped a few Sequences and became a powerhouse, or those who became lunatics with distorted demonic powers due to the mixture of pathway characteristics.

Regardless of which one it was, it was extremely dangerous!

Klein looked down from the surviving priest's face to see his belly bulging like a pregnant woman's.

A strong burgeoning and contraction appeared there, resembling a huge heart.

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CHAPTER 548
TRICK TO DEALING WITH LARGE CREATURES

In the ruins that was filled with seawater and was half fused with the spirit world, Klein stood at the door of the central hall, wearing full body black armor. Inside was the the gigantic blue serpent's body that was being mutilated for food and the old priest with his bulging stomach.

The latter's skin was a grayish-black, as though it had become dessicated from prolonged exposure to the wind. His eyes flickered with an azure-blue glow as he stared intently at the "guest" who wore a black crown, as though he was considering where he should start his meal from.

Without any hesitation, Klein reached into his body with his right hand and took out a brown translucent bottle.

Then, he stretched out his left palm and quickly unscrewed the lid before casually flinging the Biological Poison Bottle to a corner of the hall.

In this environment, which was half submerged under the sea, other than Fire of Light which could consume the undead and evil, no other flames could exist; thus, it also limited two important powers of Klein's Magician Sequence. Therefore, he could only push his other advantages to the limit right from the very beginning.

At the same time as when he threw out the Biological Poison Bottle, Klein's left glove quickly became resplendent, as if he was reflecting the light of the noon sun.

Around his body, the undulating seawater was stained with a golden color as it spread outwards, layer after layer.

This was the Priest of Light's power from the Creeping Hunger, Light of Purification!

The old priest who had eaten part of Sea God Kalvetua's body was certainly not civilized and polite enough to just watch Klein prepare for battle in a chivalrous manner. The blue light in his eyes suddenly bloomed, and his bloated belly once again swelled.

Howl!

An ethereal, yet mournful sound came from his body, instantly covering the entire ruins.

This voice was like the song of a nightingale, beautiful and also melodious at the same time. It was also cold and bone-piercing, one that penetrated right to the soul.

Klein was frozen in place. Similarly, all his thoughts seemed like they had been blasted by extremely cold waves and instantly froze.

The old priest's body swelled up in an instant, as if he was a resurrected Kalvetua or a giant that had walked out of a mythical legend.

One after another, blue slippery tentacles, all surrounded by silver lightning, emerged from under his ripped robe. They shot out and danced in the air, striking the stunned Klein.

Sizzle!

With a burst of silver light, Klein was sent flying before falling heavily at the doorway. The black armor on his body dimmed instantly and cracked, and he had subconsciously thrown the cane in his hand far away.

His mind remained abnormally calm. In a situation where he was almost frozen, he didn't even have the thought of using Paper Figurine Substitutes and had ended up taking on the blow head-on.

If it weren't for the Dark Emperor card and Azik's copper whistle which were simultaneously reinforcing his Spirit Body, with him essentially being a Sequence 6, he would've been seriously injured and even killed instantly.

The tentacles surged over again and struck down.

Klein, who was jolted awake by the electricity, agilely somersaulted away, barely dodging the attack.

He glanced at the man's body. He turned around immediately and ran out the door without any hesitation. It was a determined and decisive action.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

As Klein ran and flew as though he was pathetically fleeing for his life, the old priest's silver-lightning enshrouded blue tentacles were chasing him from behind in a bid to pull him back into the hall, but Klein would nimbly change direction, dodging with his agile movements and timely somersaults.

Seeing that things weren't going as he wished, the old priest's belly expanded once again, and his cold voice resounded in the ruins.

But this time, Klein was prepared. Although his body remained stiff and bogged down, it was soaked by the seawater before turning into a pile of soggy paper.

At last, the old priest moved. With heavy but swift steps, he attempted to catch up to his enemy.

The colossal figure rushed to the door, and the colossal figure slammed onto the collapsed roof and wall with a bang!

The door here was originally large enough for a creature like Kalvetua to pass through, but the collapse of the ruins and the madness of this Sea God before its death had caused the place to collapse. The collapsed rubble left the door with an opening that was two meters tall and one meter wide. As for the old priest whose mind was clearly abnormal, he had slammed right into it, causing him to be stuck.

Klein, who had been waiting for this opportunity, stopped and turned around.

He half-closed his eyes, straightened his back, and spread open his arms.

A beam of golden light descended from the sky, pounding the old priest's body directly.

Patches of his robe that hung over his body had ignited, and his grayish-black skin and flesh fell to the ground in chunks, melting and evaporating under the pure radiance.

It was only then that Klein made out what the oddity in the old priest's belly was.

The swelling was intense, especially in several areas, forming the complete outline of two eyes and a mouth.

It was as if there was someone hiding inside the old priest's stomach, putting their face there in an attempt to escape.

*Bang! *

The old priest exerted strength with his legs which were covered by the black serpent skin, causing him to be thrown backwards from the collapsed door. Rocks were sent flying and the seawater surged.

He finally broke away from the pillar of light, but most of his body was covered in hideous wounds caused by the collapse of his flesh. Even his

"face" was filled with signs of melting.

Tap! Tap! Tap! The old priest's blue tentacles flailed in the air, bringing with them silver lightning as they lashed at Klein from all directions. The "face" at his abdomen would occasionally make a sound that made the Spirit Body quieten down.

Klein engaged in either running, somersaulting, circling, or calmly twirling around with his opponent. He would go in the opposite direction when his opponent headed in one, just like a wild dance between two people.

During this process, he relied on Paper Figurine Substitutes to withstand the ethereal, yet cold shrieking again and again. Occasionally, he would let out a roar and use a Wraith's shriek to agitate the old priest, forcefully interrupting the "face" in his abdomen from producing any sounds.

Time passed, second by second, and the crazy, old priest who had been keeping his hands down, suddenly raised them and pressed them against his stomach.

He pulled with his arm, forcefully tearing the silhouette of the mouth into a gash.

Blue pus gushed out of it as a dense array of sharp teeth grew out.

With another roar, the seawater around him gushed towards the mouth, forming the terrifying whirlpool that Kalvetua had previously created.

Klein, who was dressed as the Dark Emperor, was sucked in, and the lightning tentacles around him were retracted, about to embrace him.

Klein didn't panic, and the glove on his left palm quickly transformed, looking as if it was made of pure gold.

While floating in midair, he stared at the "face" on the old priest's abdomen and the seawater whirlpool below him. His eyes suddenly flashed with two

bolts of lightning.

Interrogator's Psychic Piercing!

The old priest suddenly froze as the "face" in his abdomen wrinkled, and the terrifying suction force from the whirlpool instantly collapsed.

In the waves that were rushing backwards, Klein lowered his body and swam through the weak spots like a fish, dodging the random flailing of the blue tentacles.

He rushed to the old priest's side amidst the constantly flashing silver lightning, and at some point in time, the color of his gloves had changed to a pale green.

The muscles on Klein's back bulged as he threw out two punches, striking the old priest's thigh in the vicinity of his knee.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Flesh and blood splattered from the cold-emitting punches. His right leg was covered in a thin layer of frost, and the surrounding seawater was completely frozen.

This was a Zombie's control over ice!

As the old priest cried out in pain, he retracted his whip-like tentacles, illuminating the entire ruin with silvery light.

At that moment, Klein wasn't greedy and stopped just in time. He continuously somersaulted backwards, avoiding the crazy attack that scorched the stone slabs on the ground.

He stood up, and while the old priest was still frozen in place, the glove on his left palm once again glowed with the color of the sun.

Klein straightened up and took a pose of praising the sun.

A thick, bright, and holy pillar of light descended once more, enveloping the old priest in it.

Klein saw the grayish-black flesh of his enemy quickly disintegrate. The skin of the "face" on his enemy's abdomen melted, revealing the situation inside—inside the old priest's abdomen, the heart, stomach, intestines, and other organs were mashed together, forming the face of a sea serpent.

Kalvetua actually still has a little of its soul left… The will of a demigod is truly beyond my imagination… Klein somersaulted again, dodging the blue tentacle that thrust at him like a spear.

Wrapped with lightning, the tentacles, which had been melted away by the pillar of holy light, stabbed into the ground, twitching, twisting, and squirming.

The bright and clear light quickly disappeared, and the sinister serpent's face on the old priest's abdomen stubbornly opened its mouth once again.

At that moment, the old priest himself had bent his waist and let out a fit of violent coughs. The effort on the serpent's face came to an abrupt halt.

The Biological Poison Bottle had finally shown its effects!

Klein didn't miss the opportunity. He stood up straight again and spread his arms out as though he was hugging the sun.

A pillar of light with many golden flames illuminated the area. The old priest's figure first bent before shrinking, as if evaporating into thin air. The serpent face at his abdomen let out a shrill cry before completely vanishing.

By the time the light dissipated, the old priest had returned to his original size. His bones had almost melted, with pieces of grayish-black flesh still hanging from his body.

His aura quickly dimmed as his spirit rapidly disintegrated.

Klein rushed over and, relying on his state as a wraith, began to channel his spirit.

He wanted to confirm if the old priest was guilty of heinous crimes.

He felt that he needed to maintain his bottom line, which was something he wished for and a precaution against corruption and madness.

All of a sudden, he saw images of the old priest presiding over the living sacrificial rituals.

Without hesitation, Klein reached out with his left hand to let the long-starved glove taste a delicacy.

Flesh, blood, spirituality, and bone quickly surged into the gaping mouth of his palm, along with specks of blue light that came with some darkness.

During the spirit channeling, Klein confirmed that the old priest was previously a Soul Assurer. His potion formula and Beyonder ingredients all came from the Church of the God of Combat from the Feysac Empire. And by the time he became a Sea God Guard, he had already lost his mind and could only obey orders. After the death of Kalvetua, he had followed his instincts and eaten the flesh and blood of the deity he believed in, and in the end, the conflicting characteristics turned him into a monster.

Just as Creeping Hunger was satiated, all the Beyonder characteristics on the ground suddenly stirred, turning into a hurricane and sweeping into the hall before plunging into the white fang that was no longer curved.

When Klein looked over, he saw that Kalvetua's remnant corpse had completely collapsed into something that resembled mud. As for the serpent fang which had absorbed all the Beyonder characteristics of the area, it had become a short scepter, quietly embedded in a half-collapsed pillar.

On the tip of the white scepter, there were many tiny blue 'gems' embedded there. Some of them dyed in black and others with the light of dawn.

Seeing that Creeping Hunger was satiated, Klein rushed into the hall, cautiously approaching the scepter.

Before he really came into contact with the scepter, he heard layers of illusory prayers ringing in his ears, and he saw illusions. He saw worshipers prostrating and praying, as well as members of the Resistance crying over the shattered statues of their god.

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CHAPTER 549
HIGH ELF

As the layered sounds of the illusory pleas rang in his ears, Klein felt as though he possessed a corporeal body. The deepest part of his head throbbed with pain, so much so that he yearned to slam his head into the wall to alleviate the pain with more pain.

The scenes of different people praying to him made him feel an uncontrollable and abnormally terrifying sense of dizziness. It was as if he was walking the edge of a deep abyss and could fall down at any moment.

It was only because he had his Spirit Body reinforced with the Dark Emperor card and Azik's copper whistle, as well as being accustomed to being prayed to, which had prevented him from losing control straight away like other non-demigod Beyonders. They would've already collapsed to the ground in pain, turning into a monster or erupting into a mess of flesh and blood.

All of the Beyonder characteristics in this area have combined together to form a Sealed Artifact with the help of the serpent fang. Moreover, the degree of danger and negative effects have far surpassed that of a Grade 2 Sealed Artifact… Klein didn't rashly move forward but instead took a few steps back and left the area where the praying voices were concentrated, to ease the pain and dizziness that would've caused his Spirit Body to collapse.

He stood next to Kalvetua's mashed body which resembled slush, and he stared at the white scepter that was embedded in the half-collapsed pillar. He considered how he could take it away.

At the same time, he naturally chose a name for the Sealed Artifact: Sea God Scepter!

Yes, from the feelings and reaction just now, I can barely get close to it and pull it out, but I can only last a few seconds. There's no way for me to hold it or use it… However, it doesn't matter. Once I have it in my hand, I'll terminate the summoning ritual and return above the gray fog. There, I can effectively block the thousands of prayers and any of the still-unknown negative effects. It will allow me to study it with ease… Klein quickly came up with an idea.

In his wraith state, he could instinctively communicate with the spirit world to receive a revelation without the need to toss a coin.

His spiritual intuition told him that doing so wouldn't be too dangerous.

After making up his mind, Klein began to clean up the mess and take the opportunity to see what he could find in the ancient elven ruins.

He first headed to the corner and picked up the translucent Biological Poison Bottle, screwed the lid back on, and stuffed it into his body. Then, he turned around to find an iron cigar case that was half-hidden beneath the slushy remains of Kalvetua.

This… I thought it had been swallowed by Kalvetua and corroded into dregs… Klein clicked his tongue in wonder and quickly walked over.

Because he had been left feeling numb from the discharged electric currents from the seawater, he raised his right hand, allowing the iron cigar case to float slowly in the air before landing in his palm.

Klein glanced around and saw that the surface of the iron cigar case was covered with corrosion marks. However, it was still barely usable. As for the other items that were sucked away by the seawater whirlpool back then, there were no signs of them.

The aura of the gray fog made Kalvetua uncomfortable, so it vomited it out right away, or has this iron cigar case undergone some sort of mutation that makes it not prone to corrosion, allowing it to survive until Kalvetua died? Amidst his puzzlement, Klein placed the cigar case into his body, planning to study it after he left.

Under such circumstances, he was in a race against time. He couldn't afford even the slightest delay, because Klein didn't know when the Church of Storms and the kingdom's military would find this place!

He walked around the half-collapsed pillar from a distance and entered the rear of the hall which had almost completely collapsed.

There should've been many murals here, but with the destruction of the walls, they had all disappeared. Klein flew all the way to the end before seeing about a third of an exquisite throne being buried by stones and pillars.

On the left side of the throne, there was half of a mural that depicted a confrontation between two figures.

Looking down on the enemy from above was a man treading waves with dark clouds above him. He seemed to have storms draped over him as he had relatively softer features. His contours had an oriental trait from Klein's past life. He held a spear formed of pure lightning in his hand against an ocean that had drowned everything.

Beneath the man was a man wearing a simple white robe. His face was blurry, and it was difficult to discern his age. It was only barely possible to tell that he was a man.

There was a halo behind the head of the white-robed man. It quietly emitted a bright light like the sun.

Beneath his feet was an illusionary circle with twelve segments. Each segment had symbols representing different times.

Behind him was a shadow that was like a curtain, and within the shadows, it appeared as though there was an eye peeking out from it.

Relying on his solid foundation in mysticism and rich knowledge from many sources, Klein quickly made an interpretation.

Waves, storms, dark clouds, lightning… This should be the ancient god, Elf King Soniathrym… Indeed, he's just like the legends, with the rather soft facial features of an elf… This ancient Lord of Storms doesn't give off any irascible vibes, and his looks are surprisingly good. Heh, this is a mural in an elven ruin, so it's normal for them to beautify their own deity…

The sun-like halo and the twelve circular segments that symbolizes time, this… Isn't this the father of Amon and Adam, the Creator who's known in the outside world as the ancient Sun God and is revered in the City of Silver as the omnipotent and omniscient God? There's a shadow curtain behind him, and behind it hides an eye… Yes, one of the images of the True Creator is the Eye behind the Shadow Curtains 1!

As expected, this is the Creator who took back the ancient gods' authorities with eight King of Angels following him?

Is this mural a depiction of Elf King Soniathrym's battle against the Creator?

Klein retracted his gaze and began searching for something of value.

Following his spiritual intuition, he came to the throne, reached into the base of the collapsed stones and pillars, and pulled out an object.

It was a flattened golden wine cup.

Its surface was engraved with intricate patterns, and its wine leg was already bent. At the bottom was a row of elven words: "Calamity, Cohinem."

The original owner of this ruin is a high elf named Cohinem? Did he, or should I say "He" have the title of Calamity? Hmm… It matches the Book of Calamity that Leticia and company found. Both ruins should belong to the high elf, Cohinem, and there should be some kind of miraculous connection between them… Unfortunately, this golden wine cup is just a simple wine cup. It carries a bit of spirituality simply because it's inscribed with the true name of the high elf… If Cohinem hadn't fallen, just a real name would imbue the wine cup with extraordinary powers. What a pity… Klein initially judged that Cohinem was completely dead because Sea God Kalvetua had inherited his powers.

However, Klein couldn't be too sure, because despite it being hundreds or thousands of years later, the Book of Calamity still had the quality of driving Leticia, a Beyonder whose Sequence wasn't too low, to lose control.

Furthermore, it doesn't seem like it's something Sea God Kalvetua was capable of… Could the high elf, Cohinem, have the ability to split his Beyonder characteristics? Kalvetua only inherited a portion. Most of the remaining Beyonder characteristics is the source of the Book of Calamity's unique quality?

Cohinem is dead, but he hasn't completely perished?

Of course, Kalvetua, who swallowed Cohinem's Beyonder characteristic, was just a beast without intelligence. No one knows what happened at that time; perhaps some of the characteristics were lost and formed a Sealed Artifact. After Kalvetua's defeat, it fell into the hands of the Church of Storms…

Yes, I'll ask Little Sun via The World at the Tarot Gathering next week. He should know who Cohinem is. Actually, there's no need to ask; he'll be offering two pages of ancient god legends. Perhaps there might be a detailed description of high elves next time…

After thinking it through, Klein stuffed the wine cup into his body. After all, this was made of gold, and even if the high elf, Cohinem, wasn't dead and

had some sort of connection with the wine cup, the gray fog could still block him out.

After a thorough check, and seeing that there was nothing of note, Klein quickly flew back outside and picked up the black hardwood cane before wiping out any traces of the battle.

Then, he took out a paper figurine. With a casual shake, he threw it into the seawater, causing it to quickly turn soggy before reducing to dust.

The earlier parts can be interfered with, but I won't have the time or opportunity for the rest… Luckily, I am now disguised as Dark Emperor… As for the remains of Kalvetua, his flesh no longer have any value, and his bones are too heavy. It might affect my ability to wield the Sea God Scepter… With the help of Cogitation, Klein stabilized his state and quickly flew towards the white bone staff on the half-collapsed pillar.

Again, the sounds of illusory pleas filled his ears. Either pious, crying, fanatic, or numbed worshipers filled his vision, and the throbbing and dizziness became more and more intense.

Relying on his rich experience and the Spirit Body reinforcement from using the Dark Emperor card and Azik's copper whistle, Klein barely managed to hold on until he finally arrived beside the Sea God Scepter.

He extended his right hand, and he grasped the middle section of the white-boned scepter.

As soon as the two made contact, the scene before Klein's eyes became clear, and the buzzing sound beside his ears instantly became real.

He saw the bald, wheelchair-bound rebel, Kalat, collapsed on the ground, struggling to reach the shattered figurine of Kalvetua, chanting its honorific name over and over, his eyes filled with despair.

He saw Edmonton, with his blue sea serpent tattoo, prostrating himself in front of another Kalvetua figurine which was strangely bleeding, constantly knocking his head against the ground, creating a bloody mess.

In the slums, he saw believers hiding in their homes, weeping and praying numbly.

…

Klein's black armor couldn't support his body anymore as it quickly collapsed.

At the same time, his solidified "muscles" tightened as he exerted strength with his hands. Amidst the layers of resonating prayers and numerous clear scenes, he suddenly pulled out the short white bone staff that symbolized the Sea God's authority!

Whoosh!

The seawater in the ruins surged violently, either churning or transforming into a whirlpool.

Klein calmly held onto the Sea God Scepter with his pitch-black crown before immediately vanishing. He directly returned above the gray fog.

When the familiar towering palace entered his sight, the sounds of praying and the hallucinatory scenes in front of him had already disappeared.

Sitting on the high-back chair belonging to The Fool, Klein lifted his right hand and examined the Sea God Scepter inlaid with blue gems and stained with some darkness and the light of dawn.

Countless points of light floated around the Sealed Artifact. Each point of light seemed to correspond to a praying believer. This caused the milky-white body of the scepter to glow with psychedelic and holy streams of light.

At this moment, Klein felt like this scepter was the true body of the Sea God!

Footnotes:

Ch 549 Footnote 1

Author's note: See Chapter 93.

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CHAPTER 550
THE NEGATIVE EFFECTS OF THE SEALED ARTIFACT

After some wrestling with the Sea God Scepter, Klein gained a preliminary understanding of its powers.

It could create tsunamis, create hurricanes, produce torrential rain, and bring forth lightning. It could allow a person to fly in the sky and roam the seabed with almost no restrictions.

It was nearly indestructible and could be used to smash an enemy's head in. It allowed the wielder to never get lost without the existence of any other powerful factors. It would provide an unimaginable level of balance, drive many sea creatures to do one's bidding, respond to prayers from believers, and also allow the wielder to obtain the same kind of strength as a sea monster. It was equivalent to making the wielder the ruler of an entire expanse of the sea.

To Klein, this was already considered at the level of a deity. Even on Earth, he could resist an aircraft carrier formation!

Although he was Sequence 6 with plenty of pragmatic Beyonder powers, making him a genuine powerhouse, a legendary figure, in the eyes of ordinary people, he was still weak in essence. He was still closer to Man rather than God. If the situation was right, a revolver would be able to finish him off. Of course, his resurrection and act of climbing out of a coffin was a whole other matter.

As for the powers of the Sea God Scepter, they had all surpassed the level of Man. In the folklore and in the hearts of the common man, he possessed the powers of deities and devils.

No wonder Beyonders are called demigods from Sequence 4. They truly are more like God than Man… Klein silently sighed with emotion, and then he made a self-deprecating comment.

If I use the Sea God Scepter under normal circumstances, I can already be a high-ranking deacon of the Nighthawks, becoming one of the twenty-odd people with the most power in the Church… If Ince Zangwill didn't have 0-08 and was at sea, I could immediately seek revenge on him. There might even be a small chance of success.

But can I use the Sea God Scepter normally?

No…

Klein had already discovered that the negative effects of the Sea God Scepter were staggering. In the Church of Evernight, it could easily obtain the evaluation of a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact, and countless researchers would have to die to figure out the best sealing and usage methods.

The Sea God Scepter had a total of three negative effects.

First, it made the wielder irritable, making them prone to anger and turning rash as a result.

Second, it periodically froze all thoughts of biological creatures in a certain range before draining their blood, including the wielder's. As for how huge the range was and what the exact period was, Klein, who wasn't a professional researcher, couldn't give a precise description. He could only give a rough estimate that the range was from 600 meters to 1 kilometer and the period was 20 minutes to 35 minutes.

Third, it would gather and display the prayers of worshipers, both audio and visual. This very easily caused a non-demigod wielder, who had a lacking spirit, to break down and lose control.

The first negative effect is still alright. If I were to only use it for a short period of time, the anger and irritation would still be acceptable. To put it simply, I'll just end things rashly with such a powerful Sealed Artifact…

For the third, there's actually a way to avoid it. The Sea God's response to its believers must have a distance limitation. That is to say that beyond the Rorsted Archipelago and the nearby sea regions, there would be no "signal," so one wouldn't be influenced by it. Yes… if it's constantly placed above the gray fog, I believe this can break the distance limitation. The prayers' voices and scenes would be screened, turning into points of light. It wouldn't affect me in any way. I can then choose whether to reply, who to reply to, and how to reply…

And when replying, I can use the powers of the Sea God Scepter…

The biggest problem is the second one. I myself am fine. As Dark Emperor, I'm considered a wraith; I wouldn't have blood, so there's no need to be afraid of being sucked dry. However, the surrounding creatures will be in trouble. After all, it doesn't distinguish between friend and foe. Besides, the frequency is quite unpredictable… It's impossible for me to first discuss with the enemy when I encounter danger about changing our time and place.

Klein carefully thought about certain scenarios of him using the Sea God Scepter, but it all depended on the environment and accurate judgment, so it wasn't very feasible.

Phew… could its fate be to stay above the gray fog? When people like Amon attempt to creep up, I'll give them a bashing, no—a bolt of lightning.

Yes, there's another usage method. When people like Miss Justice and Mr. Hanged Man seek my help, I'm no longer limited to using paper angels. I

can provide rain and produce some wind… Of course, this can be done like the purifying powers of the Sun Brooch, using the paper angel as a vessel…

On some serious thought, I can fully appear like a true demigod above the gray fog, with the help of the Sea God Scepter…

Klein's mood gradually became better, as he had discovered that the Sea God Scepter wasn't completely unusable at the moment. It opened up many more options and avenues for him.

He withdrew his attention and once again looked at the white bone scepter with the blue gems embedded at the top. He pondered over another question, and that was whether or not he should respond to the prayers of the followers of the Sea God.

Kalvetua is already dead. There's no need to give those people another target of their faith…

But, even if the living priests and high-ranking members of the Resistance notice the abnormality and no longer receive any responses, they still wouldn't accept the worst outcome for a long period of time. People will often hold out hope and are accustomed to comforting themselves and hypnotizing themselves. This is especially the case when they're in a perilous situation with no hope to be seen. Just like the City of Silver, after two thousand years, they're still consecrating the Creator, believing that they had been abandoned and that they would receive a response one day…

That is to say that the fervent believers of the Sea God will not stop their live sacrifices just because they didn't receive a response, being unconvinced that Kalvetua has already perished. Instead, they will become worse, hoping to gain the favor of their god… Without years of promotions and setbacks, it will be difficult for them to realize the truth.

Without the support of a native deity like Kalvetua, the Resistance would probably fall entirely into Feysac's or Intis's camp. At that time, they would most likely be driven to do inhuman things, such as attacking places where

civilians gather, or to make children who still retain their innocence act as meat shields…

I need to give them some guidance. I need to tell them what the correct way of practicing their faith is, but I should only help them without burdening myself… I'm not responsible for saving their fates…

Klein gently rapped the edge of the long, mottled table and suddenly chuckled.

Wasn't I supposed to act? Sea God Kalvetua is quite a good target.

I wonder if I'll get any feedback with the gray fog's interference.

Heh heh, I have to give it a try to figure it out.

Klein quickly made his decision, feeling strangely refreshed.

He deliberated for a moment. First, he conjured a necessary scene, then he held onto the Sea God Scepter, spreading out his spirituality before touching one of the points of light.

…

In a hidden cave in the forest of Blue Mountain Island.

The bald rebel, Kalat, fell from his wheelchair, his eyes filled with despair and confusion as he crawled towards the shattered figurine of Kalvetua in front of him.

He vaguely sensed something, but he was unwilling to believe it. This meant that all of his persistence, all of his sacrifices, and all of his pain would become meaningless.

No… he screamed silently as he constantly muttered the honorific name of Sea God Kalvetua in an attempt to get a response from the deity.

With his elbows on the ground, his fingers reached into the soil as he moved towards the front of the shattered figurine one inch at a time. He picked up the head of the sea serpent that was carved out of stone, and he found that its eyes had collapsed inwardly to become a strange black hole, and its fangs were falling off one after another.

Kalat seemed to freeze; the light in his eyes seemingly vanishing.

It was at this moment that he suddenly saw a blurry figure. Behind the figure was a dark blue tsunami surging into the sky and streaks of silver lightning that branched out like tree branches.

Amidst his shock, Kalat instinctively lowered his head, an unimaginable sense of joy surging inside him.

He saw that the figure's feet were surrounded by waves, and there were hurricanes swirling around him. The figure was majestic and holy, high and almighty.

Then, he heard a calm and magnificent voice.

"I have returned."

As his voice echoed in the air, Kalat teared up for some inexplicable reason.

…

Ten minutes after Klein left the bottom of the sea ruin which was half-merged with the spirit world.

The seawater that filled this place suddenly churned and flowed backward. In just twenty to thirty seconds, the inside of the elven ruin was so dry that it resembled dry land.

A fresh hurricane blew in, bringing in breathable gas.

One figure after another descended from the hurricane, and leading them was a tall and brawny middle-aged man. He appeared to be in his forties with a face with firm and deep lines. His accentuated muscles filled with loose Storm priest robes.

He was none other than the Church of Storms Cardinal, Archbishop of the Rorsted Sea, high-ranking deacon of the Mandated Punishers, Sea King Jahn Kottman.

He had a pair of deep blue eyes, and his hair of the same color was twice as thick as a normal person's. They were like small worms or tentacles.

Behind Jahn Kottman were a number of Mandated Punishers and military personnel. They examined their surroundings expectantly and cautiously, not letting their guard down because of the demigod's protection up ahead.

At this moment, they heard a snort, and they were immediately swept up by a hurricane, arriving at the doorway of the ruin in one fell swoop.

They saw a huge sea serpent reduced to a sludge of flesh and blood, with its bone exposed. Other than that, there was nothing else.

"Who is it!" Jahn Kottman suppressed his anger and growled.

As he shouted these words, a sea wave crashed down from above.

The sea wave reverberated in the half-collapsed hall, quickly calming to form a windless lake.

The surface of the lake reflected the scene from before: An indiscernible figure pulling up a short white staff inlaid with blue gems, causing the sea to churn and the ruins to quake.

Jahn Kottman took a deep breath and turned his back to the crowd.

"Find him."

…

At that moment, Klein had selected a dozen or so believers to respond to, each of whom was relatively important, mainly by giving out a new covenant.

"I have returned, when the past is pardoned, I will redeem you.

"First commandment: Thou shalt not sacrifice unto me living human sacrifices."

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CHAPTER 551
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

"Second Commandment: Thou shalt not use my name in vain.

"Third Commandment: Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

"Fourth Commandment: Honor thy father, thy mother, and thy children as you love me.

"Fifth Commandment: Thou shalt not commit adultery.

"Sixth Commandment: Thou shalt not kill the innocent.

"Seventh Commandment: Thou shalt not bear false witness, frame, or violate contracts.

"Eighth Commandment: Serve me with your heart, not with your offerings.

"Ninth Commandment: Those who have committed lesser wrongdoings, first atone for your sins before seeking forgiveness.

"Tenth Commandment: Honor my name by helping your compatriots and companions."

One commandment after another echoed in the ears of the bald rebel, Kalat, causing him to completely prostrate himself. He held his head close to the ground, uncontrollably trembling slightly with reverence, fear, and excitement.

As a Mid-Sequence Beyonder, a rebel who had once been educated in the Feysac Empire, he had sufficient insight to understand that the worship of the Sea God was based more on fear—fear of powerful forces, fear of the fearsome natural risks that mankind faced, and many rituals that retained primitive bloodshed, a backward faith that reveled in inhumane and uncivilized practices, something that would be eliminated sooner or later.

However, the faith he had developed since he was young had made him afraid to go against the divine revelation. He could only bury the idea of modifying the ritual process deep in his heart and avoid the parts which conflicted with his own wishes as much as possible.

Now, the Sea God's sudden change left him extremely delighted. It was as if he could see the so-called "primitive totem," that outsiders claimed it to be, evolving into a true god.

Blessed are we; blessed are the rebels; blessed are the true believers… In his blurred vision, Kalat raised his head, spread his hands sincerely, and placed them against his mouth.

"I will abide by your teachings as if I am praising your name."

The blurry figure in front of him disappeared, the magnificent voice by his ears vanished, and the scene in the cave returned to its original state.

However, Kalat knew that everything was no longer the same.

He moved his elbows several times and quickly crawled back to his wheelchair. He once again sat on it and turned to the other side of the cave.

Kalat quickly met with Edmonton. This member of the Resistance with a blue sea serpent tattoo was standing in front of the deity figurine that was bleeding abnormally. His forehead was a mix of scarlet red and black, dirty and gruesome.

However, Edmonton's expression was joyful, excited, and satisfied. He looked at Kalat and blurted out, "Did you receive the revelation?"

"Yes, it's the aura of God, just like before." Kalat nodded in excitement. "Not only has God rebuilt the earth, but 'He' has also rebuilt his covenant."

Edmonton let out a sigh of relief.

"I was even suspecting that I was hallucinating before.

"It seems like as long as an outsider touches the holy sword, God will be able to walk the land again. There's no need for it to be completely lifted."

Kalat chimed, "Indeed. The reason why the deity figurine shattered and bled is because God has changed 'His' image. We must build a new one! Just like the scenes we saw earlier!"

"God also showed his Sacred Emblem. Above the symbol of the waves, there was a scepter in the shape of lightning, surrounded by strong winds," Edmonton said as he recalled.

Kalat immediately patted the armrest of his wheelchair.

"Let's find the High Priest right now. He should've also received the revelation.

"We will usher in a new world!"

…

Above the gray fog, Klein put down the Sea God's Scepter and rubbed his temples in exhaustion.

He had noticed a problem earlier. The Sea God Scepter could respond to ritualistic magic, which meant that it could provide a certain amount of strength to help the worshiper complete the ritual and achieve their goals.

However, it could only be concentrated within his domain and could not exceed the limit. Whatever could be done was relatively limited.

For example, the Evernight Goddess could use a method of influencing fate to let "Her" believers naturally obtain the money they needed and pay their debt. As for the Sea God Scepter, it could at most produce fake money on the altar, and after a while, it would become ineffective and return to its true form.

This is the difference between a false god and a true god…

Besides, apart from the gray fog, as long as it fulfills the procedure and prayer, the Sea God Scepter is capable of automatically responding to ritualistic magic, unless it will use up more than half of its power in one go… This might be why the steps to ritualistic magic are extremely important…

Above the gray fog, prayers will be screened, reduced to points of light. The Sea God Scepter is unable to automatically respond; hence, requiring me to manually handle them. This makes it relatively troublesome. It's impossible for me to stay here all day. Of course, there's also a benefit to it—as long as the prayer doesn't have any mistakes, and it is accurately pointed towards the Sea God Scepter, regardless of how perfunctory the ritual is, they will be able to receive a response. The only criteria is that I'm in a good mood…

I'll think of a solution when I'm free. I'll make it so that even if the Sea God Scepter is above the gray fog, it will be an automated answering machine… Produce a paper angel? That's useless, as it doesn't have any soul injected into it… Make a mechanical and rigid puppet to handle the repeated and trivial ritualistic magic? Hmm… I wonder if a Nimblewright Master has powers related to this. At the very least, Rosago only showed traits of controlling a person like a puppet…

As Klein's thoughts slowly settled, his eyes moved to the iron cigar case.

After some research, he discovered that this cigarette case that had a severely corroded exterior had undergone some abnormal changes. It was firmer, tougher, and more resistant to corrosion. However, it was still within a comprehensible and acceptable range of normal humans.

It isn't equipped with any special properties… However, if it were placed here for a few years, decades, or even longer where it holds Beyonder characteristics and mystical items, perhaps it could really evolve into a "sealing case" whose effects would gradually fade one day… The corner of Klein's mouth twitched, and he turned his head to look at the junk pile in the corner.

They were covered by the gray fog, almost blending in with the surroundings.

*Heh heh… *Klein laughed dryly and looked away.

He fiddled with the crushed golden wine cup again, confirming that there was nothing wrong with it.

After doing all this, he entered the real world and summoned himself once more to bring the Sun Brooch and other items back to his room in the inn.

At this very moment, the clouds in the sky had disappeared, and the moon was scattering its crimson tranquility. The entire City of Generosity, Bayam, remained asleep in its dreams.

…

9 a.m., Cathedral of Waves.

Alger was summoned, and by using the excuse of a confession, he once again met the diocese bishop, Chogo.

"Look for this person." Chogo handed over the portrait in his hand.

Another mission… What's going on recently? Alger muttered in his mind as he unfolded the piece of paper.

When he saw the contents of the portrait, he almost couldn't control his laughter.

It was impossible to tell if the figure in the portrait was male or female, or what they looked like. How was he supposed to find them? In a split second, he thought of something and didn't try to hide his change in mood. Instead, he deliberately blurted out, "Who is this?"

The portrait depicted an unusually blurry and mysterious person, with no characteristics that could be used to aid in a search.

*There was no such mission yesterday… A sudden demand to pursue this person this morning… What happened last night? Hmm, Kalvetua perished completely… With that happening, the Church and the military would definitely search for its remains… Symeem Island is the clue? This person took away the most important item ahead of them? Who is this person? *Alger's heart skipped a beat, and he almost didn't dare meet Chogo's eyes.

Chogo nodded.

"A dirty, despicable thief! He may be from Intis or Feysac, and he may belong to the Church of the Eternal Blazing Sun or the Church of the God of Combat."

*Someone from Intis or Feysac, or someone from the Church of the Eternal Blazing Sun or the Church of the God of Combat? Why would there be such a guess and conclusion? His Eminence Jahn Kottman only received little information at the scene and was unable to pinpoint the target? In this case, it's indeed possible to presume that this person is from either Intis or Feysac, as the main supporters of the Resistance and Kalvetua are from those two countries. Heh heh, there is reason to believe that they may have already known where Kalvetua was hiding… It fits my theory from

before… Of course, it could also be something else… *Alger controlled his emotions and asked, "What did he do?"

"You don't need to know. Just pay attention to any abnormalities from people from Intis or Feysac in Bayam. Yes, also include the locals who have become Beyonders. Also, find the people who previously posted the notice on the front door of the cathedral. They might know something, and they could quickly give you further information," George ordered in a deep voice.

This is indeed a direction… This is tantamount to telling me that this person has something to do with the notice and the perishing of Kalvetua… I wonder whose hands Kalvetua's Beyonder characteristic landed in… Who… Right, The World is in Bayam. Something happened to Kalvetua not long after he came here! Could this be Mr. Fool's purpose? Would this help him in the process of removing the seal and regaining his strength? Alger's pupils contracted as he recalled his conjecture from a while ago.

…

When he woke up, Klein, who had reaped a bountiful harvest last night, was uplifted and in a good mood.

He decided to treat himself today and make sure that his three meals would be sumptuous and delicious.

As he pushed open the door and walked into the living room, he saw that Danitz was out of "bed," untying the bandage and splint around his arm.

He recovered that quickly? Klein was stunned for a moment.

Seeing Gehrman Sparrow look over, Danitz chuckled and said, "My ability at recovering isn't too bad. My Sequence 9 is called Hunter. I received a clear improvement in various aspects of my body, allowing me to surpass ordinary humans. When it comes to combat, I experienced a great enhancement. Besides, I'm already at Sequence 7."

Sequence 9 Hunter? I've killed one, and I know the corresponding Sequence 6's name is Conspiracist… Klein suddenly recalled the first enemy he encountered back when he first arrived in Backlund. It had sucked him into a maelstrom that he was almost unable to extricate himself from.

"Sequence 8, Provoker?" Klein asked in passing.

He had long since guessed Danitz's Beyonder pathway from his adeptness at using fire. It was the Red Priest pathway which Roselle had called a true man. Sequence 7 was called the Pyromaniac, also known in ancient times as Fire Mage.

Danitz froze for a second, thinking that Gehrman Sparrow was doubting him. He subconsciously raised his voice.

"Do you think I'm not good at provoking?

"No, I'm an expert in this field!"

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CHAPTER 552
POMP

Danitz threw the splint and bandages into the trash, flexed his left arm, and said, "Typically, a pirate's provocation is an insult, but I'm different. I do targeted insults.

"This requires one to grasp a lot of information and rumors, and also understand the provocation target. Only by doing this will you be able to make him lose his mind and cause his brain to be burnt out with a single sentence."

He paused for a second and said, "Just like with Steel. You can curse him, calling him dogsh*t, or you could curse his parents and captain, but that will be useless. However, if you do an action and throw in a line with that, he will definitely turn into a bull who only sees red."

With that, Danitz put his hands on his hips, held his crotch, and shouted in a low, scornful voice, "B*tch!"

…I really want to hit him… He lives up to being a Provoker… Indeed, Steel Maveti has such tendencies and hobbies, tsk… Klein loosened his subconsciously clenched fists.

"This is what you call 'professional provocation.'" Danitz spread out his hands in conclusion. "If I meet a beast, a monster, or someone who cannot be communicated with since they had lost control, I can proactively emit a feeling that they hate. This is a Beyonder power."

People with such Beyonder powers would either be great at receiving beatings, or they would be great at escaping. Clearly, you belong to the

latter… Klein cursed inwardly.

Without having to worry about his injured left arm, Danitz was in a good mood as he continued, "Actually, I'm very good at setting up traps. It's a pity that you didn't agree with my plan when hunting Steel Maveti."

Klein resisted the twitching of his mouth as he calmly replied, "You still have a chance."

"What chance?" Danitz asked out of curiosity.

"A chance to set up traps for Beyonders such as Steel. One by one, I'll introduce you to them." Klein smiled.

"…” Danitz was momentarily at a loss for words.

He knew very well that traps were often ineffective against a man who wasn't afraid of guns, projectiles, fire, or water.

Danitz let out a hollow chuckle and turned to look out the window.

"The weather has cleared up…

"Does that mean that the serpent, Kalvetua, is dead?"

Klein answered tersely without hiding the truth.

Danitz exhaled, hesitated, then said, "Regardless, after this city-wide sweep, few pirates will dare come to Bayam for some time. This will definitely include Admiral of Blood.

"Your plan of hunting him with Captain might have to come to an end. The Sonia Sea is so big, so it's very difficult to find a fleet that intentionally hides their whereabouts. Moreover, they can head for the Fog Sea, Berserk Sea, North Sea, and Polar Sea."

If it was that easy to kill a pirate admiral at sea, the Church and the military would've done it a long time ago! Let me return to the Golden Dream as soon as possible! Danitz lampooned under his breath.

Don't worry, I have a way, and this will be your job… Klein asked without batting an eyelid, "What's your Captain's opinion?"

He had already spent twelve pounds to obtain a radio receiver through Fors, but he had been too busy with matters regarding the sea god to bother with it. Hence, he hadn't taken it out from the junk pile above the gray fog to bring to the real world.

Meanwhile, Klein had received the money from Miss Justice and Mr. Hanged Man, raising his fortune to 7,085 pounds and five gold coins.

A wealth at this level was enough to buy a rather large and productive manor anywhere.

If it wasn't for my revenge and my hope of finding a way back to Earth, I could've already retired… Klein thought in satisfaction.

*Captain's opinion… *Danitz forced a smile and said, "Although Captain and the others should've entered within a 500-nautical-mile radius, in theory, allowing the attempt of a Soulfall Ritual, you should know that the sea routes aren't entirely safe. Pirates have to be careful not to get caught by the military or the Church. For this, they often need to take detours.

"I believe we should wait another day before doing the Soulfall Ritual so as to prevent any wastage of energy and materials."

"Okay." Klein didn't give any affirmative answers and had turned towards the washroom.

He planned on heading out again today to search for a chance to act as another person.

Seeing Gehrman Sparrow's back, Danitz exhaled.

*I must first contact Captain in private and persuade her to let me return to the Golden Dream before I can use the Soulfall Ritual in front of you! Gehrman Sparrow is someone who likes to head out. I have plenty of opportunities and space. Heh heh, don't tell me that he enjoys shopping? *Danitz thought, curling his lips.

…

After leaving the Cathedral of Waves, Alger Wilson went straight for the Ralph Trading Company in reflection and found the owner, who was reading a newspaper.

He was well aware that this middle-aged man, in formal attire, a bow tie, and glasses, was a veteran pirate. He supported the Resistance in secret and reverently worshiped Sea God Kalvetua.

"What is it, our captain of a ghost ship?" Ralph put down the newspaper, crossed his right foot over his left, and smiled leisurely.

He was an illegitimate child. His father was an adventurer of Loen and Feysac blood, and his mother was a native. He had made his fortune by becoming a pirate, then being a merchant that did business with both pirates and the officials. He established a vast network of connections that provided him with help at the governor-general's office, the city council, and the police station.

Upon hearing Ralph's question, Alger almost frowned, because the man's attitude and tone were rather abnormal.

This abnormality was a state that wasn't in accordance with Alger's expectations.

In his opinion, after the fall of Sea God Kalvetua, he was certain that there would definitely be bad omens in the Rorsted Archipelago. The pious

believers would definitely sense that something was amiss, either feeling apprehensive or downcast, so how could they still be so relaxed and natural!

Alger didn't directly mention Kalvetua; instead, he chuckled and asked, "Do you know where Kovaro has been recently?"

Kovaro was the pirate captain who possessed the Beyonder characteristic of the Sanguine baron. It was said that he was once a sailor aboard the Dark Emperor, and that he was part of the periphery forces of the King of the Five Seas, Nast.

"Who knows? But he's surely not in Bayam; otherwise, he would've been caught in the raids in the past two days." Ralph shrugged his shoulders. "I heard that his boat went south."

Alger actually had an appointment with Kovaro on this matter, and he was only using it as a way to start the conversation.

Of course, he was well aware that to avoid the tsunami in the waters of the Rorsted Archipelago, Kovaro had definitely gone far away and would take some time before he returned to Bayam.

However, Alger wasn't too anxious, as he already knew that Mr. Moon had been given an acceptance draft. If he withdrew the sum before its maturity, he would receive a discounted value and lose a large amount of interest.

He deliberately nodded his head and said, "Got it, thank you for telling me."

At this point, Alger pretended to be unaware of what happened as he asked, "I heard that many Sea God figurines in many places shattered by themselves?"

He hadn't witnessed any instances of this himself, but he could make a reasonable deduction based on the Church's archives.

In many of the colonial islands and countries of the Southern Continent, more than one or two false gods like Kalvetua had been finished off by the seven Churches. What happened after their deaths had already long been recorded in the archives.

Ralph calmly nodded.

"Yes, there was such a thing.

"But that's not bad news."

His expression turned fervent.

"Because God has appeared over the land once again in a new image!"

*God has reappeared over the land once again with a new image? *Alger's eyes remained fixed on him, and he felt that this was both reasonable but also unexpected.

Judging from the Church of Storms's reaction, he was certain that Kalvetua was already dead. Then which Sea God was responding to the believers now?

Connecting it with his previous judgment, he quickly came up with a bold idea: *Is it an embodiment of Mr. Fool?*

He used Sea God Kalvetua's perishing to create a new identity? He can release his powers through the seal to directly affect an identity in the real world?

Is this the real reason for The World to come to Bayam?

Hiss, Mr. Fool really does things with pomp!

Alger secretly swallowed his saliva and suppressed his excitement.

…

In the Wind of Azure Inn, Klein, who had yet to leave, saw the stack of cash Captain Elland handed him.

"Here is your reward for a total of a hundred pounds."

He didn't mention how much Gehrman Sparrow and Danitz each received, but he gave a total amount. As for how exactly they would split the reward, that was something he left to them.

The military is really generous… Klein silently mused as he received the thick stack of cash, instinctively taking out two five-pound notes and tossing them to Danitz.

He lowered his wrist and finally drew another two ten-pound notes in an expressionless manner.

Gehrman Sparrow is still rather just, far more just than Just Elland… Danitz put away the reward in pleasant surprise. His wallet that had slimmed down quite significantly over the past couple of days had finally been replenished.

Glancing at Gehrman Sparrow in his new clothes, Elland asked, after some deliberation, with his boat-shaped hat in hand, "News from the Church of Storms has revealed that the person who posted the notices on the cathedral's door, informing them of the problem between Leticia and Sea God Kalvetua, was Blazing Danitz.

"What do you think about that?"

He stared straight into Danitz's eyes and waited for an answer.

"Haha." Danitz gave a hollow chuckle. "I don't know him."

Klein was silent for two seconds before saying, "While fulfilling a dead adventurer's wish, I came across Leticia and her companions at the inn.

"Snakes invaded our place in the middle of the night, but they easily resolved it.

"After returning to Bayam, I went to purchase some items from the Resistance and discovered that they had taken out their holy sword. Furthermore, there were two Mid-Sequence Beyonders guarding that small base.

"I felt a crazy will invade my body just by making contact with that holy sword for a moment, and I had nearly lost control on the spot.

"They were still after Leticia."

What Klein said was the truth; it wasn't the entire truth, but it was enough to infer the contents of the announcement.

Even if the kingdom's military and the Church of Storms were to investigate further, they would only be able to unearth the fact that Gehrman Sparrow could change his appearance.

After listening carefully, Elland sighed and smiled, "If there are such things in the future, you don't have to post notices in the middle of the night. You can come find me directly. This will allow you to reap even greater rewards."

He stood up, put on his hat, and said to Danitz, "I heard that the bounty for Blazing is going to rise again."

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CHAPTER 553
DANITZ'S HARD WORK

Bounty… The muscles in Danitz's cheek twitched as he forced a smile, pretending that he wasn't Blazing and that he didn't care.

When Elland left, he turned sharply to face Gehrman Sparrow and said, "I think we should move to another inn. No, we'd better leave Bayam as soon as possible!"

*If I'm worth a bounty of more than 5,000 pounds, I won't be safe anywhere! The pirates and adventurers who are at the same level as me would definitely rush over like sharks smelling blood! Prey that they can finish off while also proving themselves and giving them a high bounty are always very popular. They're worth no less than treasure! *Danitz suppressed even more of his inward shouting.

Klein didn't agree or disagree, he slowly smiled.

"Are you worried that your bounty will be too high?"

Danitz nodded heavily, finally feeling as though the madman, Gehrman Sparrow, was finally saying something sensible.

"Besides hiding, there are other solutions," Klein said as he walked over to the coat rack.

"What are they?" Danitz asked subconsciously.

Klein took off his half top hat and put it on his head.

"Raise your Sequence."

Let your strength match the bounty… He put on his coat, twisted the handle, and walked out of the suite.

Raise myself to Sequence 6? Become a Conspiracist? Danitz paused for two seconds, then he frowned and grimaced.

When he consumed the Sequence 9 Hunter and Sequence 8 Provoker potions, he didn't find it much of a problem. In fact, he began to long for finding the legendary treasures, obtain mid or high Sequence formulas and their corresponding materials to advance to a demigod, and then become the new king of the sea. However, the intense pain and discomfort brought to him by the Pyromaniac potion had left him in fear and apprehension. He didn't dare believe that he nearly lost control despite strictly following his captain's instructions of constantly provoking his opponents.

This forced Danitz to consider whether or not he was fine just getting rich so that he could return to Intis a rich man.

He stood there, troubled for several minutes. Finally, he thought of a question.

Even if I want to advance by consuming a potion, it's not something I can do in a short period of time. I'll still have to find the formula and collect the ingredients. It wouldn't be an easy task, and the new bounty might be released tomorrow or even today!

So, I must change inns and leave Bayam as soon as possible!

…

After Alger left the Ralph Trading Company, he casually went to a few places to inquire about the situation. When it was almost noon, he received a new report from the Church of Storms.

"It's confirmed that the person who posted the notices at the door of the cathedral is Blazing Danitz.

"Pay attention to his whereabouts."

Blazing Danitz… Alger held the slip of paper in his hand and ruminated over the name silently. The corners of his mouth curled up, and he no longer had any doubts in his mind.

With ease and certainty, he felt confident about going out to sea to hunt for materials.

This was because his quest would happen at sea and because Mr. Fool has a new identity: "Sea God!"

…

Having missed the morning's blue star, Danitz waited until four in the afternoon to attempt the Soulfall Ritual while Gehrman Sparrow was out.

He drew the God of Knowledge and Wisdom's Sacred Emblem with familiarity—an omniscient eye on an open book—with the appropriate altar set up.

Inside the wall of spirituality, he lit a candle and picked up the lavender and mint extract before dripping it onto the still burning flame.

A refreshing fragrance filled the air, and Danitz burned several more herbal powders.

Having done all this, he took a step back and said in ancient Hermes, "I pray for the power of knowledge;

"I pray for the power of rationality;

"I pray for the God of Wisdom's loving grace;

"I pray that you allow me to communicate with the spirit of Edwina Edwards, the teacher who pursues knowledge, the researcher of spirit world creatures, Vice Admiral Iceberg of the seas, who hails from Lenburg."

…

Whoosh!

Along with the echo of the incantation, the interior of the altar suddenly became cold. Apart from the three candles, the remaining brass dagger, the salt plate, the bottle of extract, and the fountain pen and paper all floated in midair.

Danitz waited nervously, not knowing what was going to happen next.

After nearly twenty seconds, the flames of the three candles began to sway, coloring the candles in a pale green color!

Danitz's body suddenly stiffened. He felt an icy chill invade his body in an irresistible manner.

He saw his feet move uncontrollably, and he took a step forward.

He saw his left hand rise and grab the black fountain pen and a piece of white paper.

He saw himself bend over with a pen in his left hand, quickly writing: "Is there something?"

The words were exquisite and artistic, very different from Danitz's own style.

It was only then that Danitz realized he could control his head and his throat.

"Captain, Sea God Kalvetua is dead!" He squeezed out his hoarse voice as though he was suffering from a heavy cold.

"Details." His right hand wrote smoothly.

This was the opportunity Danitz had been waiting for. He immediately recounted everything that had happened, including Gehrman Sparrow's visit to Symeem Island in order to fulfill some adventurer's dying wish, the possibility that Gehrman Sparrow had suffered the sea god's curse and how he easily resolved the problem after closing the door, including the madman's mistake of mistaking the ancient elven ruins as a Sea God ruin.

Towards the end, Danitz quickly added his own take on the matter.

"I believe that Admiral of Blood won't come to Bayam for quite a substantial period of time. Most famous pirates wouldn't.

"It will take at least half a year for this matter to pass.

"Captain, your hunting plan with Gehrman Sparrow might have to be shelved for the time being. I-I wish to return to the Golden Dream."

His left hand froze for a few seconds before writing: "Continue to follow Gehrman Sparrow, and be my contact point with him."

"Captain, y-you can teach him the Soulfall Ritual!" Danitz yelled hoarsely.

His left hand wrote: "This can only be done within 500 nautical miles, and in the case of the person holding the ritual, it would be quite risky for him. And you have our points of contact on the various islands. Those are things that cannot be told to outsiders."

Indeed… Gehrman Sparrow is just an outsider… But, Captain, I really want to go back to the Golden Dream! Danitz racked his brains and said, "Maybe we can invite him to be a guest on the ship. No, this…”

Suddenly an idea came to Danitz.

"Captain, he has a messenger! He has a messenger!

"A messenger that travels through the spirit world to deliver letters for him!"

This should be an unrestricted means of communication, and it should be more private and secure! I don't need to be the contact person anymore! Danitz thought in abnormal delight.

His left hand hung in midair for a few seconds before he wrote: "If that's the case, there's no problem.

"As the new year holiday is coming to an end, it's indeed time for you to return to the ship. You do have some talent in languages, but you still have quite a few problems in other areas. You need to attend more classes and work harder."

Danitz opened his mouth, but nothing came out of it.

He suddenly felt that returning to the Golden Dream wasn't anything to look forward to.

…

In the evening, Klein returned to the Wind of Azure Inn.

He didn't find a suitable target for acting despite an entire day's work. Due to the sweep from before, many pirates and adventurers that were wanted were arrested. The remaining ones continued hiding cautiously, not daring to go out at all. Whether it was the bars, casinos, or brothels, business was poor and there weren't many customers.

"So this is the situation." Danitz came over. He cleared his throat and gave a hollow chuckle. "It would be my first time using the Soulfall Ritual, and I

don't have much confidence. I did a test ahead of time, and haha, it succeeded. I managed to communicate with Captain, and she believes there's no chance to hunt Admiral of Blood any time soon. She plans on summoning me back to the Golden Dream. As for us communicating, don't you have a messenger? You can use the messenger to send Captain a letter."

My messenger was given by a bigshot, and it's not mine… Moreover, the messenger can only send messages back and forth between the owner and the owner of the token, without involving anyone else. Yes, it can also be between the host of a ritual and the owner… That reminds me, I have to find a way to get a messenger of my own, or many things will be inconvenient… As for the solution to this, obviously, it's to write to Mr. Azik who has to be an expert on the matter… Klein calmly pulled over a chair and sat down. He leaned forward and said in a low voice, "Tell your Captain that I have a way to find Admiral of Blood."

"Huh?" Danitz was stunned, having not expected such an answer.

Then, he saw the corners of Gehrman Sparrow's mouth slowly widen as he repeated, "Tell your Captain."

"…”

Danitz shivered. He didn't dare to make any inquiries as he forced a smile.

"We'll have to wait until the next blue star, which is between 11 p.m. and midnight tonight."

"Very good." Klein smiled as he praised.

But Danitz wasn't happy at all.

Klein stood up slowly, recollecting a special dish he had eaten for dinner, and he headed for the bedroom.

The food was called the Teativa, and translated into Loen, it was "meat within fruit." The cook used a giant local fruit, Teana, hollowed out its flesh, leaving only a solid shell; then stuffed it with mashed mutton and fish, followed by sea salt and several types of spices; and repeatedly roasted it over the fire. The meat was fresh, fragrant, and perfectly blended with the sweet and slightly sour flavor of the fruit.

Closing the door behind him, Klein first wrote a letter thanking Mr. Azik for his earlier guidance, then he asked again how he could have a messenger of his own.

After folding the letter, he took out his copper whistle and summoned the messenger.

The messenger didn't stay, disintegrating the moment it took the letter.

Phew… Klein rested for a moment, ready to enter the space above the gray fog to see if the prayers of the believers could bring him any useful information, such as who he could actually act as.

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CHAPTER 554
ACTING AS GOD

Above the gray fog, inside the palace that looked like a giant's residence.

Seated in The Fool's chair, Klein raised his right hand, allowing the Sea God Scepter to fly out of the junk pile and land in his palm.

He originally planned on placing this Sealed Artifact, that was on the level of a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact, beside his chair. This was to show respect to a demigod item, but after careful consideration, he believed that the Sea God Scepter was still unable to match up with the mysterious and powerful Fool, who was able to fight against the True Creator and Primordial Demoness. Only a Card of Blasphemy was barely qualified to match his status. Therefore, he threw the Sea God Scepter into the junk pile.

Looking at the blue dots surrounding the white bone staff, Klein willed them to split into preliminary categories.

Just as he had expected, those blue dots of light automatically split according to his will. Those that merely praised Sea God and were prayers with no clear reason sank to the bottom and then rapidly disappeared. Those regarding confessions and pleas floated upward and came closer to Klein's palm.

Following his spiritual intuition, he "tapped" one of the latter.

All of a sudden, he saw tall, surging waves and heard the violent whistling of a gust of wind.

A fishing boat was bobbing up and down in the undulating deep blue sea, as though it was ready to capsize at any moment.

Above the fishing boat, the natives were either hugging the mast or pulling on ropes, making their last-ditch efforts to survive. Many of them were panicking as they chanted the honorific name of Sea God.

Noticing that this was an ongoing prayer, Klein lifted the milky-white scepter.

At the tip of the scepter, the blue-colored "gems" emitted a halo of light one after another before they connected into one and shone onto the scene.

The fishermen were gradually losing all hope when all of a sudden, they felt the ship which had been thrown into the air stabilize.

They looked around in amazement and saw that the mountain-like waves had calmed down at some point, and the raging winds were slowly calming down, turning as mild as Zarhar beer.

The overbearing dark clouds in the sky dissipated, and a storm was forcefully pushed back by a mysterious force before it could fully assume its full form.

The fishermen quickly recovered from their dazed states and understood what had happened.

Sea God has protected everyone! Sea God has shown his majesty!

Plop! Plop! Plop!

All of them prostrated themselves on the deck, spread their hands, and placed them to their mouths, reciting the honorific name of Sea God in an irregular fashion.

"Thank you, praise you. Adorer of the sea and spirit world, guardian of the Rorsted Archipelago, ruler of the undersea creatures, master of tsunamis and storms, the great Kalvetua!"

Above the gray fog, Klein felt a little depressed.

I was the one who saved you, so why are you thanking Kalvetua?

*That sea serpent will only deliberately create hurricanes, set off waves, and intimidate you so that you would piously believe in it… *

Klein fell silent for two seconds, then he suddenly burst out laughing.

*Kalvetua is already dead, and the current Kalvetua is another one of my identities. *

Why should I be in a bad mood when people are thanking my other identity?

This is something a Faceless has to take note of when acting for real? To fully immerse oneself in the role, treating all emotions one receives as their own, but also never forgetting who they really are… This is difficult to accomplish. Failure to pay attention to it can result in an abnormal state of mind. And once a Beyonder's state of mind becomes abnormal, they won't be far from losing control…

After thinking for a while, Klein let out a sigh and chuckled to himself.

Acting the role of Sea God has been quite rewarding after all.

Although such acting doesn't provide feedback due to the gray fog's screening and isolation nor does it facilitate the digestion of the Faceless potion, it can provide me with experience and lessons, helping me figure out a safer and more effective way of acting.

Wrapping up his thoughts, Klein spread his spirituality to another point of light.

This time, the plea came from under a bridge. A woman with tattered clothes and a festering body was leaning against a corner, mumbling the honorific name of Sea God as she made her final confession.

Through her descriptions, Klein seemed to have witnessed her short life.

She was a native woman whose parents believed in Sea God. As a result, she inherited the faith of Sea God. In the first decade or so, her father worked as a miner, repairing roads and laying the rails, while her mother focused on temporary jobs—sewing, doing laundry, helping out at the docks, and occasionally working as a street girl. Only then did the family barely survive.

An abrupt change occurred two years ago. Her father had died during a road repair accident, and the Rorsted Railroad Company had offered only a pittance of compensation. This pushed the family onto a path of no return.

Subsequently, the girl was sold to the Red Theater by her mother and became a legal prostitute.

Although Emperor Roselle had long invented the condom, many pirates and adventurers were unwilling to use one in their desire for momentary pleasure. And since the Red Theater didn't enforce the use of condoms, the girl's resistance was ineffective. All she could do was submit, eventually getting infected with some disease.

The manager of the Red Theater had tried to provide her some simple treatment, but seeing that she wasn't getting any better, she was chased out because the cost of the follow-up treatment was obviously much higher than the cost of buying another girl.

Not only was the ill girl unable to find a new job, but she didn't even have the money to rent a house. Her mother and younger siblings had long since

disappeared, perhaps already dead or abducted to become slaves.

The girl became a tramp and lived under the bridge. She managed to survive for some time thanks to the food and free medicine provided by charity organizations.

But it was ultimately a short period of time. Her illness got worse and worse, and her body became weaker and weaker. Very quickly, she reached the end of her life.

At that moment, she recalled the days when she was the most well-fed and dressed. She recalled the words that the pirates and adventurers would occasionally say. She whispered and prayed to Sea God, "I want to live like a human being…”

Klein once again raised his staff, but he found that this Sealed Artifact didn't possess the ability to cure diseases.

He thought of purchasing some medicine from Emlyn White via The World, but he found that the prayer scene happened at noon. The girl had already passed away under the bridge, in mud and dirt, her body filled with agony and intense hunger.

Klein was silent for a moment, then he raised the angle of the prayer screen to reveal the location of the bridge.

After memorizing the characteristics of the nearby streets and the surrounding area, Klein leaned back in his chair, sighed, and said with an insincere smile, "What a humble wish.

"There isn't much of an opportunity to act… I'll try my best to bury you like a human being…”

He retracted his attention and scanned the other points of light, searching for someone he could act as, but he found nothing.

During this process, Klein noticed that Kalat, Edmonton, and the other members of the Resistance were carrying out a ritual. They had placed a batch of items on the altar, and they prayed for Sea God to imbue them with power.

So that's how they receive the Beyonder items they use for trade… To be at the level of a demigod is truly different… Moreover, they're used to not receiving any immediate replies. It's as if they plan to leave the items on the altar the entire night… Apparently, that sea serpent, Kalvetua, didn't respond immediately either. It depends on its mood, or whether it was asleep or not. Otherwise, it could only respond instinctively, unable to produce any Beyonder items in batches… Klein picked up the Sea God Scepter, making the blue "gems" shine again.

Boundless spirituality magically merged together, gushing into the prayer scene with transcendent vibes and randomly fusing with various items.

Some of them are Electric Shock charms, some that allow people to swim in the sea like fish, some that allow a gale to blow… Within three months, their spirituality would gradually decline to nothingness… Klein half-closed his eyes, feeling the changes in the items.

Although he had only responded twice, he was already rather exhausted despite mainly relying on the power of the Sea God Scepter. However, the first response had to do with him forcibly dispersing a storm and calming the waves, while the second response was to simultaneously provide an "enchantment" to dozens of items. They were all at the level of a demigod, so it was rather draining on his spirituality.

Even if I frequently use the Sea God Scepter, I wouldn't be able to last very long… On the other hand, the negative side effects wouldn't be a burden on me. I can attempt to use it at times…

Yes, the situation with the Resistance reminded me. I can also pray to myself and make a bunch of charms, mainly to allow me to do things underwater. This way, even if I find myself in a sea battle, I wouldn't be so restrained.

Oh right, I still don't know how to make lightning charms. I need to seek out the corresponding mysticism information, and with it, I can deal with enemies who have air superiority…

Klein silently muttered a few sentences and threw the Sea God Scepter back into the junk pile while swiftly returning to the real world.

…

East Chester County. By the side door of a huge manor in the vast and beautiful countryside.

Audrey Hall was dressed in a waist-fitting black riding suit with a simple blouse lining her insides. She skillfully sat on the back of a brownish-red mare without showing the slightest sign of wobbling.

Her black leather boots were in the stirrups, with her white trousers slightly tucked into them. She smiled at Susie, who had a leather bag on her back.

"I'll wait for you at the edge of the woods!"

With that, she bent down with the whip in her hand and let the brownish-red mare gallop across the open field.

Compared to the gorgeous yet gloomy family castle, Audrey preferred the beautiful manor and the scenery of the countryside.

One handsome horse after another came running out. The riders were servants and maidservants, and their only mission was to protect Miss Audrey.

Susie was also running happily, a feeling she couldn't experience in Backlund.

Moreover, she and Audrey would have a little adventure today, and that was exploring an ancient tower in the forest that had collapsed a long time ago.

The valuable items there had long been taken away, but there had never been any accidents that happened there. It was a perfect place for an inexperienced person to practice her various abilities.

The only problem was that it would be dark in two hours, and there might not be enough time.

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CHAPTER 555
THE MESSAGE LATE AT NIGHT

East Chester County was still cold in January, with snow often piling up. The branches and leaves of the trees were withered, with beasts hiding themselves, making it appear lifeless.

Audrey led Susie around the ancient tower several times while surrounded by her attendants and maidservants, but they found nothing.

There were only piles of gray bricks and rotten wood, and in the gaps, there were weeds and the corpses of tiny critters.

Audrey had thought she could find some murals on the wreckage of the walls, allowing her to decipher the origins of the ancient tower and use the appearance of wild beasts to secretly practice her Beyonder skills such as Awe, Frenzy, Placate, but she was only left very disappointed.

This isn't a tiny adventure… It's just a stroll on horseback… She pursed her lips, held her whip, and walked to her horse.

Unwilling to resign herself to this, she asked the attendants and maidservants around her when she had traveled half the distance, "Are there any legends of monsters nearby?"

Half of the attendants had followed her from Backlund to the family castle before coming to this manor. The other half were locals and were usually busy in the manor. There was no doubt that Audrey was asking the latter.

The reason why she had come to this manor was because, historically, there was a folk tradition of worshiping dragons in the surrounding areas.

A young attendant secretly shot a glance at his noble and beautiful mistress. He mustered his courage, took two steps forward, and bowed while saying, "Deep in this forest, there are many fearsome wild beasts. Every year, hunters die there, but no one has ever encountered a monster before.

"It's just like the situation described in an old folk song that goes around this place…”

He recounted the folksong and the general meaning was:

"Monsters are in your dreams;

"Dragons are in your dreams;

"The great imagined palace, floating in the air, is also in your dreams;

"There is the place where you will have everything, all the way until you wake up."

Curious children, brave adventurers, go and find the dragon in your dreams… The attendant deliberately left out the last line, because he might be misunderstood as being sarcastic to Miss Audrey.

A dragon in a dream… The great palace that is imagined and floating in the air is also in a dream… Audrey carefully pondered for a few seconds before she suddenly felt that this ancient folk song wasn't completely meaningless.

According to the information about dragons that she'd bought from Little Sun, the Dragon of Imagination, Ankewelt, had actually imagined a floating city with massive temple pillars supporting a towering palace complex. The name of the city was Liveseyd, meaning the City of Miracles.

*In dreams… The Spectator pathway comes under the mind dragons, involving the conscious, subconscious, the sea of collective subconscious, and the sky of spirituality. No matter how you look at it, it certainly

involves the "dream" domain… Perhaps this ancient folk song really is pointing to something… Could Liveseyd really exist in the sea of collective subconscious, in dreams? But a dream is purely in the mind… *Many thoughts flashed through Audrey's mind. Even when she returned to the manor, she was still unable to come up with a clear train of thought.

Entering the room, she glanced at Susie, suddenly having the urge to show off.

Susie doesn't know anything about dragons, so she definitely wouldn't be able to detect the peculiarities of this folk song… No, don't be arrogant; that's too superficial… And it's easy for Susie to discover that I'm hiding something… Audrey walked a few steps back and forth with her back straight, and she asked in a seemingly casual manner, "Susie, what do you think that folk song is really about? I have a nagging feeling that it's not as simple as it seems."

Susie opened her mouth, momentarily at a loss for words because she didn't know anything about poetry.

She gave it some serious thought and said, "Audrey, I'm only a dog."

…

In a forest in Blue Mountain Island.

Because of his agitation and excitement, Kalat didn't sleep at all. Sitting on the wheelchair, he inspected his surroundings, as if he had found a reason to live apart from revenge.

After making a full circle, he returned to the altar to pray once again.

He remembered the contents of the "Ten Commandments" very clearly. He knew that he couldn't use Sea God's name in vain, so he planned to use the relatively vague "God" as a replacement during his prayers.

When he approached the altar, his gaze suddenly turned into a stare because the items placed on it all had an unusual aura. For example, a dagger didn't reflect any crimson moonlight but released silver lightning. A leaf had become increasingly greener, making him feel that it was easier to breathe from a mere glance.

God has bestowed his grace… This thought suddenly flashed in Kalat's mind.

Up to this point, he no longer had any doubts regarding the transformation of Sea God. The sacrilegious thoughts hidden deep within him were completely dispelled.

The revelation from God that previously said that "'He' will walk the land again" was an implication that "He" is reconstructing "His" image… This layer of meaning goes very deep, and we actually failed to interpret it before… Kalat slowly took in a deep breath and propped himself up with his hands before solemnly prostrating himself before the great Sea God.

Soon, he returned to his wheelchair and headed for the residence of the High Priest, Edmonton, and the others.

He couldn't wait to tell his companions about what had just happened, to share with them the grace of God.

…

At a quarter past eleven in the evening.

Klein sat in his chair and watched with a blank expression as Danitz held the Soulfall Ritual, memorizing all the details while he did it.

It still requires help from the spirit world… He made a preliminary judgment.

If it's a spirit world creature, one can locate them as long as there's no mistake in the description. Just using a language with a certain amount of "power" can allow direct summoning or allow them to make their spirit descend. It has nothing to do with distance or range.

To a certain extent, deities have this trait as well, but sometimes it's possible to get a response from them even if the prayer is in an ordinary language. Of course, that is only if they have become believers and have caught the notice of the deity.

At the level of demigods, they seem to have blended with the spirit world to a certain extent. That's why one can point towards them with an accurate description to receive the possibility of a response. But there will be a distance limitation. Once it's beyond a range, they wouldn't be able to receive the "signal"…Sea God Kalvetua is an example.

Vice Admiral Iceberg is considered a powerful Mid-Sequence Beyonder. To achieve something like this, relying on herself isn't sufficient. She needs to use the aid of a corresponding deity, and use a precise and unambiguous description; furthermore, there are restrictions on distance and range.

The moment Klein finished organizing his thoughts, the various items on the altar began to float up, with the exception of the three candles.

Danitz shuddered uncontrollably, his expression turning cold.

Very soon, he let out the female voice of Vice Admiral Iceberg.

"Good evening."

Her tone seems to contain the anger of being woken up… Klein felt that Danitz's entire person had turn feminine.

He hesitated for a moment and said, "I have a way to find Admiral of Blood."

"What?" Edwina Edwards, whose spirit had possessed Danitz, already had her tone return to normal—one that usually lacked emotion.

Klein said simply, "They use the latest wireless telegraphy technology. I received the frequencies and passcodes from White Shark."

"Wireless, telegraphy… You know such things?" Edwina appeared surprised to learn that Gehrman Sparrow, who was an expert in mysticism, would also have some general knowledge of radio communication technology.

Klein politely smiled.

"A little."

Edwina was silent for two seconds, then she asked through Danitz, "Have they discovered that?"

Are you referring to whether Admiral of Blood and company have discovered the leak of their frequencies and passcodes? In theory, they should've since their intelligence officer, Old Quinn, has died at the hands of Mr. Hanged Man. However, wireless telegraphy hasn't reached the level of wide-scale adoption yet, so it's easy for those who use it to ignore security risks… Klein didn't respond with absolute certainty.

"Perhaps.

"But we can try."

As long as I can listen in on the frequency, there's a very high chance of finding Admiral of Blood! As Sea God, even at the level of a demigod, making it difficult for me to know about matters in neighboring seas like the back of my hand, I can still control sea creatures and ask them to seek people out… Klein silently added.

Edwina said thoughtfully, "I'll have Danitz help with the surveillance."

*You know a lot about wireless telegraphy as well… *Klein grinned and said, "Okay."

When the Soulfall Ritual was over, Danitz watched Gehrman Sparrow take out a sizable piece of machinery and its corresponding accessories, with mixed emotions.

"What is this?" he asked in astonishment.

Klein said flatly, "Radio transceiver."

Danitz turned agape as he finally forced his question out.

"Where did you get it?"

Klein glanced at him.

"Outside"

As he spoke, he tossed the manual and information on the frequencies and passcodes to Danitz and went back to his bedroom to sleep.

So this is what he does on his frequent trips out… Danitz felt as though he had understood something.

After much reading and experimenting, he finally mastered the usage of the radio transceiver and settled back into his reclining chair. He was soon snoring away.

Without knowing how long he slept, he was suddenly awoken, astonished to hear rhythmic clicks.

What? Danitz rolled to his feet and looked towards the source of the sound.

He saw the radio transceiver in the dim room working on its own, spitting out illusory sheets of white paper under the serene moonlight.

*… What's this? *Danitz conjured flames in his palms as he carefully inched forward.

This scene reminded him of the horror stories that pirates often spoke off when they were bragging!

There's a problem with the radio transceiver? It's connected to an evil spirit? Danitz decided to yell for Gehrman Sparrow the moment he discovered anything amiss.

As he approached the radio transceiver, he saw several lines of ancient Feysac on the illusory sheet of paper.

"Hello.

"I sense a familiar but unique aura, but it's about to dissipate."

“…Hello." Danitz attempted a response. "Who are you?"

The radio transceiver produced its clickety-clack again, spitting out a piece of white paper.

"My name is Arrodes.

"In exchange, you have to answer one of my questions."

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CHAPTER 556 DISCRIMINATORY TREATMENT

A question? This strange radio transceiver is a little interesting… Danitz cleared his throat.

"You can ask, but I might not answer."

Hehe, you think I'm the kind of adventurer or archaeologist who ends up killing himself because of curiosity? Danitz thought with both caution and pride.

It took a few seconds for the radio transceiver to produce its clickety-clack again. An illusory piece of white paper was spat out with red words on it: "Do you have a secret crush on your Captain?"

…No! Don't speak nonsense! Who? Who told you that? Danitz's face instantly reddened.

He felt at a loss to have the secret that had been buried deep in his heart for so many years revealed so suddenly. He was embarrassed and ashamed at the same time and subconsciously wanted to deny it.

But at the same time, he was also shocked and confused as to how this matter had been discovered by an outsider. He had never told anyone, and he had kept this secret very well hidden!

Danitz opened his mouth, forced a smile, and said, "What a silly question, I refuse to answer!"

The radio transceiver produced its clickety-clack and spat out more white paper.

"Then let's change the question.

"If you really don't like her, who can endure such dry and boring lessons? Isn't that right?"

"No! It's because I'm not strong enough to beat her!" Danitz blurted out, his expression twisted.

The clacking of the radio transceiver became increasingly brisker and the words on the illusory white paper increased.

"A lie.

"Let's change the question.

"The type of female you like is beautiful, powerful, mysterious, intelligent, and someone who is able to step over you, right?"

"…”

Danitz's lips quivered as he felt as though flames were seemingly rising from his body and smoke was billowing from his head.

At this moment, he felt his state of mind explode. It was as if someone had stripped him naked and tossed him into a busy street.

Subconsciously, he looked around in panic, searching and avoiding the gazes that might be cast on him.

Then, he saw that the bedroom door had opened at some point. Gehrman Sparrow stood there quietly in his white shirt which hadn't been tucked in and his rather loose black trousers. It was unknown how long he had been watching.

"You, when did you come out?" Danitz stuttered, his face blank.

Please tell me that you just opened the door! He prayed inwardly.

Klein walked over to the radio receiver that had become paranormal and answered calmly, "From the beginning."

As a Seer, how could I not have sensed the strange activity outside? Even in my sleep, I'll still have my spiritual intuition… Klein chuckled inwardly.

Danitz's face instantly turned ashen. He turned his body in a half-circle and rushed toward the radio transceiver that seemed to be possessed by an evil spirit, in a bid to rip up the illusory white paper with the three questions.

But his hand went through the words without him grabbing onto anything.

A scarlet-red fireball formed in his palm again as he thought of blowing up the damn radio transceiver.

At this moment, Gehrman Sparrow's cold gaze swept over him.

…Right, this is his… Danitz froze, looking at Gehrman Sparrow step past him and stop in front of the unusual radio transceiver.

Arrodes… How did it connect to this radio transceiver? It said it sensed a familiar but unique aura which is about to dissipate. Is it referring to the aura of the mysterious space above the gray fog?

This radio transceiver was placed above the gray fog for a few days. Although it didn't show any abnormal signs, it still came into contact with the aura. And because of its own functions, it temporarily received information from the spirit world, and this was subsequently discovered by Arrodes, the magic mirror, that seems to know a lot?

Wait, what kind of question was that… I'm Gehrman Sparrow; I'm a cold, crazy adventurer. I'm a professional… I-I can't laugh out loud… Klein

suppressed the corners of his mouth and secretly took a deep breath.

Danitz stole a sidewards glance, like a prisoner by the gallows waiting for the noose to be released.

Seeing no change in expression from Gehrman Sparrow, he was slightly relieved. He was glad that the person who had watched from the side was a madman and not a normal human being. He wouldn't have any interest in such matters.

If it were any other pirate, I would be too embarrassed to return to the Golden Dream. No, I would be too embarrassed to adventure out at sea! He looked with hatred and fear at the radio transceiver, at the demon who called itself Arrodes.

He heard the clacking again and saw a new piece of white paper spit out from the radio transceiver. There were two neat lines in Loenese: "Your loyal and humble servant, Arrodes, is honored to follow in your footsteps once again, constantly at your service."

…*This isn't the same evil spirit as that Arrodes from before, right.*… Danitz's face twitched, and he suddenly felt that whatever happened tonight was surreal.

Klein, who went through great difficulty to stifle his laughter, keenly caught onto a problem. Arrodes wasn't here in person and had likely used the spirit world and the radio transceiver's "special function" to send messages remotely. Therefore, when Danitz refused to answer the first question, it was powerless to punish him and could only ask another question.

That's interesting. In the future, I'll just need to place the radio transceiver above the gray fog for prolonged periods of time, and I'll be able to make it turn into a unique item that receives spirit world information from ghosts? Unfortunately, by the law of conservation of Beyonder characteristic, even with the augmentation of the gray fog's aura, its extraordinary abilities would dissipate bit by bit, eventually returning to normal.…

Yes, to maintain an ordinary item's extraordinary traits without the use of Beyonder characteristics, there's another method according to my knowledge in mysticism; that is to carve the honorific name or true name of an angel, or even a deity in a language that can stir the powers of nature onto it… This would be equivalent to borrowing the target's mysticism and power. Of course, the premise is that "They" agree… I can't do it myself. At least, the piece of paper that I previously used as my bank's passcode in ancient Hermes hasn't undergone any abnormal changes…

For real deities, I only know the true name of one; Primordial Demoness Cheek… If I get "Her" honorific name, together with "Her" true name, what will happen when I engrave them in ancient Hermes onto the radio transceiver? Will it release viruses? Will it appear more aesthetically pleasing in an industrial sense, mesmerizing those with fetishes…

Yeah, the outcome with the greatest possibility is that when carving the honorific name and true name, the powers of the Primordial Demoness will descend, sucking everything dry… This is an extremely, extremely precise supernatural direction…

Strange thoughts flashed through Klein's mind until Arrodes greeted him.

Perfect. This is a magic mirror that can answer questions… Klein's heart skipped a beat. He turned his head to the side and said to Danitz, "Go out and guard the door."

"…Alright!" Without any hesitation, Danitz rushed to the door.

He was afraid that the demon named Arrodes would ask him new questions!

When Danitz entered the corridor and closed the door behind him, Klein turned to the radio transceiver which was connected to the magic mirror, Arrodes, and said in a low voice, "I have some questions."

"This is my honor. Can I address you as Master? The great existence above the spirit world?" White paper spat out of the radio transceiver amid

clacking sounds.

You're too obsequious and too shameless… Why do I have a nagging feeling that there's a problem… Klein pondered a little and said, "You can use any form to address me."

"Yes, Master!" Arrodes used an exclamation mark. "What's your question?"

"Where can I find mermaids?" Klein asked directly.

Amid clacking sounds, the radio transceiver answered: "To the east of the Gargas Archipelago, sail the sea route for a week and there's a chance of meeting mermaids. However, the mermaids there are all believers of the Evernight Goddess."

This is a little amazing… It's within expectations, but it's also surprising… Klein realized that his previous speculation had turned into reality in a way he didn't expect.

Arrodes continued to "type": "If it bothers you, you can continue heading east, but it will be very dangerous. That place is no longer a real ocean, but the ruins of the war of the gods. Of course, you definitely wouldn't mind that."

Who said that… I was still imagining that with the Sea God Scepter, I would have the chance of entering even the most treacherous of seas. Now, you are telling me it's a sea evolved from the battlefield of gods… Indeed, there was a war of the gods in ancient times… The time when the Creator reclaimed the ancient gods' authorities? Klein didn't make comment as he watched Arrodes make the radio transceiver produce more words.

"In addition, there are reared mermaids in the Church of Evernight's headquarters, in the Cathedral of Serenity, as well as the Sleep Cathedral on Dinos Island."

In addition to the Holy Cathedral, there are mermaids on Dinos Island as well? The former is too dangerous. They have Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts and powerhouses at the level of angels. The latter can be considered. Transform into a Nighthawk or a bishop and sneak in to listen to the singing and consume the potion… That's not right, the Church rears mermaids to target Faceless Beyonders, so how can they not be on guard against this point… I have to think of another way… Klein was about to ask the second question when he saw a new sheet of white paper come out of the radio transceiver.

"Great Master, I must abide by certain rules. You must answer a question of mine in exchange."

Answer your question? Klein raised his eyebrows slightly and waited for Arrodes to ask the question. He decided to acknowledge this servant depending on the situation.

Amidst the clacking, Arrodes used words to spell out a question: "What are you planning to have for breakfast today?"

Nice question.… Klein calmly replied, "Depends on what the inn offers."

"A perfect answer!" Arrodes was almost short of giving a round of applause.

Without waiting for Klein to speak, it continued to type: "The aura above the spirit world is about to disappear. I await the next opportunity to be at your service, great Master."

After the illusory piece of paper was spat out, the radio transceiver stopped and lost its gloomy feel.

How many days would it take above the gray fog before I can contact Arrodes again? I'll ask it for the method to remove the mental corruption of a Beyonder characteristic the next time… Yes, this method should be used prudently. Arrodes can use the special connection after the radio transceiver is tainted by the aura. Those who are stronger and more

terrifying than it might be capable of doing so as well… If I keep doing this, maybe one day I'll get a telegram from the True Creator or the Primordial Demoness… Klein's mind raced as he noticed the hidden risks.

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CHAPTER 557
PLANTING A CUE ON HERSELF

East Chester County, the Hall Family Manor.

Audrey sat at the dressing table and lit a candle.

Afterwards, she looked at herself in the mirror across from the slightly swaying light of the fire. Her green eyes gradually became deep, making it impossible for anyone who laid eyes on them to shift their eyes away, as if even their souls wished to drown in them.

"Audrey, you have to remain lucid tonight in the dream," she said to herself softly.

This was a simple "psychological cue."

The ancient folk song she had heard at dusk had inspired her to explore her dreams and see if she could enter the sea of subconscious sea and the spiritual skies of all living things.

This was an experiment that other Psychiatrists had never attempted. At least, there was no similar experiences in the reference materials provided by the Psychology Alchemists—giving oneself a psychological cue to explore their own dreams.

*Perhaps I might be able to find traces of a mind dragon or even the City of Miracles, Liveseyd… *Audrey withdrew her gaze; removed Lie, which was now in the form of a ruby necklace; and placed it inside a jewelry box.

She was afraid that the mystical item that amplified her emotions would affect her while in her dream and cause unnecessary harm; therefore, she removed it in advance out of caution.

After doing all of this, Audrey subconsciously looked at her reflection in the mirror and saw little blemishes on her face.

While wearing Lie, she felt that her beauty was intoxicating.

*Wake up, Audrey. That's only a lie! *She lifted her right palm and caressed her cheek.

At that moment, she was very glad that she had chosen the name "Lie" for that mystical item. It kept her constantly alert; otherwise, she feared the day that she would one day be completely dependent on it and not want to face her true self. The day she lost it, it would be very possible that she would lose control.

Those girls who are relatively ordinary looking might never wish to take it off again after wearing Lie to perfect their looks. They might be willing to die to keep it on them… For a Beyonder, I can't have such a state of mind either… Audrey sighed and stood up.

She walked briskly and expectantly through the warm room in her slippery silk robe, back to the soft, comfortable, and springy bed, and pulled a rope from the headboard.

Her personal maidservant, Annie, entered and gently extinguished the lights.

Before long, Audrey fell asleep.

In the hazy world, she suddenly jolted to her senses and realized that she was dreaming.

She looked around with interest and silently said to herself, *Is this what's known as lucid dreams in psychology?*

In mysticism, there is a similar concept.

It's really effective. I relied on a simple psychological cue that I planted in myself to get a lucid dream. Audrey, you really are a genius~ No, no, no, this is mainly an application of a Beyonder power. I mustn't be arrogant.

At this moment, Audrey had already figured out what the current dream was.

She was walking along a dark, narrow road surrounded by a dark forest, and ahead of her was the castle with its spires.

The prolonged howls of the wolves, the slow and frightening gasps, and the shrill and intermittent screams came from every direction, creating a dangerous and depressing atmosphere.

*I haven't gotten over the fear of Duke Negan's assassination. I'm still afraid that one day, many Beyonders would suddenly attack my father, my mother, and my brothers… *Audrey dissected her dreams from the point of view of a Psychiatrist.

In this strangely real dream, she walked slowly toward the castle that was almost identical to the Hall family's ancestral house.

As she walked, a figure suddenly jumped out of the dark forest. It was a gigantic dragon with golden scales all over its body. Its eyes were pale gold with vertical pupils, and its thick tail looked like it could sweep away everything.

This dragon's facial features were exactly the same as Audrey's. When paired with its body, it gave off an indescribable feeling of strangeness and horror!

Audrey jumped in fright, almost waking up from her dream. Fortunately, having been a Spectator before, she was able to stabilize her emotions in time.

This made her realize that she had never really forgotten how she had almost lost control back when she consumed the Psychiatrist potion. Back then, her self-relief and the improvement in her mood was only superficial. The trauma had already taken root in the depths of her subconscious and would occasionally reflect itself in her dreams.

Fortunately, I discovered this today. In the future, I can try to treat this trauma in my subconscious. I'm a Psychiatrist! If I continue to ignore this issue, I might lose control due to this fear when advancing to Sequence 6… Audrey examined herself carefully.

As she walked and stopped, Audrey's dream kept changing in an erratic fashion. It would've been considered quite an unsatisfactory story.

Finally, she arrived in front of the castle and saw an arm-length magic staff sweeping through the air, scattering down specks of light that were as resplendent as starlight.

The castle that was shrouded in the light instantly became magnificent, and all the gloom disappeared.

The melody of a band came out from inside the castle as one wall lamp after another lit up.

This was the most beautiful expectation that I had towards Beyonder powers at the very beginning… It really was a little girl's fantasy… The corners of Audrey's mouth curled up, and her mood turned for the better.

She didn't stop, but she walked past the castle to the edge of her dream. She didn't care how the scene behind her changed, or how the story unfolded.

After walking for an unknown amount of time, she passed through the barren wasteland and arrived at the top of a cliff.

Looking out, the gray, blurry void extended into the distance. The area beneath her was so deep that it seemed to be bottomless.

Audrey was keenly aware that this was the boundary of her dreams. Once she left, she had no idea what would happen.

*And how do I leave? Jump down? Will I fall to my death… *Audrey thought awkwardly, not too courageous in taking the risk.

After thinking for a few seconds, she slowly came up with an idea.

This is a dreamland that originates from the world of my mind. As the mistress of this place, I can use my will to open up a path for myself!

With the thought of making the attempt, she tried to conjure what she thought, just like the way she did it above the gray fog. The only difference was that the former needed the help of Mr. Fool, and now she had to rely on herself.

Audrey stretched out her right hand, pointing it downwards into the depths of the gray fog.

In front of her, the gray fog suddenly surged, revealing layers of stairs that led downwards, without an end in sight.

Audrey took a slow breath, lifted her skirt slightly, and stepped onto the first step.

Step by step, she continued down the stairs. The surroundings grew increasingly quiet, so quiet that it was almost as if she heard auditory hallucinations.

In this place, there was nothing else apart from the gray fog. It was lonely and filled with the unknown.

A howling gale blew in from different directions, causing Audrey to sway back and forth. The fear she felt slowly deepened.

Before she lost control of her emotions, her green eyes shone with a warm light that seemed to be able to see through the hearts of others.

Audrey used her Psychoanalysis powers to placate herself!

She continued her search. After nearly a minute, a point of light suddenly lit up in the surrounding gray fog.

Audrey took a cautious look, only to see that the point of light was of herself—back when she had just consumed a potion and almost became a dragon monster. While on the verge of losing control, emotions such as worry, horror, fear, and nervousness were clearly overflowing from her.

…This is my subconscious, so this is my trauma? Audrey vaguely understood where she was after she left her dreamland.

She was in no hurry to resolve this trauma as she continued to walk down, step by step, filled with anticipation.

According to the theories of the Psychology Alchemists, the subconscious was at the bottom of her destination—the sea of collective subconscious for all living creatures!

During her exploration, Audrey once again saw herself listening to her parents' storytelling when she was young. She saw herself, someone who valued her image but wasn't actually very elegant deep down. She saw herself participating in the Tarot Club, only that all the specks of light regarding the latter were tightly wrapped in a gray fog.

These are things in my subconscious… They influence my character and behavior? Audrey instinctively analyzed what she saw with her knowledge of psychology.

Amidst the coruscating points of light, there were several times where she was pushed to the verge of an emotional breakdown due to the lonely, aimless exploration, but she had used her Beyonder powers to placate herself in time.

Just as she was about to lose all sense of the passage of time, she saw the last step.

In front of the steps was a solid, blurry, gray "ground." Above it, there were streams of light and shadows. They were dense and overlapping, like an illusory sea.

The sea of collective subconscious… Audrey took a few steps forward and raised her head to look up. To her surprise, the gray fog no longer blocked her vision as the clear high skies appeared.

There were countless indescribable silhouettes, seven of which were of different colors. They were lustrous brilliances that seemed to possess immense knowledge.

Audrey pursed her lips and happily said to herself, *The sky of spirituality.*

Then, she cautiously moved forward, forging the adventure that she could call her own.

Those figures of light that formed the sea would flash past her from time to time. Some contained ancient memories of being burned by flames, while others bore the excruciating pain of seeing something indescribable…

Apart from the imprints of the ancients from ancient times, Audrey also saw the gazes of admiration cast on her one after another, as well as the activities of the people who worshiped dragons.

As she walked, she noticed a grayish white mountain on the far left. It extended upwards until it emerged from the sea of light and shadows. The top of the mountain was shrouded in a dense fog, making the entire place seem hazy.

Is that someone else's consciousness? The sea is the subconscious, and beyond the surface of the sea is the ordinary consciousness? Yes, he's dreaming… Audrey suddenly thought of a possible application of a Psychiatrist. It was to move closer and climb up, directly affecting the other party's subconscious thoughts, allowing them to naturally act according to her bidding.

But it should be very difficult and very dangerous… Audrey looked away, not daring to make the attempt.

She clearly remembered that her purpose this time was to seek out traces of the mind dragon and the City of Miracles, Liveseyd.

Audrey passed by more than a hundred other people's consciousness. Gradually, she felt exhausted.

It's time to return. Instinctively, she raised her head and looked into the distance, rationally making the decision.

She stood there for a long time, unwilling to leave.

A shadow suddenly appeared in the air just as Audrey was about to turn around.

It was a pair of two huge gray wings!

Under the wings, there was a long lizard-like monster.

Its entire body was covered with huge scales that were like grayish-white stone slabs. It had four thick and powerful legs, seemingly bathing in the

sunlight that didn't exist as it flickered in what seemed like the afterglow of the setting sun.

The monster flew over. Its eyes were pale gold with its pupils vertical, looking cold and arrogant.

Its grand and epic figure quickly disappeared into the sea of the subconscious of all living beings.

Dragon… A mind dragon! Audrey jumped on the spot and looked around, afraid of others noticing her inelegant behavior.

She paced around excitedly, feeling very satisfied with her adventure.

Indeed, the tradition of dragon worship here isn't without an origin. In their subconscious, there lives a mind dragon… Audrey resisted the urge to praise herself and had decided to return immediately and wake up from the dream.

She didn't have the urge to continue her exploration, as she wasn't prepared for it at all. She was going to consult Mr. Fool, Mr. Hanged Man, and the others at the Tarot Club next week in the hope of receiving some advice.

Audrey returned the way she came, entering the "mountain" formed by her consciousness. Then, she woke herself up and successfully escaped from the dream.

…

At that moment, Danitz was also permitted to return to his room.

He glanced at Gehrman Sparrow and said with an embarrassed smile, "You won't tell anyone what you just saw, will you?"

Translator/Author's note

Take note. Changed adorer to Blessed since it's more of the deity showing Their favor to the human than the other way round.

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CHAPTER 558
SEARCH FOR ABNORMALITIES

Klein didn't answer with "yes" or "no." Instead, he stopped walking towards his bedroom and flatly said, "That was a question."

"Right, right, a question! That was a slanderous question with no basis! Besides, I also gave a negative answer," Danitz responded with delight and had emphasized that he had never admitted to it.

Klein gently nodded his head.

"I will clarify this with your captain."

Clarify… Danitz stared, then he half opened his mouth, his expression twisted.

He was also considered a somewhat knowledgeable person, so he stopped explaining and arguing, and he forced a smile.

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

Klein took a deep breath and used his Clown powers to control his facial expression.

"Monitor it well."

"Yes, alright!" Danitz quickly agreed.

Seeing Gehrman Sparrow turn around and walk to the bedroom's entrance, he couldn't help but ask, "You're not going to clarify this with Captain, right?"

Klein twisted the handle and replied expressionlessly, "Monitor it well."

After he finished speaking, he pushed open the door and entered the room. Before he could widen his mouth into a laugh, he closed the door behind him.

…

The next morning, after breakfast, Klein put on a pair of pantaloons, a thick brown jacket, and a cap. He changed his appearance and went out, leaving Danitz alone in the room to watch the radio transceiver.

Along the way, Klein changed his appearance again, making himself look more like a native.

He found a special store, bought a pair of linen gloves, a shroud, and a body bag. Then, according to the surroundings he had previously witnessed, he scanned the area around him for landmarks before finding the bridge and the girl who had died amid the mud in a corner.

As it was still winter, the weather wasn't too hot, and there were no obvious signs of decay from the corpse, but the festering skin and the stench still made Klein instinctively nauseous.

He didn't immediately come to bury the girl who wanted to live like a human being last night, due to the recent events—Bayam was under strict curfews at night, as well as the fact that the cemetery didn't open until dawn.

Pulling out a small metal bottle, Klein poured some Quelaag Oil onto his hand and rubbed it at the tip of his nose.

A choking sensation invaded his mind. The smell of peppermint mixed with disinfectant filled his olfactory senses, making him sober as if he had just fallen into a sea of floating ice. He was no longer affected by any other smells.

Putting away the metal bottle, Klein put on his gloves, took a few steps forward, and crouched next to the female corpse.

He unwrapped the shroud and began to gently move the corpse into the body bag.

Carrying the bag over his shoulder, he deliberately walked through the most bustling streets of Bayam until he reached the outskirts of the city. Along the narrow road where horse carriages couldn't pass, he scaled a mountain to its mountainside.

There was a cemetery specially prepared by the Church of Storms and the governor-general's office, for the natives.

As for foreigners, such as businessmen, adventurers, people from Loen, Intis, and Feynapotter, who had settled down here, they had their cemeteries situated on the opposite side of Bayam on a flat and soothing plain with forests backing them.

Klein climbed higher and higher and entered the unnamed cemetery, where he found the gravekeeper dozing off.

"How do you want to bury him?" The gravekeeper pointed at the body bag. "If you want to do it for free, you have to wait a few days until the corpses in the morgue accumulate to a certain amount, then they'll be cremated together and buried in the same grave. Of course, there will be priests who will do a send off for the souls of the dead in advance. 5 soli and he will have an urn and a niche he can call his own. 2 pounds, he'll get an urn and a grave with a tombstone. If you don't want him cremated, you'll need a coffin. You can pick one over there. They're priced differently based on the type of wood."

Klein thought for a moment, then he took out 5 soli in notes and handed them over.

"What's his name?" the gravekeeper counted the notes, picked up a fountain pen, and asked with a good attitude.

He didn't actually know how to write words, he just wanted to draw symbols to help him remember.

Klein paused for a second and said, "Bourdi."

"Bourdi…" the gravekeeper repeated it in a low voice and drew a symbol.

Without looking up, he continued, "She can have an epitaph on the niche."

Bourdi was a typical female name in the Rorsted Archipelago; therefore, the gravekeeper no longer mistook her gender.

Klein remained silent for a few seconds, then he said in a low voice, "She is a human being."

"She is a human being? What a strange epitaph…" the gravekeeper muttered, "Do you have a picture? I know you don't."

Before he could finish his words, he saw the other party hand over a "photo."

It was a portrait that Klein had drawn using a ritual. It perfectly reproduced the girl's looks before she fell ill. In order to not be suspected, he used the corresponding type of paper and some technique to make the portrait look like a real photograph.

The gravekeeper was surprised but didn't say anything. He quickly took the information and carried the body bag to the hut where the priests resided with Klein.

After the send off and cremation, as well as the storing of ashes into an urn, the photograph was pasted on, and an epitaph was engraved, putting an end to the entire matter. Klein took a deep look before turning around to leave the cemetery.

As he walked down the mountain path, he saw Bayam in its entirety.

The sea was pale blue, nearing the color of green. It was empty as far as the eye could see. Sails were stacked by the harbor, and the chimneys towered high. The streets were crisscrossed as people came and went. The surrounding estates were densely packed, and there was plenty of greenery. The distant public roads were wide, and the railways were straight… It was like a beautiful oil painting that was produced by a master. It was filled with vitality that was hardly describable.

…

At the top of the clock tower of the Cathedral of Waves, the Church of Storms Cardinal, high-ranking deacon of the Mandated Punishers, Jahn Kottman, stood at the edge, looking out over the refreshing sea and the mountain range that stretched out along the coastline.

The pollution in Bayam was rather low as the mining and smelting industries were located in other cities on the island. The mainstay here was the spice trade, the brothels and casinos, and the accumulation and transit of goods. It lacked a fully-formed industry, and there was a limited number of days needed for coal to be burned for heat.

As soon as Sea King Jahn Kottman retracted his gaze, he saw a Mandated Punisher running up the spiral staircase.

"Your Eminence, there's new information." The Mandated Punisher struck the left side of his chest with his right hand.

"What is it?" the well-built Jahn Kottman turned around and asked.

The Mandated Punisher handed over the piece of paper in his hand.

"News from within the Resistance. They've received a response from Kalvetua. They're in the process of creating new statues."

"New statues?" Jahn Kottman unfolded the note and skimmed through it.

He then turned his head to the interior of Blue Mountain Island, which was covered in a sea of dense forests. After a moment of thought, he said, "Search for abnormalities in the archipelago's sea area."

He was certain of one thing from the intelligence, that the mysterious person who had taken away the characteristic left by Kalvetua hadn't left the waters of the Rorsted Archipelago. This could be determined from the fact that the person could disguise himself as Kalvetua and reply to his followers.

Meanwhile, Jahn Kottman knew very well that the Beyonder characteristic left behind by Kalvetua, who had gone mad before its death, would lead to severe side effects regardless of whether or not it was reduced to a real item; therefore, it would definitely result in an abnormality in the surrounding area.

Moreover, he believed that it wouldn't be easy for the mysterious person to find a proper sealing method.

Even if he had found it, there was no way he could control the effects when responding; hence, exposing the problem.

This was the clue!

"Yes, Your Eminence, May the Storm be with you!" The Mandated Punisher bowed again.

…

After entering Bayam City, Klein dispelled his Faceless power when no one was paying attention. He returned to the Wind of Azure Inn via carriage.

As soon as he opened the door and entered, he saw Danitz sitting in front of the radio transceiver, his expression strange and grave.

"Got something?" Klein asked in a low voice.

"No, no." Danitz raised his right palm and shook the papers in his hand. "My bounty! My bounty has been raised to 5,500 pounds…”

This was almost reaching Steel Maveti's bounty!

Because of this, he didn't dare head out to drink or relax; all he could do was stay in the room and listen out for a signal.

This rate of appreciation is really tempting… For a moment Klein didn't know how to react, so he said without expression, "This is just the beginning.

"Mr. 10,000 Pounds."

*… Dogsh*t! *Danitz cursed inwardly, but he didn't dare to show any disrespect on his face.

*All of those things were done by Gehrman Sparrow. Why did it end up increasing my bounty? Those sons of b*tches from the Church of Storms!* He forced a smile and shook his head, his facial muscles twitching slightly.

Klein held back his laughter and ignored him. He went back to his bedroom to catch up on his sleep.

At this moment, he saw a letter suddenly appear, floating down from midair and landing right in front of him.

Klein raised his right hand and grabbed the letter.

*The messenger didn't even show its face and just left after throwing the letter? *Klein clicked his tongue, opened the letter, and read it.

“…There were two methods for obtaining a messenger. The first method is to think of an accurate description, hold a ritual, summon the corresponding spirit world creature, and make a contract with it. The second method is to directly enter the spirit world and search for a messenger that you wish to obtain. After obtaining its consent, sign a contract with it and then record down the accurate description language for later use.

"The first method is relatively simple, but it is also rather dangerous, because what fits the description might be a powerful spirit world creature or a strange evil spirit. Every time you summon it, you cannot be completely sure what you will attract, and this is a risk that is hard to divine in advance.

"The danger of the second method is that it isn't easy to find the appropriate messenger, and there's a risk of getting lost in the spirit world.

"Unless you're a Traveler; otherwise, I do not suggest the second method. For the first method, I can provide you a description that has been tested and verified. As long as the process is done accurately, the level of danger will be rather low. But it might not satisfy you. Also, the contract needs to use powers in the undead domain. You can use my copper whistle to provide for that.

"The format includes the following paragraphs…

"Of course, if you don't mind, I can transfer a messenger to you as a gift and have it sign a contract with you…”

*Transfer it to me as a gift? It's no wonder that the messenger didn't even dare show its face… *Klein thought in enlightenment.

Considering that he had used the previous messenger as a shield and was unfortunately finished off by Mr. A, causing the later messengers to become

increasingly rude to him, he inwardly declined the offer.

*Use the first or second method? The first method is prone to error. I might even summon a candidate messenger and get beaten up… A commonly used description isn't unique enough, making the messenger's strength worrying… The second method? I'm not afraid of getting lost since I'm able to instantly return above the gray fog. Furthermore, in my Spirit Body state, I can use the Sea God Scepter. The spirit world creatures aren't afraid of having their blood drained either. Yes, I have to do it outside the archipelago; otherwise, I'll be affected by the prayers. *Klein quickly came to a decision.

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CHAPTER 559
MEETING ON THE WAY

With that idea in mind, Klein immediately began making preparations.

It was to explore the spirit world and select a suitable target to become a messenger. After he left the Rorsted Archipelago and its surrounding sea, he could bring the Sea God Scepter along with him to reason with the target and convince them to become his messenger.

Once I find myself lost or in a dangerous situation, I would immediately halt the summoning and return above the gray fog. There's basically no risk… Klein thought for a few seconds, then he locked the door and began the ritual of summoning himself.

At the end of the ritual, he quickly arrived above the gray fog, but he was in no hurry to respond to himself. Instead, he sat down and let the Sea God Scepter fly out from the junk pile and land on his palm.

He intended to scan the prayers of the believers as per routine for anything to respond to.

During this process, Klein discovered that some of the prayers were actually quite interesting, because humans could deceive friends and relatives, but it was difficult to keep their truest thoughts when confessing or praying to the gods. At most, they would modify the truth to make them look less bad.

A mixed-blood, who had clearly changed his faith to the Lord of Storms, had already reached the middle ranks of the Bayam police department, but in his confession, he tried hard to portray his behavior as a plan of

burdening himself to carry out a mission. For the sake of a brighter future for his kinsmen, he could only confess to god in misery, hoping that "He" would protect him, so that he could climb up the ranks in the police system as a believer of the Lord of Storms.

Although his words sounded flawless, the fluctuations in his thoughts and emotions during his confession were clearly displayed in the prayer scene. It was something that couldn't be hidden.

Trying to deceive God while you are deceiving yourself… If it were a gigantic sea serpent like Kalvetua who lacked intelligence, it might've believed you… Should I give him a lightning bolt or ten wind blades? Yes, it's pretty impressive to have a mixed-blood rise up to the ranks of senior inspector. I'll keep him. There are benefits to having a snitch… Klein raised his Sea God Staff, making one of the blue gems glow.

The light poured into the scene and imperceptibly seeped into the senior inspector named Boulaya.

This wasn't a curse, nor was it a cue. It was a mark of divinity that almost no one could discover.

Simply put, it's a unilateral way for me to "keep tabs" on you… Klein silently added inwardly.

He continued browsing and saw a young believer with slightly curly bronze hair praying for a man named Zangmo to be caught in a storm and buried at sea. He claimed that Zangmo wasn't pious enough, but the truth was that, as a competing fisherman, Zangmo was always able to harvest more fish than he did.

What kind of nonsense prayers are these? The human heart sure is hard to fathom… Klein frowned and mumbled to himself. Then he had a vague idea.

For a Faceless to engage in real acting, it not only requires a flawless performance in terms of external appearances and habitual actions, but it also needs to maintain the core personality. Not many changes are allowed. As for personality, every person is different, so there must be a difference to a certain degree…

By browsing the prayers of my believers, it's equivalent to me realizing different kinds of personalities and mental states without going through the trouble. When talking about the many masks we wear, it's not only about looks…

This will be rather important for my subsequent acting as a Faceless. It can save me time from figuring things out through accumulated experiences.

Klein increasingly felt that acting as Sea God was very beneficial towards him.

When you are acting the role of a demigod, even if you don't get any feedback, you will still definitely get some considerable benefits… This is a way of gaining experience of being someone of a higher level… Klein perked up, no longer being perfunctory about skimming through the prayer scenes.

After quickly browsing through one scene after another, his gaze stopped at a merchant named Ralph.

The businessman praised the miracle of the reappearance of the sea god, and he had indicated that he planned to offer a third of his fortune—worth 20,000 pounds—to the Resistance, half for military expenses, and half for the reconstruction of God's statue.

Actually, there's no need to go through all that trouble. Just directly offer it to me… Klein muttered half-jokingly.

He thought for a moment, and then he conjured a background of waves and storms with heavy rain and lightning falling together. He responded in a low

voice, "You have honored my name by helping your compatriots and companions.

"The young lambs need help, food, and education."

He intended to get Ralph to set up a charity fund with the 20,000 pounds, and to seek donations widely from the community to make up for the damage, create a consensus; and help to provide local children with food, clothing, and education under the pretext of governance.

As for the military expenditures of the Resistance, Klein understood that in a world with Beyonder powers, it was very difficult to rely solely on the opposition from the natives of the colony to succeed. Therefore, they needed the help of foreign countries like Feysac and Intis.

Funding was undoubtedly needed.

Unfortunately, it's not possible to add a line in the Ten Commandments about "boldly and confidently seek funding"; that would damage the image of Sea God… The Resistance shouldn't be thinking about annihilating the garrison troops. They should just focus on destroying the transportation infrastructure and make it more difficult for the governor-general's office to rule, so as to initiate talks… As a keyboard warrior, Klein wasn't lacking in ideas in such areas.

He quickly restrained his wandering thoughts and made a divination to see if it was dangerous exploring the spirit world today.

After obtaining the revelation that it wasn't considered dangerous, Klein took the Dark Emperor card, naturally changed his image, and stepped into the Door of Summoning.

After entering the real world, he stuffed the mystical items he needed into his body as a precaution. Then, like last time, he used Cogitation to sense the spirit world.

Taking a step forward, he passed through an invisible curtain as Klein's illusory figure floated up.

Around him, red, yellow, blue, green, and other colors were superimposed, like they were like the most abstract oil painting ever. The concept of direction that humans were used to could no longer be used here. If one used the old means of distinguishing direction and one's location, they would definitely find themselves lost.

Klein roamed carefully and casually, sometimes seeing a yellow sun like a child's sketch, sometimes brushing past an incorporeal river that flowed quietly.

There was also a flat women with her upper body naked and a face resembling a smiling moon, a canoe with its end upturned, a tangled ball of thread, and a serpentine staircase leading to the seven pure lights.

In this extremely chaotic world, other than spirit world creatures, all kinds of information existed as abstract symbols. Thus, what one received from a divination process would only be a revelation that required one to interpret it on their own.

As for those symbols, there was a chance that they would come to life and become incorporeal monsters.

This was the spirit world that couldn't be understood and viewed with common human knowledge.

The last time he came in, he had easily discovered spirit world creatures, and he had noticed the creepy gazes from unknown locations that made his hair stand on end. There was the headless woman who carried four heads, a round eye with clear blacks and whites, and a giant jellyfish with a skull attached to each tentacle. He had easily encountered all of them back then.

But this time, he failed to see a single spirit world creature despite roaming for so long. Even the indescribable figures in the distance had disappeared,

as if they had hidden themselves.

It can't be that you're afraid of being my messenger, can it? Yes, I entered the spirit world in the form of a Soul Body. Perhaps the thoughts in my mind will appear in a special, formless manner here, turning into hidden symbols that interact with the spirit world. This then naturally affects my path options? Klein was puzzled, but he couldn't find the reason.

All sorts of thoughts flashed through his mind when his body suddenly sank down and he fell freely.

After a while, Klein could only see the vivid superposition of the colors and the various symbols that took physical form.

What's going on? He began to consider whether he should write to Mr. Azik and ask him about it, or to throw the radio transceiver above the gray fog and get it tainted with the aura, so that he could contact the magic mirror, Arrodes.

While floating, Klein's heart suddenly palpitated as he quickly dodged to the side.

A tinge of yellow and green flashed across his eyes as a giant foot that was large enough to squash his entire body landed, stepping into the interlaced red and blue color spots.

Above the sole of the foot was a long, festering leg covered in a yellowish green liquid. The leg was over three meters long, and above it was a huge body that was wrapped in corpse oil bandages.

Amidst the solidified aura in the area, the two legs that were filled with yellow-green pus alternated as they rose up. Carrying a body that was difficult to discern, the legs quickly disappeared into the depths of the spirit world.

Klein stood at a distance, not daring to make a sound.

Finally, he confirmed that he was fine as he grimaced and thought, *The spirit world is really scary. You can accidentally encounter a powerhouse just passing by… A powerhouse among the spirit world creatures?*

Klein shook his head and continued his search.

At that moment, he had no idea where in the spirit world he had wandered to.

After drifting for a while, he finally found some traces of spirit world creatures.

Just as he was about to switch from flying forward to descending to his left, he was surprised to find that his body continued to move forward uncontrollably at an accelerating speed.

In front of him, the chaotic superimposed colors and the grayish-white mist that filled the area suddenly split open, and a large, purely black three-masted sailboat leaped in.

The boat was nearly a hundred meters long, and three pitch-black sails were hanging high up like flags.

On the left and right sides of the ship, there were cannon muzzles and all kinds of sailors were running around on the deck.

All of this was so real, so substantial, and so out of place when it came to the spirit world as a whole.

However, as the ship entered the spirit world, its black color quickly turned richer, tainting itself with an ethereal vibe.

On its deck stood a mottled stone chair that was two to three meters high; its back facing the cabin. Leaning against the chair's back, a colossal figure that was comparable to an ancient giant sat there.

He had a black beard that went just past his neck, and he wore a tall, pointed crown on his head. He wore a gorgeous black robe with silver fringes. The wrinkles on his face looked hardened and filled with magnificence. It made one subconsciously wish to bow their heads.

Under the slightly wrinkled forehead and on the high nose bridge, Klein's pitch-black full-body armor and black crown were reflected into those two dark red eyes.

As for Klein, he was having trouble stopping his slow flight toward the giant.

Their gazes met among the layers of colors and symbols in the spirit world, and then Klein disappeared.

The giant on the mottled stone chair didn't withdraw his gaze as he continued staring over in a long silence.

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CHAPTER 560
THE HANGED MAN GETS FLEECED

Above the fog, Klein took out the Dark Emperor card that he had fused with his Spirit Body and instantly reverted to his original form.

This is called a one-click gear swap… he mocked himself as he recalled what had just happened.

He was almost certain that the "giant" wearing the sharp crown was King of the Five Seas, Nast Solomon. The hundred-meter-long sailboat that could sail through the spirit world was the ghost ship named Dark Emperor, which was built by the ancient Solomon Empire!

I've always thought that a ghost ship simply means that it can sail on its own and wouldn't sink, making it closer to a strange creature. I never thought that the most powerful ghost ship would be able to turn itself incorporeal and wander through the spirit world…

That makes it almost a demigod, right? As expected of the most famous Dark Emperor on the Five Seas. Yes… I can't eliminate the possibility that it sacrificed a Traveler during its creation process…

For one of the most famous legendary treasures, the Specter Empire which carries the final inheritance of the Trunsoest Empire, could it be that the ship also comes equipped with this capability, making it impossible to find?

Klein's thoughts slowly drifted without immediately realizing the reason why he had suddenly met King of the Five Seas, Nast.

This was very obvious: the law of convergence of Beyonder characteristics!

Although the Dark Emperor card didn't contain any Beyonder characteristics, Roselle had added or carved something onto the card when he made it. It allowed the wielder to use the Card of Blasphemy after they advanced to a High-Sequence Beyonder, to subtly sense the Beyonder ingredients that they needed.

There was no doubt that such a sensation was mutual. As one sensed the other, the other would naturally sense them too. As for the wielder, they would appear to approach a certain fate before they crossed that step into becoming a demigod.

This was something Klein was deeply aware of. He ultimately suspected that the existence of the gray fog had brought together certain Beyonders or supernatural events to him.

Traveling with the Dark Emperor card in the spirit world makes it easier for such situations to occur. This is because the real world needs to abide by many rules. Even the fate from drawing lots needs to abide by logic, developing bit by bit. It doesn't make sense for me to use the Dark Emperor card in Backlund, and for the King of the Five Seas, Nast, to immediately appear in front of me with the ghost ship…

Even if he sensed the attraction force, he would have to go through the process of locating me, and through the process of traveling through the spirit world, take hours or even days to arrive. If he didn't sense it, he would only naturally think of sailing towards the Sonia Sea and head closer to the borders of the Loen Kingdom. In that case, it might take months before we bump into each other.

By being in the spirit world, things are simple; there is no concept of distance or direction in there. Locations and distances are all extremely chaotic. Perhaps the King of the Five Seas, Nast, might've wished to go out on a spin in the spirit world, but he ended up seeing me pass by the moment he entered. This doesn't need to abide by any restrictions or limitations on

geographical locations, Klein thought as he rapped the corner of the mottled table.

In addition to this, he was certain that the reason why he was thrown uncontrollably towards the Dark Emperor and at King of the Five Seas, Nast, wasn't because of the law of convergence of Beyonder characteristics. The effects of the law was only reflected in fate, perception, and desire, nothing too exaggerated; otherwise, there wouldn't be High-Sequence Beyonders—all of them would be involuntarily drawn by the "Uniqueness" of their respective pathway.

Klein could sense that it was a type of Beyonder power that twisted and strengthened his intent to move forward, resulting in him being unable to stop.

This is a very simple analysis. Even if I had thrown out the Dark Emperor card at the time, I wouldn't have been able to stop… This is a Lawyer, which is a Beyonder power wielded by the Dark Emperor pathway? Klein leaned back in his chair and decided not to use the Dark Emperor card any time soon.

This meant that he was unable to roam the spirit world in search of a messenger.

If he hadn't brought the Dark Emperor card and had used his main body with the Sea God Scepter, he would appear in the spirit world, which was filled with all kinds of revelations and information. He would inevitably leave many clues and could be divined about at any time. In terms of anti-divination and anti-prophecy, Azik's copper whistle couldn't be compared to the Dark Emperor card.

If I were to really do that, I might meet ten people who know that I obtained the Sea God Scepter, when buying a beer at the bar… Of course, it was taken by Klein Moretti, so what has that got to do with me, Gehrman Sparrow? Klein shook his head in a self-deprecating manner and decided to

use the ritual method to get a messenger to respond. He could find something more suitable later on.

After he covered the Dark Emperor card, his figure disappeared from the mysterious space above the gray fog.

…

Early morning, Bayam.

Alger prepared to take a carriage out of the city and take a detour to a private harbor behind the cliff. That was where his Blue Avenger was docked and waiting to set sail.

As a disguised pirate captain, he couldn't dock so openly at the main port of the City of Generosity. That would be sufficient proof that he had close ties with the authorities. It was the same with the other pirates who had to consider their berth in advance before coming to Bayam to sell their loot or gain enjoyment. They either went to a small port in the surrounding waters, or to a private port controlled by someone with a deep background or by the Resistance.

Finally, there are no more missions. I can go out to sea again… I need to first obtain a mystical item that can increase my strength and also square my accounts. After that, I'll head to the primitive island and hunt for the Blue Shadow Falcon, allowing me to advance to Sequence 6 as quickly as possible… Alger was about to walk towards a rental carriage when he unexpectedly saw a familiar figure.

The former pirate merchant, Ralph, walked out of the carriage with a ruddy face and looked towards the governor-general's office that wasn't far away. He seemed to be abnormally excited.

What happened to him? After a moment of puzzlement, Alger took the initiative to go over and greet him.

From his point of view, Ralph was, in a sense, also one of his comrades. They were all subordinates of Mr. Fool.

However, one is a core member, while the other just remains on the periphery… Alger calmly confirmed their identities and positions.

"What happened to deserve such joy?" Alger asked after chatting about the weather.

Ralph laughed out loud and narrowed his eyes, saying, "If I were to say that I received the blessings of God, would you believe me?"

*I believe… *Alger answered in his mind without hesitation.

Suppressing his curiosity, he asked, "What are you doing here?"

Ralph was about to answer when his eyes suddenly lit up.

He looked around, and after confirming that there was no one around him, he said in a deep voice, "Didn't you say that you also believe in God?"

In order to befriend him, Alger had lied, saying that his faith lay with Sea God, Kalvetua. In any case, this was common among pirates, so it wouldn't arouse suspicion—at sea, the weather was usually more frightening than any enemy, so most pirates, adventurers, ship crew, and sailors had great respect for gods who controlled similar fields, believing in them to a certain extent.

"Of course." This time, Alger's answer was firmer than ever.

This was because he knew that the "Sea God" that the other party believed in was the embodiment of Mr. Fool.

Ralph nodded in satisfaction, revealed a smile, and whispered, "I received a revelation yesterday. God sent me to help 'His' young lambs.

"I intend to establish a charitable fund for this purpose.

"This is the will of God. As 'His' believer, I think you would be happy to provide some assistance."

He held out his right hand and waited for the donation.

Alger's expression stiffened, and he was momentarily unsure of how to respond.

Although his present fortune was worth 3,245 pounds, he was preparing to buy a mystical item, making his overall financial situation somewhat tight.

Of course, he could still donate quite a bit if he skimped and saved.

If the "Sea God" was still Kalvetua, Alger, who claimed to be a believer, wouldn't have hesitated to find an excuse. But now, he had to seriously consider the deeper motives of Mr. Fool.

Noticing Alger's reaction, Ralph's eyes darted schemingly before he said, "We want to help children who are suffering from unnecessary discrimination because of their bloodline. They live a hard life, and it is hard to see any hope for them. There are pure-blooded natives, as well as mixed-bloods."

Alger was silent for a few seconds, then he pulled out a wad of cash.

"Here's 100 pounds."

Ralph took it and said with a smile, "Your kindness will definitely be rewarded.

"God will protect you."

…

The door slanted over the entrance to the warehouse.

Klein prepared the summoning ritual for the spirit world creature and was surrounded by the hallucinatory scent of herbs and essential oils.

He was afraid that there would be some kind of accident if he held it in the inn, and although it might not be risky for him, it might end up harming the other occupants; therefore, he went back to the abandoned warehouse where he had gave a sacrifice to Kalvetua.

As for Danitz, having his bounty raised to 5,500 pounds, he was very proactive in asking to stay in the suite and monitor the radio transceiver.

The procedure is to light the candle that symbolizes me, and to use a verified incantation to summon the appropriate spirit world creature as a messenger… Daly Simone's three-lined description and the various incantations provided by Mr. Azik went through Klein's mind.

When summoning a spirit world creature, the first sentence needed descriptions such as "wanders about the unfounded" and "roaming in the upper realm." Only by doing so could it accurately point to the spirit world. The suffix would clearly indicate that the Spirit Body was being summoned and that it was a creature that had a corporeal body. The second and third lines were an accurate description of the creature, but due to the restrictions of the format, one couldn't use too many words to pinpoint a creature. Therefore, it was difficult to predict or divine what would ultimately be summoned by the ritualist.

In this sort of situation, using an incantation previously used by others implied a much lower risk.

Then, after signing a contract, the description of the third sentence: "the messenger that belongs to whomever" or "Contract Companion of whoever" could be made, allowing the three-lined description to accurately summon the corresponding messenger.

Yes, my messenger has to run very fast; otherwise, it might be killed by some malicious creature in the spirit world, resulting in the loss of important letters… Klein's mind raced, and he came up with a clear plan.

He took a step back and said in ancient Hermes, "I!

"I summon in my name:

"The spirit that wanders about the unfounded, the friendly creature that can be subordinated, the creature whose speed surpasses imagination."

Whoosh!

There was the sound of wind, tainting the candles to a dark green and turning the surroundings cold and creepy.

Klein saw a blurry figure rush out, too fast for him to see anything.

After that, he couldn't find the fellow ever again.

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CHAPTER 561
"RECRUITMENT FAIR"

*That's way too fast… Did it already circle the planet several times… Or maybe it's still there, but it's too fast for my vision to keep up… *Klein's mouth twitched, deciding to wait a few seconds to see if the "creature whose speed surpasses imagination" would appear again.

He wasn't worried that the summoned spirit world creature would harm the innocent, as one of the descriptions was of a friendly creature. Besides, as long as he forcefully ended the summoning and stopped the ritual, the creature would be immediately sent back to the spirit world, no matter where the "creature whose speed surpasses imagination" went.

A few seconds later, Klein inhaled after failing to see any response from him waiting. He said with ancient Hermes, "I!

"I end this summoning in my name!"

The chilling air around him instantly vanished as the swirling cold wind died down and the candle flames returned to their normal color.

Klein stepped forward and extinguished the candle, intending to revise the last sentence and try again.

As for the two phrases "the spirit that wanders about the unfounded, the friendly creature that can be subordinated," he had no intention of changing them. The first sentence was directed at the spirit world, and it could only be replaced with synonyms, so it didn't matter if he changed it or not. The second sentence was a prerequisite for Klein to ensure his own safety; otherwise, it would've been a horror story instead of a hilarious one.

Hmm… I don't need to use "surpasses imagination" as an adjective. But others might not meet my needs. Perhaps… I can change my train of thought. A messenger doesn't have to run that fast. A normal speed is fine. There are other ways to ensure safety. I just need to get malicious beings to ignore it and neglect it… I'll try a spirit world creature that's easily neglected… After two or three minutes of deliberation, Klein held a ritual again.

When he was done with the preparations, he chanted a new incantation, "I!

"I summon in my name:

"The spirit that wanders about the unfounded, the friendly creature that can be subordinated, the being who is easily neglected.'"

The interior of the warehouse became abnormally quiet. There was no wind, nor did it turn cold within the wall of spirituality. Even the color of the candle remained unchanged.

Klein waited, watching, hoping for a good messenger.

After about ten seconds, he sighed and looked around.

There's nothing. The description was of no effect this time.

He didn't wait any longer and followed the procedure of ending the summoning and extinguishing the candle.

To his puzzlement, the candle flame even shook a few times in the end.

Did I miss something… Klein frowned, and then he relaxed, throwing the matter to the back of his mind.

He reconsidered the question of how to modify the description and continued targeting the third sentence.

I'll switch to another train of thought. If a messenger is especially good at enduring scuffles and has great survivability, it's still okay. No matter what, a messenger that can deliver the letter to the target is a good messenger… Klein pondered for a moment, then he held the summoning ritual for the third time.

Amidst the fragrance of herbs and essential oils, and under the dim light of the candlelight, the shadows on his face darted about as his mouth gaped open and closed.

"I!

"I summon in my name:

"The spirit that wanders about the unfounded, the friendly creature that can be subordinated, an extraordinary creature who has extremely high survivability."

The flame of the candle flared and stretched, illuminating the bright red interior of the altar.

In Klein's Spirit Vision, white bones drilled out from the ground, overlapping to form what looked like a safe.

I've finally summoned something I can see. Furthermore, it's a creature with extremely high survivability… It looks very much like a safe. Just one look is enough to tell that it's good at taking a beating… Klein breathed a sigh of relief and spoke in the ancient Hermes, "Are you willing to be my messenger?"

The skeletal creature that looked like a safe quickly indicated its willingness.

Then it wriggled the bones beneath it and crawled toward Klein slowly, very slowly.

It took ten seconds to crawl a centimeter.

…*This is way too slow.*… Klein's smile froze on his face.

Although messengers completed their mission by traveling through the spirit world, that didn't mean that they didn't need speed.

Within the spirit world, distance and orientation were chaotic. The most important thing was to find and lock onto a location.

As long as an accurate, clear, immediate coordinates were provided, such as the summoning ritual just now or a simplified ritual that involved blowing a whistle, then no matter where the messenger was in the spirit world, it would immediately appear within the altar.

When the location wasn't that immediate and only had a contractual connection or a previous anchor point, the messenger needed to spend time to distinguish the location, roam the spirit world, and search for the target. This required a certain amount of speed.

If it were to deliver the letter, the recipient might not even receive it by the time they die.… Klein helplessly thought as he looked at the slowly crawling skeletal creature.

He let the smile reappear on his face.

"After some careful consideration, I think it's best I don't trouble you.

"Thank you for your willingness."

The creature made of illusory white bones stopped. Compared to before, it appeared as though it hadn't moved at all.

Klein quickly canceled the summoning and rubbed his forehead.

He was a little depressed and had decided to abandon himself to despair. He decided to use a less troublesome method to find messengers, which was "public recruitment, an interview selection!"

After taking a deep breath, Klein calmed his mind and began the ritual seriously.

Looking at the candle flame that was quietly burning, he took a step back and said, "I!

"I summon in my name:

"The spirit that wanders about the unfounded, the friendly creature that can be subordinated, a unique being that is willing to be my messenger."

Whoosh!

The wind blew fiercely inside the wall of spirituality, and Klein's half top hat almost flew off of his head.

The candle flame shook and expanded to the size of a human head. It was so pale that it seemed to have lost its body temperature.

A translucent head slowly emerged, as if it had just broken through a thin membrane. Its hair was a light gold color and was smooth. Its eyes were blood-red, and it had an imposing appearance.

*Looks a little familiar… *Klein silently muttered.

The head had fully shown itself, but what followed wasn't its neck, but an illusory hand that held the end of the head's hair.

Behind the palm were complicated patterns, but the color of the cuffs was dark.

The summoned spirit world creature appeared at an increasingly rapid speed, and soon, it was before Klein in its entirety.

It was indeed a familiar "person." It was the headless woman that Klein had met standing at the top of a castle while he was on his way to Kalvetua's ruins at the bottom of the sea.

She was no longer as large as a castle like she was before. She was now a tall, "ordinary" woman.

Of course, there were still only cuts on her neck and four identical heads in her hands.

"Did… you… summon… me?" The headless woman in the complicated black dress stood there quietly. Her four drooping heads spoke one after the other in ancient Feysac.

She can directly communicate through words… The level of this spirit world creature isn't low… I remember you having a castle… You're already a property owner, so why are you "applying" for the job of a messenger? Klein sighed with emotion and lampooned. Then, he looked down at the candle behind the headless woman. He was disappointed to find that no other spirit had emerged.

He had originally imagined that many spirit world creatures would be willing to be his messenger as they swarmed over, having to form a line to be interviewed. In the end, only one had responded.

It should be a problem with the summoning ritual itself. It's considered a relatively simple and basic summoning ceremony, so it's impossible to summon multiple targets at once… Klein looked at the headless lady and solemnly nodded.

"Yes."

Without waiting for the other party to speak, he added another question.

"Can you roam the spirit world at a relatively fast speed? How good is your survivability?"

The head which the headless lady lifted answered, "Yes. Not… bad."

As she spoke, she floated upwards and then quickly descended, displaying her speed.

Phew… Klein decided to stop making attempts which led to unknown results. He asked in a serious manner, "Are you willing to sign a contract and become my messenger?"

The headless woman's dress fluttered slightly, and her four heads with blonde hair and red eyes nodded at the same time.

"Yes. Every time… One… gold coin."

Ah? A gold coin for each letter sent? Mr. Azik didn't mention that spirit world creatures have such hobbies… Right, he mentioned that when signing a contract, persuasion and communication are key factors. Does this mean that this is a form of persuasion and communication? Klein was surprised and wanted to cancel the summoning immediately.

Wait a minute, I might not need to be the one paying for it… Whoever summons the messenger pays for it… Heh, maybe when our communication improves, there would be the option of paying on receipt… After some thought, Klein agreed to the other party's request.

"Okay.

"Let's sign the contract."

He picked up a dark red, round fountain pen and yellowish-brown goatskin parchment that he had prepared earlier, and he quickly wrote down the contract in the language which could stir the forces of nature, ancient Hermes.

The format and terms were described in detail in Azik's letter. They were concise and to the point, and they contained clauses such as the messenger not being allowed to look at the letter, not discarding the letter, or endangering the life of the contractor. Of course, if the contents of the letter were related to the messenger, the messenger had to be informed in advance.

In addition to these, Klein added a clause to send one gold coin for each letter, specifying that it could be borne by the contractor or by the receiver of the letter.

In order to ensure the effectiveness of the contract, the final part used the honorific name of the deity in charge of this domain.

It was an undead contract, and normally it meant using Death's honorific name, but Death had long perished with no response from "Him." Hence, Azik mentioned that it could be replaced by using the description of someone high in the undead domain or the Underworld itself, but the binding force wasn't that strong.

Without a doubt, Klein chose the Underworld, which had a close relationship with the bigshot.

"The home of all death, the hell hidden deep within the spirit world, the witness of the decay of all living things, one that solely belongs to the kingdom of Death."

After penning these four sentences, the yellowish-brown goatskin parchment began to burn with a green flame, illuminating the gloomy surroundings.

After he was done with the text, Klein took out Azik's copper whistle, placed it on the goatskin, and wrote his current name: "Gehrman Sparrow."

This didn't necessarily require a real name, because his aura would enter the contract. The name was only used for summoning, which was to say, using

"the messenger that belongs to Gehrman Sparrow" worked, but "the Contracted Creature of Klein Moretti" wouldn't.

When Klein finished signing, the goatskin floated up, carrying Azik's copper whistle and the dark red fountain pen, and flew to the headless lady.

The headless lady held the head with golden hair and red eyes, let it bite down on the fountain pen and wrote her name: "Reinette Tinekerr."

The green flames quickly gathered together, wrapping around Azik's copper whistle and the yellowish-brown goatskin parchment.

A few seconds later, the goatskin was reduced to ash, and the copper whistle fell into the palm of Klein's hand.

The headless woman, Reinette, collectively blinked with the eyes of her four heads, and her body rapidly faded away into the pale candle flame.

After the contract was made, Klein no longer needed to undo the summoning. He could do it with his own will.

Phew, I finally have a messenger. "The spirit that wanders about the unfounded, the friendly creature that can be subordinated, the messenger that belongs to Gehrman Sparrow"…Well, when there's an opportunity, I'll get an Artisan to create something like the copper whistle, so that I don't have to summon my messenger every time via a ritual… Klein cleared up the mess in a rather good mood.

Over the next few days, Bayam gradually returned to normal, but Danitz still hadn't been able to receive any telegrams from Admiral of Blood's pirate crew.

On Sunday morning, he flipped through the newspaper and suddenly lowered his voice as he said to Klein, "There's a Beyonder gathering tonight. Want to attend?"

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CHAPTER 562
HELENE

Beyonder gathering? Klein thought for a bit, then he nodded and responded, "Okay."

*I should bring forward to the collection of the supplementary ingredients of the Nimblewright Master potion. I can also see if I might meet an Artisan… *He subconsciously started to make arrangements in his mind.

Upon seeing Gehrman Sparrow agree, Danitz breathed a quiet sigh of relief, unable to contain his joy.

For the past few days, having had his bounty raised significantly, he had obediently stayed in the suite to monitor the radio transceiver. He was so bored that he yearned for the evening to arrive immediately.

The Beyonder gathering that Danitz mentioned was at the Amyris Leaf Bar, where pirates, informants, and adventurers were active. It was the first choice if one wanted to gather information and buy supplies.

Dressed in a black coat and silk top hat, Klein followed Danitz through the crowded bar's lobby and into a card room. Under the watchful gaze of several bouncers, he gave the predetermined signal and descended down a flight of hidden stairs to a wide underground area.

It's like the Evil Dragon Bar in Tingen City. There's an underground market for herbs, essential oils, ancient books, charms, and all sorts of common mysticism materials. However, the difference is that there are also all sorts of guns and ammunition for sale. Klein even discovered antiquated muskets and lead bullets.

Heh, they also sell fake identity documents and fake seals… As expected of an overseas colony, their industry is much more developed than Tingen's… I'll buy a batch of ingredients later to make charms in the Sea God domain. There will always be some discounts if I purchase them in large quantities… Klein slightly turned his head from side to side to take in the situation in the underground area.

Next to him, Danitz, who was already doubtful about his own disguise skills, had deliberately put on a cap, keeping the front of his cap down to cover half his face. With great familiarity, he led Klein to the other end of the underground market and knocked on the closed door with two long knocks and four short knocks.

Behind the door, there was only a single candle. It swayed on the lampstand on the side wall, scattering yellow light onto the tiny room.

Danitz pointed to the long robes, masks, and other items which were hanging or placed on a table, and said to Klein, "It's up to you to decide whether you would don a disguise. You can also choose not to."

Klein looked around, his gaze sweeping past the bouncers in the room.

"I don't need it."

*I am now an informant for the kingdom's military, and the Church of Storms also knows of my identity, so there's nothing for me to be afraid of… If the pirates and adventurers have any malicious thoughts about me because of my lack of a disguise, and if they attempt to attack me, hehe… *Klein suddenly pictured bounty rewards flying towards him one by one.

Danitz curled his lips secretly, picked up a black iron mask, and wore it.

Then, he and Klein passed through a dim corridor and into another room under a bouncer's lead.

The place was lavishly decorated. The floor was covered with a thick carpet from the Southern Continent; the walls were decorated with shining lampstands, and the fresh smell of candles could be caught as they suffused with light.

Klein glanced around and, without Danitz's help, found a brown leather sofa and sat down on it. He leaned back and crossed his right leg.

There were already more than twenty people of various genders gathered here. Some were in hooded robes, while others showed their faces. According to Danitz's description in the morning, not all of the people attending this gathering were Beyonders, there were spokesmen for certain factions, as well as adventurers, pirates, and mysticism enthusiasts who wanted to become Beyonders.

Time slowly passed in that quiet environment. About seven or eight minutes later, the old man who was sitting on a reclining chair straightened his back and crossed his hands. He chuckled.

"Everyone, let's begin."

Because he was old, his white hair was sparse, leaving only a thin layer. However, his light brown eyes weren't turbid, with them being bright and sharp.

"The organizer of the gathering, Strongman Ozil, a famous pirate in the past, and now the secret boss of the Amyris Leaf Bar," Danitz leaned slightly and introduced the man to Klein with a suppressed voice.

He'd actually mentioned it in the morning, but he was afraid that Gehrman Sparrow failed to match a name to the face and would later vent his anger on himself.

It's a sorrowful matter to have a secret grasped by others… Danitz sighed inwardly.

Klein nodded indiscernibly as he silently watched the transactions happen.

There were potion formulas for Warrior, Sailor, Mystery Pryer, and others, but no one bought them. The expectant sellers were disappointed again and again.

Danitz glanced at Gehrman Sparrow, who wore an expressionless face, he then leaned over, and explained in a low voice, "There is no Notary at this gathering, nor any powerful Seer. The authenticity of the potion formula cannot be guaranteed. It's too easy to fake such things, and even if people recognize that the formula is fake, the seller cannot be punished because he might be a victim as well."

I know… This is one of the reasons why potion formulas fail to be widely spread… Klein uncrossed his right leg, leaned forward slightly, and said in a voice that was neither loud nor low, "I need the remnant spirituality of an ancient wraith."

He didn't mention the eyes of a six-winged gargoyle, the spring water from Sonia Island's Golden Spring, or any other supplementary ingredients. He was worried that others would guess that he was a Faceless who was preparing to advance to Nimblewright Master.

When he was in Tingen, Klein had relied on the purchase of supplementary ingredients to accurately suspect that Daxter Guderian was a prospective Spectator, and thus, he figured out his identity as a member of the Psychology Alchemists.

It was impossible to deduce any more from the remnant spirituality of an ancient wraith alone, as many of the rituals in the undead domain would use it.

Although Klein didn't disguise himself, he still had to be careful.

The room was silent for two seconds. Then, a slightly hoarse voice sounded.

"How much do you need?"

Someone really has it? Klein controlled his expression and didn't let his joy show on his face.

He tilted his head to look at the speaker and saw that he was a man in his thirties who was clearly of native blood.

The man's skin was bronzed, but he had a dull luster from chronic malnutrition or a lack of light. His face was thin, his cheekbones protruded, and his eyes were sunken, more white than black.

"A small bottle." Klein pulled out a small metal bottle as an example.

The thin, dark man was silent for a moment before saying, "500 pounds."

That's reasonable… Klein originally wanted to haggle, but he caught a glimpse of Danitz sitting beside him out of the corner of his eye.

I'm Gehrman Sparrow, a cold, crazy adventurer… Klein repeated this line three times inwardly, quietly took a deep breath, and calmly nodded.

"Okay."

He took out the large stack of cash he had prepared, and he counted out a sum of 500 pounds.

The man with the mostly white eyes took out a glass test tube from his pocket, threw it at Klein, and said, "All the spirituality will be gone after a year."

He wasn't afraid that the other party wouldn't be unable to catch it, because even if it were to break, it wouldn't affect the material itself. It would only be a matter of changing the container.

Klein raised his right hand and accurately caught the glass tube. He saw many phosphorescent spots floating in the tube, and when they touched the glass wall, they would strangely expand, forming a face with blurred features that opened to form a mouth that screamed silently.

It's real… Klein nodded to himself and handed the thick stack of cash worth 500 pounds to the attendant who approached and handed it to the seller.

The trading continued, most of it failing with only a small number succeeding.

At the end of the day, the gathering's organizer, Strongman Ozil laughed and said, "I have a request."

As he spoke, he pulled out a photo from his inside pocket.

"The reward for finding the person above is 1,000 pounds or some other common Beyonder ingredient of equal value. Remember, do not hurt her."

1,000 pounds? This would make most adventurers go crazy… I wonder who he's looking for, to offer such a high reward… Not surprisingly, Klein saw that everyone present was willing to give it a try.

The picture began to be passed in a counterclockwise fashion, and a few minutes later, it was in Klein's hands.

As he casually swept a glance over it, a bit of surprise suddenly surfaced in his heart.

The woman in the photo was rather pretty, with bright red hair and a pair of green eyes that resembled emeralds. Her skin wasn't fair, but she gave off a healthy feeling.

At the time of the photoshoot, she was wearing a long, lake-colored skirt. Her waist was tightened with a flower-shaped ribbon, making her appear

exceptionally slender. Although her face seemed to be smiling, her overall appearance was one of displeasure and awkwardness.

A girl with a good family background… Who would pay 1,000 pounds to find her? Furthermore, the premise is that she cannot be hurt… Hmm, a picture of her forcing a smile… Many romance stories with intertwined love and hate flashed in Klein's mind.

Stories like a tyrannical pirate falling in love with a wealthy merchant's daughter, abducting her onto his boat before she eventually escaped; or some noble lady from a declining noble family turning into a pirate, and was later caught due to a mistake, only to have a sinful relationship with a mid- or high-ranking Mandated Punisher or military officer, thus escaping from her predicament and imprisonment; how a newly advanced Demoness accidentally fell into a debt of love when giving someone pleasure… Such thoughts flashed through his mind, and Klein almost raised his hand to cover his face.

I've read too many novels in my previous life… And I happen to have a trauma because of Demonesses in this world… He sighed to himself, looked up at Ozil and asked, "What's her name?"

"Helene," Ozil answered succinctly, "but she must have switched to using a fake alias."

*Helene, a typical female Intis name… *Klein asked again, "Is there anything she often wears?

"Hair is fine too."

This was a medium that could be used to seek her with divination.

Klein didn't mention things like recently worn clothes that hadn't been washed, afraid that the employer behind the scenes would throw him a piece of lingerie, making it awkward.

Ozil shook his head.

"Nothing.

"She has a strong anti-tracking ability."

"What's her strength like?" another member of the gathering asked.

Ozil said in a serious manner, "The employer didn't give a detailed description. It's said that she isn't too strong, but she's stronger than a Sequence 9.

"You don't need to capture her. As long as you determine her whereabouts, you will be paid."

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CHAPTER 563
THE FOOL'S “BLESSING”

"As long as you can confirm her location, you can receive 1,000 pounds! This is the first time I've seen such a mission!" On the street outside the Amyris Leaf Bar, Danitz rubbed his hands together with a hint of excitement. He clenched his fists and hit the tall iron-black gas lamppost, yearning to immediately wander around the city and find the red-haired woman named Helene.

To him, 1,000 pounds wasn't a small sum. It was enough to add one more house to his line of properties in Bayam. It just wouldn't be located in the most prosperous and valuable districts.

The Elf Flying Carpet he had previously obtained was only around two to three thousand pounds, and this was the reward he had gained from fighting dangerous fellows such as Steel Maveti and Blood Brambles Hendry. It was completely incomparable to the easy mission of finding someone.

Klein, who was walking ahead, held a package wrapped in newspaper. They were the charm materials which had cost him fifteen pounds. He slowed his pace a little, glanced at Danitz, and spoke without expression, "5,500 pounds."

"…”

Danitz's excitement froze on his face.

Only then did he remember an important problem. In the eyes of the other pirates and adventurers, he was as "attractive" as red-haired Helene.

They didn't need to fight him. Once they recognized him, they could report his identity to the military, the Church, or the police, and they would receive a reward worth more than 1,000 pounds. After all, he was already a great pirate worth 5,500 pounds.

Searching for red-haired Helene would be equivalent to a lady with a nice figure and good looks entering the Red Theater for entertainment.

*Dog… sh*t…* Danitz spat out a single word, his face grim, as he stretched out the middle consonant.

At the same time, he automatically pulled down his cap even lower.

Klein, who had poured cold water on Danitz, resumed his normal walking speed and considered the question of finding the red-haired Helene.

The lack of a medium and the necessary information had made it difficult for him to use divination, so he had to consider other methods.

Activate my underlings to do an investigation of the entire city? This is something that can only be done by the Church, the military, and the police. Even the local gangs would find it difficult to accomplish… Wait, I think I can…

I'm not Sea God Kalvetua. My believers are all across Bayam and Blue Mountain Island. I just need to make an announcement, no—a revelation to all my believers, and I can get them to search for red-haired Helene… But would this damage my standing? To do something like that for 1,000 pounds, even a god wants some face…

If I were the real Sea God, I wouldn't care about this. However, I'm now acting as Kalvetua. I have to maintain the dignity of a god as best as I can.

Back when Kalvetua was on the verge of collapse, it didn't even broadcast a revelation when it was urgently trying to find Leticia and her subordinates. Instead, it only gave orders to his worshipers in the upper echelons… I can

change its commandments as part of reconstructing an image, but I can't appear too low-class… Well, that should also be a requirement of true acting.

It would be difficult to organize an investigation just by giving Kalat, Edmonton, and the others a revelation. Furthermore, they would definitely magnify the severity of the issue and cause a huge commotion. It would only make things more difficult to deal with later.

There's another solution. I can throw the radio transceiver above the gray fog and attempt to contact the magic mirror, Arrodes. I'll ask him about red-haired Helene's location. I have to be careful about this. I need to prepare ahead of time and confirm it via divination. I don't want to receive strange telegrams from the True Creator or the Primordial Demoness. Even a glance at it would probably make me go mad.

Having quickly come up with ideas, Klein boarded a rental carriage parked at the corner of the street. Danitz pressed his cap and followed closely behind.

Returning to the Wind of Azure Inn, Klein took off his hat and coat while saying to Danitz, "If your captain contacts you through a dream, ask for information about red-haired Helene."

"She probably doesn't know. Otherwise, I would've known this red-haired Helene." Danitz grinned. "I don't know who's looking for her, to be willing to pay a thousand pounds."

His thoughts were whirling, imagining a love story akin to the ones Emperor Roselle had penned.

Klein glanced at him and casually mentioned, "I'll do the monitoring tonight."

"You're doing it?" Danitz snapped out of his fantasies, wondering if he had heard wrongly.

"Yes." Klein nodded.

Gehrman Sparrow realizes that I'm too exhausted? Although this fellow is a little crazy, he's still a good person at heart. He had actually decided to risk his life to save those people when we were at Bansy Harbor for reasons that couldn't be considered good… Danitz sighed to himself.

Carrying the radio transceiver and its relevant parts, Klein went into the bedroom, locked the door, and threw them above the gray fog with a sacrificial ritual.

After doing all of this, he was in no hurry to leave the towering palace. He waved his hand, and the Sea God Scepter flew out from the junk pile. He scanned through the prayers of different people and gathered experience on how people had multiple facades.

In the process, he would occasionally respond, like a child who still had great interest in a new toy.

As Klein's browsing drew to a close, ripples of light began to form around the seat of The Fool.

Someone is praying to me, to The Fool and not to Sea God… Klein raised his eyebrows and emanated his spirituality, scanning the scene within the rippling light.

…

Enmat Harbor, in a room with closed curtains.

Dressed in a classic black robe, Ed Sheeran resisted the impulse in his heart and said to the sweet, young girl, Denise, "The gift of god is in our bodies, but if we want to obtain it, we must have a teacher guide it out.

"Your soul is pure and beloved by the gods. I will personally guide you. In the process, no matter what happens, you must trust me and listen to me.

"Before that, do you have any questions?"

Ed Sheeran was a swindler. His specialty was to establish a cult to cheat others for money and sex. He would then decisively flee before it reached a certain scale that would garner attention from the police.

This time, he had come from Backlund, disguised as one of The Fool's Blessed that many gangsters in the capital were looking for. He had also developed a batch of believers in his target group.

He falsely claimed that The Fool was the incarnation of the Lord of the Storms and that he would come to save the faithful during the apocalypse. This was a secret that could not be widely publicized and could only be spread in secret; otherwise, it would attract the attention of the gods of the other Churches. Only those who were chosen would be able to believe in The Fool in advance and be the first batch of the redeemed.

To make himself appear more persuasive, he spent a lot of money in Backlund, buying a piece of paper with the honorific name of The Fool written on it.

As for what was on the piece of paper, his comment was: "It looks like it's real."

Denise asked with both fear and anticipation, "Lord Adorer, why didn't we get a response when we read the honorific name of God? Aren't we Blessed who have been selected and should bathe in God's grace?"

I'll immediately give you God's grace… Ed Sheeran took a deep breath and suppressed the tantalizing images in his mind.

"Two reasons. First, you haven't discovered the grace of God which is hidden in your body. I will help you complete that later.

"Second, you are not devout enough. Don't argue, I can see right through you.

"After you do all of this, you will be able to recite the honorific name of God and receive a response, just like me."

Under Denise's idolizing and curious gaze, Ed Sheeran picked up a pen on the table beside her and scribbled a line of words.

It was the Hermes language used for a sacrificial offering.

In order to make the scam a success, Ed Sheeran had acquired a lot of religious knowledge and even went to a university's Department of History to sit in on archeology courses.

Holding the paper in front of Denise, he proudly recited the words he had written in Hermes, "The Fool that doesn't belong to this era.

"The mysterious ruler above the gray fog.

"The King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck."

Following that, with half-closed eyes and open arms, he said dreamily, "I feel the blessings of God."

At this moment, a streak of silver lightning descended from the sky and landed right on Ed Sheeran's head.

With a sizzling sound, the tiny electric bolts snaking across his body scurried. With God's blessing, he fell to the ground and his body quickly charred while his muscles twitched violently.

After a few seconds, he stopped all movement, including breathing as Denise exclaimed, "Lord Ed Sheeran is indeed God's Blessed."

Denise finally sensed that something wasn't right. She stepped forward carefully, lifted her skirt and knelt down, placing her finger to the tip of Ed Sheeran's nose.

*He… he's dead… He's dead! *Denise jerked back and fell to the ground in terror.

She burst into tears and stumbled out of the room, heading for the nearby police station.

…

Atop the gray fog, Klein silently retracted the Sea God Scepter.

You actually dared to use my name to cheat others of their wealth and sully women.… The corner of his mouth twitched, wishing he could give another bolt of lightning to that man named Ed Sheeran.

This was called a corpse mutilation.

*The girl would probably call the police, right? This kind of case would inevitably be referred to a corresponding Beyonder team. I wonder if it will be the Nighthawks, the Mandated Punishers, or the Machinery Hivemind… After what Mr. A has done, my reputation as The Fool isn't small in Backlund. Perhaps I already have a dossier in the official organizations. Well, maybe they'll put everything together and hand it over to the Red Gloves or something similar for handling… *Klein's past identity and insight as a Nighthawk had allowed him to consider the possible future developments.

However, he quickly put this matter to the back of his mind, because no matter what, they wouldn't be able to detect that it was him.

Klein threw the Sea God Scepter back into the junk pile, ready to return to the real world.

Suddenly, one of the dark red stars that were quietly floating in the boundless gray fog had lit up all of a sudden, emitting a light that was as bright as water!

It swelled and shrunk repeatedly in an abnormally conspicuous manner.

This was a crimson star that didn't belong to any member of the Tarot Club.

What a busy day today… Who could it be? Like Miss Justice, Mr. Hanged Man, and Little Sun, someone is relying on a certain object to connect with the gray fog? Klein's spirituality spread out as he thought. He didn't respond and only observed.

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CHAPTER 564
KNOWLEDGE PURSUER

As Klein's spirituality made contact, the constantly expanding and contracting crimson "star" presented the images and sounds contained within.

A black-haired woman in a classical robe had fallen to the ground, writhing in pain.

She held an ordinary-looking celestial globe in one hand, and in the other, she held a short scepter that wasn't even the length of a small arm. Her strong will to survive almost broke through the binding of the crimson stars and directly entered Klein's ears.

Like Justice and The Sun, this woman's figure appeared rather blurry, making it difficult to discern her exact appearance, but there were some things Klein could clearly see, such as her facial features, such as her splitting cheek muscles and the flesh inside that was contracting into eyeballs. Other features included her ears stretching outwards like a trumpet, or her fingers which were scratching at the floor to create bright streaks of blood, as well as a pair of cold, lashless eyes that were almost transparent and were situated above her.

The black-haired girl's mutation didn't decline. Her body was tenaciously healing itself, causing the flesh and blood which resembled an eyeball to melt away. Her ruptured muscles fused together, and her extended ears shrunk inward… Every detail was in a repetitive see-saw-like struggle between the two states.

Klein was dazzled by the illusory, lashless eyes. It was as if he had returned to Tingen, back to the time when he had first mastered Spirit Vision.

Back then, he had seen a pair of eyes like that on Old Neil's back!

Hidden Sage? Klein leaned back in his chair, stretched out his hand, and took hold of the Sea God Scepter that once again flew out of the junk pile.

He planned to lend a helping hand and smite those evil eyes with a few bolts of lightning.

However, after careful examination, he sharply realized that the black-haired woman's abnormality had stemmed from the crazy ravings that no one else could hear. This was because the source of everything was in her ears, deep within her Spirit Body, her Soul Body!

It's very similar to the situation when Miss Magician suffers from the ravings of the full moon… Fortunately, I'm experienced; otherwise, I would've given the wrong response… Klein thought for a moment and thought of a way to save her. It was to pull her Spirit Body above the gray fog and directly block out the crazy ravings. As long as the source of the power was gone, the mutation would be quickly dealt with by the lady's self-recovery powers.

As for whether she was worth saving, or if she harbored malicious intentions, the current him was no longer as troubled as he was in the past.

If the black-haired lady had committed a heinous crime to a certain degree and had already established a connection with the mysterious space above the gray fog through the crimson star, Klein could give her a few lightning bolts at any time and let her be thrown back to where she belonged.

If she really has any kind of malicious intentions, or if she causes any accidents, I, who possess the Sea God Scepter, the Dark Emperor card, and am capable of using the gray fog's power to some degree, wouldn't lack the

ability to resist… Klein held onto the white bone scepter in his right hand and pointed at the remote star.

His spirit energy surged and poured into the crimson red light that was like flowing water.

This time, he was able to establish the mysterious and stable connection with ease.

The black-haired lady's figure instantly appeared at the side of the long bronze table, sitting on a chair that didn't belong to any of the current members of the Tarot Club.

As for Klein, he could see from the final image of the crimson stars that the mutation on her body had weakened significantly.

He nodded indiscernibly, patiently waiting for the other party to speak.

The black-haired lady was still somewhat adrift. One second, she was struggling in extreme pain, with her vision gradually turning black, and the next second, she was inside a towering domed palace. Beneath her was an endless and silent gray fog that extended outwards endlessly. How couldn't she be taken aback?

After a brief moment of silence, she turned her gaze to the figure leisurely sitting at the very end of the mottled long table. She asked with an ethereal voice, "Is this the Underworld?"

"You aren't dead." Klein laughed.

At this moment, he saw that the symbol tainted with starlight quickly changed on the back of the black-haired lady's high-back chair, forming a pair of eyes that contained countless resplendent stars. They were cold and indifferent, and they lacked eyelashes.

Based on his past experiences, he believed that this was a symbol representing the Mystery Pryer pathway.

The black-haired lady froze, gradually regaining her senses.

Instinctively, she scanned her surroundings before finally casting her gaze at the mysterious man shrouded behind the gray fog.

White shirt, tailcoat, no tie, black pants, bright leather boots, seemingly black hair, and a blurry appearance. There's nothing strange about this… He casually holds a milky-white scepter that's slightly longer than an arm in his hand, and that scepter… The black-haired lady's pupils contracted as the depths of her eyes reflected, in its entirety, the blue "gemstones" and the aura of a storm from the surroundings that it stirred. Furthermore, there were countless points of light that surrounded it, giving it a holy and majestic feeling.

It's a scepter at the demigod level! He's playing with it like it's a toy… He doesn't care about it at all… The lady in black narrowed her eyes and cautiously asked, "How may I address you?"

"You may call me Mr. Fool," the experienced Klein answered.

The Fool… The black-haired lady ruminated over the word before asking with deliberation, "I've heard of your honorific name from the Aurora Order's Mr. Z."

She waited for his assertion or denial.

*You know the Aurora Order's Mr. Z… He can be considered an old friend… *Klein laughed but didn't reply; instead, he said, "Do you not plan on introducing yourself?

"This is the most basic of etiquette."

The black-haired lady recalled what had happened to her and fell silent again.

After a few seconds, she said in a slightly muffled voice, "My name is Cattleya, and I have the nickname 'Admiral of Stars.'

"Mr. Fool, were you the one who saved me?"

Admiral of Stars? The Admiral of Stars, one of the seven pirate admirals, someone with a bounty of 37,000 pounds? I've saved a treasure trove, no—a person of high status… Klein shifted in his seat slightly, half surprised, half amused.

He chuckled and replied, "Wasn't that obvious?"

Admiral of Stars Cattleya immediately stood up and said, "Thank you for your assistance. If you have anything you need me to do, you can directly instruct me—as long as it is within my capabilities and doesn't violate my principles."

*That's nice of you… Very seasoned and experienced… She's indeed worthy of being the well-known Admiral of Stars… *Klein couldn't help but sigh.

Among his Tarot Club members, with the exception of The Hanged Man and his incarnation, The World, all of them were rather inexperienced when they first participated.

Miss Justice was one of those who vaguely understood the mysterious world, but she hadn't really stepped into it yet. The Sun was one of those who received sufficient "education," but due to the isolated environment and his relatively young age, he was very simple and honest. The Magician may have been stuck at Sequence 9 for several years, but she had always been an unaffiliated Beyonder. She didn't know much about all sorts of hidden factions, and she lacked experience. The Moon, Emlyn, comes from a Beyonder race, with a faction with a deep heritage backing him. However,

due to his preference of staying home to play with dolls, he is greatly lacking in experience in certain aspects. He was very gullible as a result.

That fellow, Emlyn, is smart, but if he were to, heh heh, meet Tris, no, Demoness Trissy, he would be tricked by her into selling his dolls… Klein secretly teased the vampire which could be considered a friend in the real world.

He looked at Admiral of Stars and didn't directly respond to the matter of her repaying him for saving her life. Instead, he smiled and asked, "Are you a member of the Moses Ascetic Order?"

"Yes." Cattleya didn't believe that this was something she could hide from Mr. Fool.

Klein smiled.

"What did you just do to provoke that guy?"

He wasn't sure that the pair of eyes belonged to the Hidden Sage, so he used a vague term 'that guy' instead, so that, no matter what, The Fool was absolutely correct and upheld his standing.

After a moment of silence, Cattleya said, "No, I didn't provoke him."

She paused, then she continued, "The members of the Moses Ascetic Order believe that all objects are numeric, and we pursue knowledge itself.

"However, Emperor Roselle once said that we aren't pursuing knowledge, but that knowledge is pursuing us. The Hidden Sage is an embodiment of knowledge itself. 'He' is chasing us—every single Moses Ascetic Order member. When too much knowledge is injected into us, without us being able to quickly digest and master it, a situation like before would happen. Either I lower my defenses and open my mind to accept the modifications from the Hidden Sage, or I would tenaciously resist it or end up losing control."

If that's the case, you aren't specifically targeted by the Hidden Sage. Even if you managed to escape from the previous predicament, you wouldn't be suspected of anything… According to what you said, you are very knowledgeable… Back then, Old Neil only wanted to obtain the knowledge of human body refining and of a perfect revival… Klein suddenly sighed, but he didn't show it on his face.

*The reputation of Admiral of Stars isn't too bad. She's the kind of pirate with a code of honor… *Klein stopped his thoughts and calmly said, "If something similar happens again, you can recite my name."

Recite your name… Cattleya's lips quivered, instinctively wanting to refuse.

In the end, she didn't say anything as she fell silent for a long time.

After repeatedly weighing the pros and cons, she stood up, crossed her arms in front of her chest, and slightly bowed as she said, "How may I be of service?"

Klein laughed and said in an indifferent tone, "In the future, provide some assistance to my Blessed."

"By your will." Cattleya sat down again and asked cautiously, "Is the honorific name provided by Mr. Z yours?"

She then repeated the honorific name of The Fool to him.

Klein nodded his head, indicating that she was right.

Cattleya looked at the other empty seats and asked after some deliberation, "Honorable Mr. Fool, will there be others here as well?"

Klein laughed and replied, "People like yourself.

"They set up a regular gathering, and I bear witness."

After a few seconds of silence, Cattleya asked, "Can I participate?"

She thought that since she wasn't connected with the mysterious existence known as The Fool, it was better to know more than to do nothing.

*Of course, you have money, knowledge, influence, and needs… *Klein casually leaned against the back of the chair.

"Sure.

"Without my permission, you are not to leak this matter."

"Alright!" Cattleya answered without hesitation.

Klein tapped his left index finger and revealed the rest of the tarot cards on the bronze table.

"They use tarot cards as their code names. These are the remaining ones.

"Pick one."

Cattleya scanned the cards and immediately said, "The Hermit."

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CHAPTER 565
EYE OF MYSTERY PRYING

Inside the captain's cabin, Cattleya slowly got up from the floor and walked in silence to the full-length mirror next to the bookcase.

In the mirror, the skin on her face was fair and smooth, without a single crack. Her ears were small and normal, showing no signs of expanding. Her deep purple eyes were calm, as if nothing had happened.

However, she could see more with her eyes that carried a sense of mystery.

Hidden beneath her skin were eye-like flesh and blood that hadn't fully dissolved; her Soul Body, whose pain and madness were rapidly dispersing; innumerable illusory objects with ineffable forms that roamed about; sailors who were cleaning the deck several rooms away…

Everything within a range of a few dozen meters was revealed to her in an unobscured but unusually chaotic manner.

From the day she had become a Sequence 5 Constellations Master, her Mystery Pryer powers had been greatly enhanced. She could faintly see that there were thick curtains around her that resembled shadows, and behind the curtains, something seemed to be watching her and all living beings.

There are no traces of being influenced by Mr. Fool, which in turn explains many things… He, no, 'He' was able to directly pull my Soul Body into that mysterious space with a strange, tyrannical, and secretive power. It's not something that a demigod scepter can compare to… Although 'He' was dressed in contemporary clothing, this doesn't mean anything. For an existence at this level, it's very easy for different people to see 'Him' in

different forms, and 'His' true appearance would probably cause every person that sees him directly to lose control and die… Cattleya stared at herself in the mirror, thinking silently about what had just happened.

It was inevitable that she had some predictions about Mr. Fool's identity, but this was only guesswork without any evidence.

The fact that 'He' is wearing a tailcoat doesn't mean that 'He' is very young or that 'He' was born recently. Perhaps, 'His' essence is ancient, even older than the seven gods. The knowledge that is pursuing me tells me that before the Cataclysm, there were indeed older gods, and 'He' might be one of them, Cattleya said silently to herself before turning away from the full-length mirror and walking back to the place where she had struggled in pain. She picked up her glasses that had fallen to the side.

She put the thick glasses on her nose, hiding her deep purple eyes. Everything that didn't appear under a normal person's vision quickly disappeared from her sight.

Cattleya stood there, thinking again about the influence Mr. Fool and the so-called "Tarot Club" would have on her.

Unknowingly, a tall figure surfaced in her mind. The words that she would never forget had once again echoed in her ears.

"Leave. Your destiny doesn't lie with me."

Is this my destiny, Your Majesty? She closed her eyes.

…

In the ancient and majestic palace above the gray fog.

Klein's fingers tapped the edge of the long, mottled table as he made all the tarot cards on the table disappear.

He was thinking about what the subsequent developments would be after the Admiral of Stars joined the Tarot Club.

If there's no other way, and if I might really need to take a detour from a safe sea route and enter the sea that was once a battlefield of the gods, to search for singing mermaids, having The Hermit, who is fearful of The Fool, in my control is better than cooperating with Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina. Using her ship would be much safer… Yes, Mr. Hanged Man will be a backup choice.

Admiral of Stars is a Moses Ascetic Order member. She grasps plenty of knowledge and is very helpful towards the Tarot Club, but it's a latent risk for me. Mr. Fool's image is built on the foundation of being unfathomable… In the future, I have to be more careful. I mustn't answer things I'm not sure of. On matters I'm unconfident about, I'd rather be vague and handle matters like a charlatan. Of course, to fully resolve this problem, I should quickly improve myself and become a High-Sequence Beyonder. My strength needs to match my level, and my standards need to match that pedestal.

With such a Sequence 5 powerhouse with many subordinates under her, the overall strength of the Tarot Club isn't considered low.

After obtaining the Sea God Scepter, I don't have to worry that members of the Tarot Club will be too strong, with problems easily arising.

I hope that there will come a day when this member of the Moses Ascetic Order, Admiral of Stars, will be able to play an important role in my revenge against the Hidden Sage.

Klein exhaled as he vanished from above the gray fog.

…

Backlund. Beneath Saint Samuel Cathedral.

A red-gloved Nighthawk entered the temporary office assigned to them, with a telegraph in hand.

"Captain, something happened at Enmat Harbor," he said to Soul Assurer Soest with some excitement.

Soest touched the right side of his hair and asked, "What happened?"

"There's a new development from The Fool, the one the Aurora Order is seeking." The member holding the telegraph handed the piece of paper over.

His answer immediately attracted the attention of several Red Gloves who were present, including the man with black hair and green eyes who was taking an afternoon nap with his chair lifted up and his feet on the table. He had covered his face with his hat.

Soest took over the telegraph and scanned it before immediately laughing.

"Someone lied by claiming to be his Blessed in an attempt to scam others, but after chanting his name, he was smote to death on the spot by a bolt of lightning.

"There really is a hidden existence known as The Fool…"

The files relating to the Tarot ritual and The Fool had been handed over to Soest's Red Gloves team. They were in charge of the investigations, but there were no leads, and they didn't put much emphasis on it because they had other missions on hand.

"The Fool has powers in the lightning domain?" Leonard Mitchell removed the black hat from his face.

"Who knows? If he's the embodiment of some old friend of ours, it's possible to do something similar by preparing a corresponding mystical item. It's not without precedent. This is especially so for the fake gods in the Southern Continent and the colonial islands. Holy Lord of Storms, those

cheats claim that The Fool is another manifestation of the Lord of Storms. This might also be why he was smitten to death." Soest leisurely threw the telegraph aside.

Leonard glanced at it, lowered his feet, half turned, and chuckled.

"Aren't we going to perform some investigations?"

"How? Are you going to feign ignorance and recite his honorific name?" Soest sneered.

This has a high probability of catching the tail of The Fool, but I will basically be bidding farewell to this world. My digestion of the Nightmare potion has been going pretty well, and I just got another good item. There are still plenty of Sequences up ahead which are waiting for me. How can I enter into an eternal sleep so soon? Leonard stroked his drooping hair strands and said, "We can get a few criminals on death row to give it a try?"

"But he could just as easily not respond." Soest shook his head.

"We can start from the two cases that involved the tarot rituals. I'm more and more convinced that it has something to do with The Fool. Firstly, The Fool is one of the Major Arcana tarot cards. Secondly, the organization that is seeking or cracking down on his Blessed is the Aurora Order. And the first case that involved the tarot ritual is the Lanevus case. As such, the Aurora Order's attempt to allow the True Creator's descent was foiled." Lanevus pulled at his black vest and got up.

Soest thought about it seriously and said, "The clues from the other cases happen to have been cut off as well. For now, we have nothing else to do. You can try to investigate the two tarot ritual cases."

"Sure." Leonard smiled back.

This was exactly what he wanted. With a case that no one cared about being handed to him, he had won a certain amount of time to act freely.

…

At 2:50 p.m., Fors returned from the cold streets to her residence while trembling.

It wasn't that she wanted to go out in this damp, cold weather, but it was that she had run out of food at home. As for Xio, she had gone all the way to Pritz Harbor to capture a fugitive and collect the bounty. It was unknown when she would be able to return home.

*She's always instinctively chasing after and capturing fugitives. It can be said that she has been acting in some way… *Holding the large brown paper bag in her arms, she habitually fished for her keys to open the mailbox and take out the letters and bills.

She entered the house, put the food away, and took off her thick coat that tightly clung to her body. Fors began to look through the letters.

Suddenly, her eyes lit up. There was a letter from her teacher, Dorian Gray.

After she advanced to Trickmaster, the first thing she did was to write about it in her letter and mail it to Dorian Gray, hoping to receive her teacher's praise and subsequent guidance. However, days had passed without her receiving a reply. For a moment, she wondered if she should visit Pritz Harbor out of concern.

Fors quickly opened the envelope and began to read through it.

“…I'm sorry that I have only replied now. I previously left Pritz Harbor for some time for a relative's funeral.

“…Your talent leaves me gratified. Perhaps the stories hidden in your heart have helped you in acting. After you digest the Trickmaster potion, I'll provide you with the Sequence 7 Astrologer formula and some ingredients, as well as a gift…

“…The crux when it comes to acting as a Trickmaster lies in 'performing' and 'hoodwinking.' Hoodwinking can also be replaced with deceit. This has been verified by generations of Beyonders… You can take into consideration other pathways like Swindler and Magician. The meaning behind their names is, in some sense, similar…”

Fors heaved a sigh of relief, glanced up at the wall clock, and hurried back to her bedroom before locking the door behind her.

The weekly Tarot Gathering was beginning.

Not long after, a crimson light flooded her eyes, drowning everything.

In the ancient and mysterious palace, just as Fors was about to look at Mr. Fool, she suddenly saw a figure beside her.

That seat had always been empty!

*A new member? A lady? *The Magician Fors moved her eyeballs slightly, pretending not to care as she half turned her body.

Another new member? And it's a lady... Miss Justice was about to get up and greet Mr. Fool when she saw an unfamiliar figure.

While feeling puzzled and expectant, she discovered a problem. The women were on one side of the table, while the men were on the other side.

*This should be divided according to Mr. Fool's intentions. I wonder if there's any symbolic meaning behind it… Yes, the ladies are on the left, and the men are on the right. Being neither left or right is what defines a god like Mr. Fool. Ah, yes, there's also Mr. World… Heh heh, could it be that he's neither man or woman, or even a human? Audrey, you're thinking too much… *Justice stood up and bowed, speaking with a light and brisk tone.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Fool~"

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CHAPTER 566
THE DETAILS OF CLOTHES

Klein's lips curled up in a slight nod in response to Miss Justice's pleasant greeting.

He was just about to introduce The Hermit to everyone, and everyone to The Hermit when he noticed that Miss Justice didn't stop. Her gaze shifted to the other side as she greeted, "Good afternoon, Mr. Hanged Man."

This time, she didn't follow the order of the tarot cards but followed the order in which the person joined the Tarot Club.

After this round of greetings, The Hermit will essentially get to know everyone, and there's no need for The Fool to introduce her… Miss Justice is obviously doing it on purpose. She's really considerate. As long as a Beyonder of the Spectator domain gets serious, they act differently for matters like this… Klein was surprised for a moment before he praised her silently.

At the same time, Alger responded to Audrey's greeting while cautiously sizing up the new member.

Female. It's barely possible to tell that she's wearing a black gown with many patterns on it… Her hair is black and her eyes are a little purple… Alger managed to find certain traits in her blurred, distorted image.

Suddenly, his heart sank as he recalled the scene he saw a few months ago at the pirate convention.

Back then, scattered starlight had magically formed a long bridge between the huge sailboat and the palace in the depths of the island. Admiral of Stars Cattleya, who was wearing a black classical robe, had walked in midair, carrying a celestial globe and a short scepter by her waist.

And the celestial globe resembled the strange weather bottle that Alger had previously received. The latter had coincidentally shattered after he had been pulled into the gathering by Mr. Fool.

Could it be her? She looks somewhat similar based on her attire… But the Admiral of Stars wears glasses, while she doesn't… It cannot be confirmed. It'll require further observation and evidence. Unfortunately, I only saw her from afar and know little…

Regardless, I should be careful. When exchanging information, I should try my best to avoid divulging details about my actual situation… The World is Mr. Fool's Blessed; letting him know of my identity is totally different compared to the others—no, the other members…

After the matter regarding the "Sea God," Mr. Fool has recovered a considerable amount of strength. He's even able to pull in a powerhouse like a pirate admiral?

Thoughts flashed through Alger's mind as he slightly fidgeted in his seat.

Mr. Hanged Man's body language tells me that he is alert and guarded… Does he know the female newcomer, or has he guessed something? How intriguing… Audrey's gaze swept across without leaving a trace and landed on Derrick.

At this moment, Cattleya was also carefully and seriously examining the members of the Tarot Club in the order they were greeted in.

The mysterious purple color in her eyes slowly flowed in an indiscernible fashion. Although she couldn't truly see through the blurry concealment of the fog, she could still make out the details of their clothing.

The Hanged Man, a man in his prime, in his thirties, and has messy hair like seaweed with a rare deep blue color. This is a common mutation seen in the Sailor pathway… He's wearing a robe with the patterns of storms and waves… Someone from the Church of Storms? Cattleya's pupils contracted. She didn't show any abnormalities as she continued to observe the rest of the members.

The Sun, a young male, perhaps still underage. His attire is rare and has a simple ancient sense of beauty. It's very tight, making it suitable for combat. Is he a Beyonder in this aspect?

The World, neither an old man nor a young man. He has a gloomy temperament and wears a hooded robe. Eh, he has a feeling as though he's not a living person. Is this something similar to Senor or Steel Maveti? Or some other Sequence I'm unaware of…

The Magician, a young woman, wears a common Loen-styled dress. Apart from having a trait of languidness, she doesn't have any other characteristics. This kind of person is the easiest to ignore, so she needs to have more attention paid to her.

The Moon, a young man. He sits very casually. Black hair, red eyes, and wears an Earth Mother priest robe… There seems to be only one possibility for such a combination—a vampire…

*As expected, the members of Mr. Fool's Tarot Club aren't that simple. Just a preliminary judgment involves two Churches… *Cattleya withdrew her gaze and met Audrey's gaze.

Sensing the other party's intention to ask, she nodded lightly.

"The Hermit."

Cattleya had spoken in ancient Feysac, deliberately avoiding the more familiar languages of Intis and Loen, as she had done so back when she was communicating with Mr. Fool.

And she had noticed one thing. Mr. Fool had previously told her that the time the gathering was being held was at 3 p.m. on Monday, Backlund time.

Does this mean that the members of this gathering are currently predominantly made up of people from Loen? Cattleya made her own judgment.

"Justice." Audrey smiled faintly in return. "Good afternoon, Ma'am Hermit."

She had noticed what The Hermit had been up to and had summarized the person's traits in her heart.

She's a very cautious woman who has rich experience in the Beyonder world. She's quiet but not introverted, and she's very confident in her observation skills or certain abilities related to her eyes. Furthermore, her clothing style and the short scepter hanging at her waist indicates that her Sequence pathway leans towards mystery. This requires confirmation. Perhaps it's just a hobby.

At the same time, Cattleya also managed to clearly make out Miss Justice's clothing.

She wears two hanging earrings, and the earrings are small and exquisite, inlaid with very high quality emeralds which accentuate her emerald-green eyes. They're obviously worth a lot…

The necklace around her neck looks unique. It's lined with diamonds that are quite difficult to count, but it's nothing ostentatious…

Her milky-white dress is simple yet beautiful. It's tailored to be elegant and befitting of her status, like the work of a stylish designer…

As she went through the details, Cattleya couldn't help but close her eyes.

A 17-18-year-old girl… Very rich… The way she moves and her etiquette makes her highly suspect to be a noble with high status, a Loen noble? Cattleya didn't know why she sighed in her heart.

After a round of greetings from Audrey, there was no need for Klein to introduce the original members of the Tarot Club to The Hermit or The Hermit to the rest.

Just as she sat down, Audrey once again turned to the very end of the long bronze table.

"Mr. Fool, I'm out of town and have only managed to find one page of Roselle's diary."

At the last gathering, she had provided two pages, so she was two pages short of paying off the debt. However, with her being in the manor, even if she often went to the city, all she managed was to collect one diary page.

In addition, due to the addition of the new member, Hermit, she was careful not to mention the Psychology Alchemists. She didn't mention Backlund or East Chester County at all.

Roselle's diary… Diary!? Cattleya almost lost control and couldn't help quickly turning her head to look at Miss Justice, who sat on the same side as her.

She clearly remembered that the tall and beautiful figure had once sighed.

"It's not a notebook. It's his diary. However, other than him, no one else would be able to understand it."

The members of the Tarot Club know that Roselle's notebook is a diary? Mr. Fool is collecting Roselle's diary? Is "He" trying to crack it to find the secret hidden in that part of history? This is more like a revived ancient god… All sorts of confused and shocked thoughts surfaced in Cattleya's mind.

She maintained her staidness, just turning her head in a normal fashion to observe the first "transaction."

After experiencing many things and trudging her way towards becoming one of the seven great pirate admirals, she understood that the most important thing for her to do after joining the Tarot Club was to listen more and speak less!

"Mr. Fool, I received three pages," Fors said with a smile.

They had been mailed by Dorian Gray.

At last week's gathering, as she hadn't received her teacher's response, and due to the cold weather, she hadn't attended any Beyonder gatherings, so she couldn't provide a single page.

Derrick followed immediately, "Mr. Fool, I've copied a new legend of the ancient gods."

Tsk, he's always using the legends of ancient gods as a perfunctory payment… Emlyn glanced contemptuously at The Sun.

Suddenly, he thought of something. Although The Sun claimed that the one they worshiped was the Lord that created everything, he had never tried to cover up the influence that Giant King, Aurmir, had on them. However, he had never mentioned that Giant Queen Omebella was who the Kingdom of Silver originally believed in.

Could it be that the City of Silver isn't equal to the "Kingdom of Silver"? I'll wait a minute and try it out… Emlyn had never been able to get over The Sun's earlier slandering of the Sanguine.

Four pages of Roselle's diary, a legend of the ancient gods; that's pretty good… I wonder if it contains information about the high elf, Cohinem… Alas, after Mr. Hanged Man learned that The World is a Blessed, I cannot

make The World ask questions without any qualms… Klein thought quickly and said with a chuckle, "Very good."

He helped Miss Justice, Miss Magician, and Little Sun conjure their respective content, which flashed into the palm of his hand as he casually browsed through them.

*Mr. Fool doesn't seem to be deciphering it…”He" can read Emperor Roselle's diary? Wh-what's "His" background? What is "His" true identity? *A sense of indescribable terror and dread suddenly welled up in Cattleya's heart.

She quickly retracted her gaze and looked at the long bronze table, as if she was memorizing the simple patterns on the table's surface.

The reaction The Hermit showed when realizing that Mr. Fool is able to read Roselle's diary exceeded my imagination. Is she concerned with this matter, or is it somehow related to her? Audrey pursed her lips thoughtfully.

Although the other party hid it quickly and naturally, this was still obvious enough for a Sequence 7 from the Spectator pathway.

Klein sensed the abnormality of the new member, The Hermit, because he also wanted to see how this member of the Moses Ascetic Order, who had a great deal of knowledge, would react to it. The result left him surprised.

*Isn't that a little too intense? *Klein didn't have the luxury of time to think about it as his gaze fell to the first page of Roselle's diary.

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CHAPTER 567
SOURCE OF THE MATTER

"4th April. I just returned from Countess Wawrinka's masquerade party when I suddenly felt an emptiness in my heart.

"One woman, one woman, one woman after another. The monotonous and mechanical movements, the indistinguishable smell of perfume, and the warmth from the entanglement of their limbs; all these in exchange for a few seconds of pleasure, followed by endless boredom, disgust, emptiness, and numbness.

"What pleasure is there in such a life? Is the meaning of life to just do this every single day?

"I can't go on like this. I have to get out of this sorry state.

"Also, I need to remind myself that I shouldn't habitually write Arabic numerals."

…Emperor, there are actually times when you reflect on yourself and act like a hipster? This doesn't fit with my image of you! Klein almost pricked his brows up.

He looked down at the second entry of the diary.

"4th April, Countess Wawrinka invited me to a private salon, and she told me that Ma'am Julia would be there, too.

"Ha, will this conservative blonde girl who had come to Loen because of her marriage participate as well?

"I really look forward to it!

"I've been imagining her in bed for a long time. I hope her husband, Viscount Dellien, doesn't mine."

Emperor, have you forgotten what you wrote a few days ago in your diary. Tsk, how nice, isn't it? Also, you have a typo. Mind! Klein couldn't help but lampoon.

"14th April. I've been attending too many events recently, and the flesh is weak even though the spirit is willing…

"But that's nothing!

"Although I'm still young, I should be careful about the risk of retrograding. Temperance! Temperance!

"The Archaeologist Sequence has improved my physique and effectively enhanced a certain degree of my powers. However, this isn't its area of expertise, but just something that comes with it.

"As I continue raising my Sequence, the changes from the previous potions will also intensify. This is my motivation.

"Apparently, Apothecaries can concoct medicine that lack side effects. Perhaps, I should ask a few of them.

"Also, I really have to control myself. Unrestrained behavior will only lead to continuous increases in the threshold, and the degree of satisfaction wouldn't be like how it would normally be.

"After calming down and thinking about it carefully, there are many things that can be done. Humans are always like this, bound by desire, unable to see what's of value. Why did I transmigrate over here? What secrets lie hidden in the depths of the stars above my head? Where did the original consciousness come from, and if self-cognition purely comes from one's

consciousness, then who was I before I had the identity of Huang Tao? Who does the essential part belong to…”

Emperor, are you describing to me what it means to be a pervert and philosopher before and after the deed? Hehe, so you do have worries about such matters. I thought you were already fixed in certain traits… Thankfully, you didn't teach Chinese to your children. Yes, you likely didn't teach them. Otherwise, what would they think after seeing such content? Zaratul prophesied that your eldest daughter, Bernadette, would be at odds with you and betray you. It's not without reason… Of course, not teaching them is more of a form of protection… Klein was successfully amused by Roselle's diary entries, but he didn't show it on his face.

To him, the diary of Emperor Roselle was both a book of knowledge and a collection of jokes.

With this thought, Klein turned to the next page of the diary.

"2nd October, Zaratul came to visit me again.

"Now that I've become a demigod, he wishes that I can honor a promise. He wishes to steal that dangerous Sealed Artifact from the Church.

"That is a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact, the Antigonus family's notebook from the Fourth Epoch!"

At this point, Klein's pupils contracted uncontrollably.

This was likely the notebook that the Secret Order lost later on.

This was likely the notebook that led to Klein Moretti's death and how he, Zhou Mingrui, had used Klein Moretti's corpse to successfully awaken in this world!

This was the source of everything!

It turns out that it didn't fall into the hands of the Secret Order from the very beginning. Instead, it was sealed within the Church of the God of Craftsmanship which later turned into the Church of the God of Steam and Machinery. Zaratul successfully obtained it through Emperor Roselle.

Right, the Secret Order member inside Creeping Hunger was very fearful of Zaratul. He believed that Zaratul is an undying and abnormal monster. Does this mean that Zaratul gained benefits through the notebook, but an accident happened? He turned from a person who could communicate normally with Roselle into a monster. Therefore, this eventually led to the loss of the Antigonus family's notebook?

Of course, it cannot be ruled out that Zaratul deliberately allowed it to be lost…

Yes… As Zaratul became a monster, the Secret Order lost all the mermaids, causing subsequent Faceless Beyonders to risk their lives out at sea? Rosago succeeded because he attempted to enter that sea which is a ruin of a battle between gods?

All of these thoughts flashed through Klein's mind, causing his heart to feel abnormally heavy.

He didn't assume that the Antigonus notebook that he had encountered was closely related to Roselle, because the theory he always had had stemmed from the law of convergence of Beyonder characteristics, and that some of the details that followed were in line with similar logic.

Are they all involved with the upper echelons of the Seer pathway? Klein glanced over the palace and took in the endless gray fog.

Could it be the cause? he asked himself this question once more from the bottom of his heart.

Steadying his emotions, Klein went on to read the subsequent diary pages.

"Heh, I'll have to do it depending on the situation. If it's easy to steal and there's no risk of exposure, I'll try to do it. Otherwise, I'll pretend as though none of this ever happened.

"It doesn't matter even if Zaratul were to expose me. With my present identity, status, Sequence, and influence, as long as I'm willing to repent, the Church won't do anything to me."

The other two diary pages recorded Roselle's train of thought towards constructing his plans to steal the notebook, but none of them seemed likely to succeed. However, Klein knew that Roselle eventually obtained the notebook and handed it over to the head of the Secret Order, Zaratul.

After a moment's thought, Klein turned the page.

"10th December. I once again attended that ancient and secret gathering.

"At the gathering, I discovered that they were unanimous in being extremely hostile to the Solomon Empire of the Fourth Epoch.

"I raised the question which Mr. Hermes quickly answered. In the Fourth Epoch, the ally and supporter of the Solomon Empire was the True Creator.

"This is very real.

"I resisted the urge to ask what exactly our organization had done in the history of the Fourth Epoch, but as I left the palace and returned from my dreams, I found that Mr. Hermes's route this time coincided with mine to a certain extent.

"This ancient man who lived since the Cataclysm definitely knew more. I build up a rapport with him and earnestly asked him the question—is that why the organization hates the True Creator? Is it solely because 'He' had used the Creator's holy name in 'His' name?

"Mr. Hermes chuckled and said that they weren't such superficial creatures.

"He asked me in return if I knew what the actual abilities of the Shepherd were.

"'Of course' was my answer.

"He asked again in a profoundly meaningful manner, 'Who do you think would be most likely to develop in the direction of being omniscient and omnipotent among all the present gods?'

"This… The first thought that came to me was the Shepherd pathway which could engage in Devouring and Grazing, so as to control the souls and characteristics of other Beyonders.

"So that's the reason…"

This page only had this diary entry, but it contains a lot of information… The Solomon Empire originally came under the True Creator's camp… Yes, in the Tudor family's underground ruins, there are humanoid statues of the six true gods. Although it isn't certain whether they were worshiping or desecrating the gods, one thing is certain. The six gods were involved in the affairs of the three empires, and they later had a close relationship with the Trunsoest dynasty… Did the three great empires represent three different camps of gods? Klein tried to use his "archaeological" discovery and historical knowledge to decipher the hidden truth of the previous epoch, but he was still shrouded in fog.

Towards Hermes, the oldest master of mysticism, Klein's answer came close to Roselle's.

As a Beyonder's Sequence was raised, the saints and angels of the Shepherd pathway were able to engage in the Grazing of more souls, gaining more and more Beyonder powers. In the end, if the True Creator had finished Grazing the other twenty-one Beyonder pathways, he would be, to some extent, the omnipotent and omniscient Creator.

There are still a lot of secrets hidden in the Sequence pathways… Klein turned to the fourth page.

This diary page recorded the actions Roselle took after he consumed the Savant potion. He read a lot, studied a lot, tamped down on his foundation very firmly, and increased the scope and depth of his knowledge to a whole new level.

In this period of time, he had almost no entertainment. Learning was his greatest form of entertainment.

In one of the diary entries, he wrote: "…When a person knows with certainty how much he will gain after putting in the effort, and is able to directly tell how much he gains, then he will certainly work as hard as I am now."

Isn't this the fundamental attraction of many games? Klein turned over the last diary page and read the legend of the ancient gods provided by Little Sun.

During the entire process, the majestic palace was completely silent. Be it Justice or The Moon, they were both considering what to trade and communicate later on.

It was the first time that The Hermit Cattleya had encountered such a situation, but she didn't feel uneasy or uncomfortable at all. Instead, she carefully analyzed the information that the scene revealed.

This isn't the first time this is happening… Mr. Fool has the habit of reading Roselle's diary at the Tarot Gathering… The members will proactively or passively search for the pages for "Him." However, it can't be confirmed if there were any advance payments…

"He" really can read Roselle's diary… He's searching for secrets that have sunken in the river of history?

Just now, that Sun mentioned that the information he handed in was about legends of ancient gods… This is roughly in line with my previous speculations…

At this point in time, Klein had roughly finished reading the new piece of information regarding ancient gods.

In the Second Epoch, in those dark years, every ancient god had a "god" attached to them, just like the Dragon of Imagination Ankewelt and "His" child, the Dragon of Nightmare, Alzuhod.

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CHAPTER 568
SUBSIDIARY “GODS”

In the information provided by The Sun, there were detailed examples of some typical subsidiary gods, but most of the information didn't provide their true names, only their titles. These included the God of Beauty and the Goddess of Life who were subsidiaries to Vampire Ancestor, Lilith; the Goddess of Misfortune and the God of the Dead who were subsidiaries to Annihilation Demonic Wolf, Flegrea; the God of Luck and the Queen of Calamity who were subsidiaries to Elf King, Soniathrym, and so on and so forth.

Queen of Calamity… Klein suddenly thought of the Book of Calamity and the golden wine cup he had taken from the ruins of the high elf. The name Cohinem and the word "Calamity" was engraved on it in Elvish.

This caused him to make the connection that Cohinem was the Elf King's subsidiary—Queen of Calamity!

Unfortunately, I can't directly seek confirmation with Little Sun. I'll have to wait for further information from him… Klein sighed silently.

At the same time, he made some theories about the fact that these titles didn't correspond with their true names.

The City of Silver was originally the Kingdom of Silver that came under the Giant King's Court's rule. Other than having sufficient understanding of its own forces and enemies, the information regarding the other ancient gods will only come from legends and rumors, and they aren't that detailed. Compared to the simple and easy to understand titles, a god's true name

can consist of complicated and difficult words to remember which can make it harder for them to be spread.

The information provided to Klein when he turned over the page confirmed his theory. However, it gave him new doubts.

The dragons also had a Dragon of Wisdom which was the equivalent of a god in the City of Silver, called Herabergen, and under Giant King Aurmir, there was also "His" eldest son, the God of Dawn, Badheilbrunn, and "His" queen, the Goddess of Harvest.

*Why doesn't the Goddess of Harvest have a real name? Isn't "She" the queen of the Giant King's Court? The City of Silver should have records of it… These so-called subsidiary gods are equal to the angels or King of Angels of later times? Yes, the Sequence 2 of their pathway, and Sequence 1's of the other pathways? *Klein suppressed his perplexion and inferred the truth from the information recorded in the Card of Blasphemy—within the same pathway, if there was a Sequence 0, then there wouldn't be a Sequence 1, and if there was no Sequence 0, then there would be at most three Sequence 1's.

However, Klein didn't dare to base his judgment on this. After all, his knowledge was partial, and he didn't even know if there were any preconditions for the Sequence 0 and Sequence 1, which was derived from the Law of Beyonder Characteristics Conservation and Indestructibility.

I'll assume this for the time being… Klein leaned back, letting the information in his hands disappear, smiling as he said, "You may begin."

At this point, Alger was still seriously examining himself.

After considering how to communicate properly, he used the technique of being in the other person's shoes. He started from the point of view of The Hermit, who was suspected of being Admiral of Stars, to see what exactly he had exposed.

Mr. Fool's protects every member's true identity with a blurred and distorted image, but this method doesn't affect the representation of colors. Dark brown colors can be difficult to distinguish, but bright colors are easily grasped. At the very least, I can tell that Miss Justice is blonde with bright green eyes…

And for me, the most obvious thing I can't hide is my dark blue hair. But this doesn't say anything. It's not a problem to say that dark blue hair is a common mutation in Beyonders within the Sailor pathway, but the converse isn't true. This is because such traits are hereditary. On Sonia Island and in the Berserk Sea around Desi Bay, they were places where elves originally gathered. Many humans with traces of elvish blood will also have dark blue hair. Heh, it's the same for districts where there are a certain number of Church of Storms Beyonders…

Ignoring any other trait, it's difficult for The Hermit to determine any further information based on the situation.

Just as Alger heaved a sigh of relief, he caught sight of the Storm robe he was wearing.

After returning to the Blue Avenger, not only was he the captain of the ship, but he was also the bishop of the sailors. He often needed to wear the corresponding clothes to celebrate Mass.

If he didn't show his devotion in his daily actions, there might come a day when he would be reported by his subordinates.

The Church of Storms has always been wary of those members who had been drifting out at sea for a long time, as prolonged acting as pirates might one day turn them into real pirates. In any case, the Lord of Storms has never given a revelation to exclude pirates from "His" followers.

Under the cover of that blurred distortion, it's hard to see the details of one's clothing clearly. This isn't a problem… However, I still have to pay attention in the future. During Tarot Gatherings, I should change into a set

of ordinary clothes… Although I can't be sure, I still have to treat her as a pirate admiral. I can't afford to be careless… Alger thought cautiously.

At this moment, he heard the seemingly suppressed voice of The Moon Emlyn, which was a result of him being unable to hide his emotions.

"Mr. Hanged Man, I've done the preparations. When can you obtain the inheritance of that Sanguine baron? You mentioned before that it's in the hands of some powerful pirate?"

You didn't have to say the last sentence… Alger's body instantly stiffened.

Powerful pirate… The Hermit's eyes swept over The Hanged Man once again.

Alger's expression didn't change as he turned his head to The Moon and asked, "Have you obtained the funds?"

"Of course!" Emlyn raised his neck.

He originally wanted to wait until the three-month maturity was up before he went to the bank to withdraw the money, but he soon discovered that he was in a completely different mood after deciding to buy the Sanguine baron's inheritance.

He no longer had any qualms or hesitation. He was filled with expectation and desire, wishing that he could get his hands on it immediately. It was just like how he felt in the past when he was about to buy a beloved doll!

He had held back for more than a week before finally giving up by selling the acceptance draft. Although he had lost some money, it was still acceptable.

In many situations, an acceptance draft could be used as a currency.

"I'll get it for you within the week. Finally, let's confirm the price: 4,500 pounds. Is that alright?" Seeing that a deal was about to be struck, Alger didn't pursue The Moon's act of exposing him.

Emlyn thought about the dolls in his room, cleared his throat, and said with his eyes furtively darting around.

"Can it be cheaper?"

"It's not up to me to decide, but I can try to acquire it for you at a lower price. Also, don't forget my commission. Let's lower it. How about 300 pounds?" Alger's tone didn't change at all.

"Alright." Emlyn exhaled quietly.

Not a very powerful vampire, an underaged or a recently matured one… Cattleya silently watched from the sidelines and made her judgment.

Seeing that the deal between Mr. Hanged Man and Mr. Moon had been concluded in a few sentences, Audrey habitually felt that she should buy something.

*In a week or two, I'll contact the members of the Psychology Alchemists in East Chester County and tell them that I've become a Psychology Alchemists member. I'll exchange my contribution points for the subsequent potion formula. There's no need to make a request to purchase it here for the time being… Once I find out what ingredients are needed, I can ask for everyone's help… There's no need to buy any mystical items for now. I've already had one of them reimbursed… Being able to obtain such rare items with too great a frequency might imply many problems… *Audrey's thoughts raced, and she came up with an idea.

She turned halfway and looked at the gloomy man at the end of the table.

"Mr. World, you mentioned that you have clues to the characteristic left behind by a Psychiatrist. Have you successfully acquired it?"

I plan on buying it for Susie… she silently added in her heart.

In fact, when she was considering this matter, she had another slightly mischievous idea, which was to find an excuse for Mr. Fool to turn over the Dark Emperor card which sat beside him.

From her point of view, Ma'am Hermit was particularly affected by the matter regarding Roselle's diary. And from how her reaction was extraordinarily excessive before she quickly hid it, it was quite possible that she knew about the Cards of Blasphemy; therefore, the moment she saw it, she would expose a lot of problems and express the truest thoughts in her heart.

But she dismissed the idea in the end, not because she thought it would be bad to sound out Ma'am Hermit, but that this was a way of showing responsibility to both herself and the Tarot Club, and that she shouldn't make decisions for Mr. Fool.

*If "He" wanted Ma'am Hermit to recognize the Card of Blasphemy, "He" definitely would've flipped it open himself. If "He" didn't want to do so, then any attempts would be against his will… *Audrey nodded solemnly but almost imperceptibly.

At this moment, The World replied hoarsely, "If you're certain that you want it, then I will give it to you as soon as possible.

"The price is 1,800 pounds."

Normally, it would be more appropriate to charge 1,200 to 1,500 pounds for a Psychiatrist's Beyonder characteristic, but Klein had raised the premium slightly to see how much Miss Justice could pay.

"Alright," Audrey agreed with a light tone.

She had paid off the money owed to Viscount Glaint. She had received many gifts for having reached adulthood after returning to her family's fief.

It was a time when her finances were in a rather good condition. She had even arranged for the money to be returned to Mr. Fool's Blessed next month.

In the future, her monthly income would be above 3,000 pounds, and a substantial portion of her normal expenses wasn't going to be borne by her, due to the love of her parents and the results of her previous meritorious exploits.

While the two were discussing, The Hanged Man was somewhat surprised. The World had just sold the Faceless Beyonder characteristic the previous time, and he had recently acquired Steel Maveti's Beyonder characteristic. Yet, he appeared to have a Psychiatrist characteristic in his collection, and all of this happened in less than a month!

On second thought, Alger quickly came to an understanding.

The World represented a group of Blessed of Mr. Fool. That might be the harvest from the other Blessed!

As he imagined this, The World, who was Klein, was in a state of shock towards Miss Justice's opulence.

He had thought that Miss Justice, who had just spent 5,500 pounds on a mystical item, wouldn't be as well-off as before. It was just like last year, so he had reserved space for her to haggle. Who knew that she would still agree to the deal without hesitation.

*Has she dug up a gold mine? *Klein couldn't help but silently lampoon.

Seeing that they had finished their discussion, Derrick hurriedly raised his hand, having learned from Miss Justice.

"Which one of you has the fruit of the Radiance Spirit Pact Tree?"

He had rather successfully collected the other ingredients of the Solar High Priest potion.

Just as Cattleya had initially figured out that Miss Justice was a yet-to-advance Psychiatrist, she heard this request. After a few seconds of silence, she said, "I do.

"What can you provide in exchange?"

After observing for a long time, she decided to intervene in a small transaction to gain a deeper understanding of how the Tarot Club operated.

"Uh… I can use the history of the City of Silver or the history of dragons, elves, and other dark creatures to barter," Derrick said sincerely. "Ma'am Hermit, this is a list of commonly seen monsters around the City of Silver. You can choose any ingredients you need from it."

How honest… Klein almost looked up at the dome of the magnificent palace.

What is he talking about… Cattleya frowned slightly, momentarily failing to understand a single word from The Sun.

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CHAPTER 569
A STRAW WILL SHOW WHICH WAY THE WIND BLOWS

After a brief moment of consideration, The Hermit Cattleya made the choice that benefited her the most. She said without betraying her emotions, "I'll make a decision after seeing what the commonly seen monsters are around the City of Silver."

Another person who gains something without risking anything of her own… Are the people who spend too much time at sea good at fleecing others? Or is Little Sun in such a state that makes it impossible to resist fleecing him… Klein instinctively excluded himself from the group of seafarers.

"Alright." Under Justice and company's scrutiny, Derrick didn't hesitate to agree to Ma'am Hermit's request.

He recalled the content and conjured it, recording the most commonly seen monsters around the City of Silver into a list. However, it wasn't as detailed as before, and there were quite a few missing. After all, the Sun pathway's improvement in regards to his memory was rather limited. A few days had passed.

Cattleya received the piece of information and read through it in a serious manner.

The more she scanned through it, the more alarmed she became. This was because the types of monsters had far exceeded her expectations by nearly a hundred times!

Most of the names used were ancient names. If not for her being a Moses Ascetic Order member who had been pursued by knowledge, and having reached Sequence 5, making her experienced and knowledgeable, there was no way she could've known what these names would really be referring to.

But even so, there were still a few monsters she had never heard of. They were like shadows who would never reveal themselves in dreams or imaginations, forever lurking in the depths of the darkness.

Where exactly is the City of Silver? Why are there so many monsters? Ten seconds later, Cattleya raised her head without a change in expression. She said with a staid tone, "Use the history of your City of Silver in exchange."

"Alright." Derrick's eyes lit up as he seemed to see hope in advancing.

He soon conjured the historical materials of the City of Silver with the help of Mr. Fool. Having had ample experience, he knew that even more complete and detailed information was worth more than the fruit of a Radiance Spirit Pact Tree; hence, he retained some of what he knew.

Cattleya knew that she wasn't Mr. Fool, so it was impossible for her to let the members patiently wait for her to finish reading. Therefore, she casually flipped through it. After confirming its value, she deliberated and asked, "How should I hand over the fruit of the Radiance Spirit Pact Tree to you?"

Just as she said that, she suddenly thought of something. With a guess, she looked to the end of the long bronze table.

"Mr. Fool, is it done by a sacrificial ritual?"

This left Audrey, who had prepared the answer, to be clearly stunned. She swallowed the words that she was about to say.

Ma'am Hermit is very impressive and knowledgeable. She directly guessed that it's done via a sacrificial and bestowment ritual! Audrey controlled her minute facial expressions as she clicked her tongue and sighed inwardly.

"Yes." Klein gently nodded without going into detail.

He believed that it was impossible for a pirate admiral, a Sequence 5 powerhouse of the Mystery Pryer pathway, to not know how a sacrifice was made. This was even something they were good at. Furthermore, she knew The Fool's honorific name, so she didn't lack any of the necessary conditions.

Indeed, with a godlike existence bearing witness to a gathering, a sacrificial and bestowment method is the safest and most convenient way of trading… And a conversation through the Soul Body can result in direct knowledge transfer… Cattleya thanked him before saying to The Sun, "I'll do it as soon as possible."

Although she didn't show any abnormalities, her heart was in no way calm. From her casual flipping of the information provided by The Sun, she discovered that the City of Silver was truly filled with oddities.

It included matters about being forsaken by the Lord, how it didn't have a sun, resulting in a state of eternal darkness and high- and low-frequency lightning. Matters like how strange and terrifying monsters hid in the darkness when there was no light, and how they survived thanks to Black-Faced Grass. It mentioned that they had survived for more than two thousand years since the Dark Ages. All of this exceeded Cattleya's expectations.

As a powerhouse at sea who was knowledgeable and had acquired many secrets, she instantly connected the time and descriptions to a famous concept in history—the Cataclysm!

Following that, she followed this line of thought and made a further inference.

The Forsaken Land of the Gods!

Suddenly, the figure she looked up to surfaced in Cattleya's mind once again. A sentence filled with an emotive sigh surfaced.

"He had always been searching for the Forsaken Land of the Gods back when he was alive. He said that the ultimate answer towards everything is hidden there."

*The Sun comes from the Forsaken Land of the Gods which Emperor Roselle couldn't find despite all his efforts? Mr. Fool can connect to that place directly? No, perhaps, "He" awoke from that place… *Cattleya thought in alarm and solemnity.

She had previously belittled the Tarot Club because The Moon, Justice, and The Sun were of low Sequences. She believed that with Mr. Fool having awoken only recently, he was obviously unable to pull members of significant strength. However, she now had to reevaluate matters.

It involves the Forsaken Land of the Gods, the Church of Storms, the Church of Mother Earth, the Loen aristocrats… Perhaps, it's precisely because they're low Sequences that these members can be nurtured to be able to reach higher ranks in their respective circles without being suspected. This will allow them to play a more important role… As for me, is it because of the Moses Ascetic Order or Her Majesty? Cattleya seriously analyzed the motives of Mr. Fool.

At this moment, the transactions were nearly coming to an end. The Moon, The Sun, and Justice had all confirmed their respective transactions. As for The Hermit Cattleya, she was still observing. Out of caution, she didn't rashly open her mouth to expose more information about herself.

Alger had originally planned on making a request to buy the Sequence 5 Ocean Songster's potion formula so that he could make the subsequent preparations, but with the addition of The Hermit, he became especially wary. He gave up on his decision at the last minute and prepared to push it back until he had really advanced to Wind-blessed. Only with him being stronger would he have the room to breathe.

As Fors would be able to obtain the Astrologer potion formula and a certain amount of ingredients from her teacher soon, she hadn't prioritized her purchases yet, so all she did was watch silently.

She actually curbed her desire to buy a mystical item to make up for her relatively showy Trickmaster powers that were lacking in strength, as well as how her Apprentice powers were only good for passing through walls and opening doors. However, her real life circumstances restricted her desires.

Up to this day, her savings had exceeded 400 pounds. For a member of the middle-class, that was rather good, but she clearly remembered how Miss Justice had bought a mystical item for 5,500 pounds previously.

Even if it was a relatively average mystical item without significant negative side effects, it will still require one to two thousand pounds… Fors languidly sat there, unable to open her mouth to make a purchase.

Klein controlled The World to scan his surroundings before hoarsely saying, "I need a pair of eyes from a six-winged gargoyle."

The supplementary ingredients of a Nimblewright Master—drago bark and the spring water from Sonia Island's Golden Spring—were commonly seen items in the mysterious world. As long as he purchased them at different occasions, he wouldn't garner suspicion from anyone. Therefore, Klein only requested for the eyes of a six-winged gargoyle.

The Hermit glanced at The World and said without rushing, "300 pounds, or the equivalent cost in gold coins."

She had noticed that the previous transactions were all made in Loen's gold pound.

As expected of the Admiral of Stars who has a pirate crew with an ancient faction backing her. She is very resourceful, and her prices are cheaper than usual… If not for Little Sun's imminent advancement, and how he

would soon obtain the method for removing the mental corruption of a Beyonder characteristic, I would've even consulted her on this problem… Klein thought as he made The World smiled deeply.

"Okay."

With the transaction completed, the palace that resembled a giant's residence fell silent for more than ten seconds.

Without Mr. Fool's reminder, Justice, The Sun, and company knew that they had entered the free exchange segment.

The Hanged Man Alger deliberately looked at Miss Justice and Miss Magician without looking at Ma'am Hermit.

"Something major recently happened in the Rorsted Archipelago."

He didn't plan on divulging The World's involvement since it was very likely that Mr. Fool was in possession of the Sea God's identity. If he were to rashly confirm this matter, it might spoil Mr. Fool's plans and throw himself into danger.

He planned on using a normal tone to mention the happenings on the surface while emphasizing the Moses Ascetic Order member—archaeologist and adventurer, Leticia. He planned on using this to sound out The Hermit to figure out if she was Admiral of Stars, Cattleya. This was because this pirate admiral was rumored to also be a member of the Moses Ascetic Order.

"What happened?" Justice asked with piqued interest.

Alger said calmly, "A disguised archaeologist, Leticia, discovered an ancient elvish ruin in Symeem Island and took out an item from it. This pushed the deity the locals believed in, Sea God Kalvetua, to be on the brink of collapse.

"This fake god wished to create tsunamis to drown the island so that everyone could accompany it in its death, but it was stopped by the Church of Storms's Sea King.

"Finally, Leticia was found and Kalvetua had died. The threat of the tsunamis was leveled, but strangely, the devout believers of the Sea God would still occasionally receive responses."

Leticia is dead? For an ancient elvish ruin… Cattleya had heard of this archaeologist, who was part of the same organization, before, but she wasn't too familiar with her. This was because formal members of the Moses Ascetic Order had to spend a certain amount of time in silent ascetic training. When fully paying attention, she was able to control her powers in a way that significantly exceeded the average person. Therefore, she only seemed slightly stirred as she listened seriously to The Hanged Man's description without showing any obvious abnormalities.

When The Hanged Man said that Kalvetua was dead and how the "Sea God" still responded to its believers, Cattleya first frowned in puzzlement before using her spiritual intuition to recall a certain scene.

Yesterday, she had seen Mr. Fool hold a milky-white scepter when "He" pulled her above the gray fog.

At the tip of the scepter were many tiny blue "gems" which were swirling with countless points of holy light.

And more importantly, it emanated an aura of godhood, one that seemed like the corporeal aura of the ocean and storm!

This… Cattleya instinctively turned her head to the end of the long bronze table, where Mr. Fool was shrouded in the grayish-white fog.

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CHAPTER 570
NOT ADMITTING OR DENYING

Eh, why is she looking at Mr. Fool… Audrey sharply noticed The Hermit's subtle motion. This left her somewhat suspicious.

From her point of view, this was an atypical response. Mr. Hanged Man was clearly mentioning something that had little to do with everyone. He was talking about the so-called Sea God Kalvetua's ability to occasionally reply to its believers despite its apparent death, so why would Ma'am Hermit look towards Mr. Fool?

Kalvetua's death… Occasionally replying to its believers… Ma'am Hermit is looking at Mr. Fool… Could it be… Audrey's eyes lit up as she came to a conclusion.

Could it be that Mr. Fool is the one replying to Kalvetua's believers?

Ma'am Hermit knows about this, so?

As thoughts whizzed through her mind, Audrey had turned her body halfway to look expectantly at Mr. Fool, who was seated leisurely at the end of the long bronze table.

Meanwhile, Alger was also surprised and alarmed about The Hermit's unexpected reaction.

I was only trying to sound her out about what connection she has with the Moses Ascetic Order member, Leticia. Why would she suddenly turn to look at Mr. Fool?

Could it be that she knows that the current "Sea God" is a manifestation of Mr. Fool?

Her reaction implies this is highly likely!

Before she was recruited into the Tarot Club, did she have a lot of secret exchanges with Mr. Fool, and was already secretly working for him?

The more Alger thought, the more he paid attention to The Hermit. Then, he subconsciously joined her in looking towards Mr. Fool, who was shrouded in the grayish-white fog.

He, The Hermit, and Justice turned around at different times, but their nearly unanimous actions made The Magician Fors and company notice something amiss.

*Why are they looking at Mr. Fool? Does Sea God Kalvetua's death have to do with Mr. Fool? *Believing they were smart, Fors and Emlyn began guessing at the reason as they cast their gaze to the end of the long bronze table.

Derrick didn't know who Sea God Kalvetua was, nor did he understand what it meant for it to respond to its believers even after its death. However, since everyone was looking at Mr. Fool, he naturally looked over as well.

The World was late by a second, as though he was deliberating over something.

He first scanned The Hanged Man, making him shudder in fear. Then, he changed the direction of his gaze.

At this point, Klein had already come to realize which detail Ma'am Hermit had used to guess that he was the one replying to Sea God Kalvetua's believers in its stead. He was still stumped over what stance to use.

Should I pretend that it's a trivial matter and that I didn't take it to heart, but since you mentioned it, I'll just admit it in passing? Or should I take the stance that since I'm a god, there's no need for me to explain myself to you, so there's no need for me to admit or deny anything… Klein recalled The Fool's persona and quickly made a decision.

The choice was to neither admit or deny anything, so as to prevent him from losing his standing as a god. However, he would add a single sentence on a particular point, making those who had failed to guess it become more puzzled, while the suspicious ones would be enlightened but would still be left shrouded in confusion as they realized, deep down, how unfathomable Mr. Fool was.

With this in mind, Klein, who had leaned back, chuckled. He said leisurely and indifferently, "Kalvetua became a demigod by relying on a relic left behind by Calamity Cohinem."

So they're consulting Mr. Fool about the situation with the "Sea God"…But that doesn't convince me. It feels like there's a deeper truth hidden behind this matter… Could it be… No way, right? Fors frowned as she began coming up with all sorts of thoughts.

As expected! Cattleya believed Mr. Fool was giving a straightforward answer while also informing them of some secrets.

*That demigod scepter is Kalvetua's characteristic or Calamity Cohinem's relic, or is it something that covers both definitions? Who is Calamity Cohinem? The name sounds elvish. Yes, The Hanged Man mentioned that Leticia found an ancient elven ruin… It's the residence of a high elf? *

How did Mr. Fool get that scepter? Did he rely on The Hanged Man or someone else? No, it doesn't seem like The Hanged Man; otherwise, he wouldn't have proactively mentioned this matter… What motive does Mr. Fool have behind responding to the Sea God's believers? Is this required for "His" awakening, something that can truly affect reality?

The more Cattleya thought, the more she found Mr. Fool unfathomable. It was just like how "His" body was being concealed by the thick gray fog. The clearer she could see him, the more puzzled, horrified, and apprehensive she became.

This might be a tussle between gods… Cattleya sighed inwardly as the emotions got the better of her.

I guessed right! Alger finally verified that the present "Sea God" was a manifestation of The Fool. His worries and indecision from before were instantly rewarded.

On certain occasions, as a fake Sea God believer, I can openly pray… I wonder how much Mr. Fool has recovered. How much of his power can he release from the seal? It's at least at the demigod level. He will be able to provide tremendous protection at sea…

The Hermit's unsurprised reaction implies that she had long interacted with Mr. Fool and had learned of certain things ahead of time. This implies that her Sequence isn't low. She might really be a powerhouse at the pirate admiral level… This is both good and bad news for me.

The good news is that I have an additional powerful faction at sea supporting me. At times, we can tacitly cooperate and complete matters that were previously deemed unimaginable. The bad news is that a lot of my news and resource channels will be overshadowed by hers. My purpose in the Tarot Club will drastically decline. Of course, that's under the premise that she really is Admiral of Stars.

Yes, I have to adjust my focus from gathering news and resources and align it towards the Church. This is something she can't supplant me, Alger thought with joy and wariness.

*That Sea God is really Mr. Fool! No, no, no, it should be said that the present Sea God is Mr. Fool's manifestation! "He" has truly begun interfering with the real world? This is great! In the future, I can pray to Sea

God directly and receive a response when I'm out traveling at sea? *Audrey felt surprised, overjoyed, and proud.

According to what she knew, the Churches didn't do fixed ritualistic magic internally. The ones who received responses by solely praying to the deities were mainly priests or a chance occurrence; otherwise, they were Blessed who just numbered at a handful.

As for receiving a response from every prayer, they would be an extreme exception, even among Blessed.

*But I can! Mr. Fool is returning to his throne, one step at a time. Replacing Sea God is one of those steps… *Audrey didn't hide the changes in her emotions as she smiled, sitting straight and elegantly.

*Cohinem? That's an elf's name. I think I've heard someone mention it before… *Emlyn attempted to recall, but it was in vain.

As for Kalvetua's death and how the "Sea God" still replied to its believers, as well as the reason why The Hermit, Justice, The Hanged Man had looked towards Mr. Fool, he had made a slight guess without thinking too deeply about the matter.

What has this got to do with me? It doesn't affect my saving of the Sanguine, nor is it anything of interest! Anyway, I can just pray to Mr. Fool if there are any problems! Emlyn mumbled to himself, showing disdain towards the emotional changes the others had.

*Calamity? Queen of Calamity? But there are no records that say that her name is Cohinem… *Derrick turned his head to the left very slightly, a common tick he did when he recalled things.

From the looks of it, Little Sun isn't sure if Cohinem is the Queen of Calamity; otherwise, he wouldn't have such a reaction.… Klein retracted his gaze in disappointment.

He controlled The World to cough, pulling everyone back from their thoughts.

Following that, The World conjured a picture with The Fool's help. He showed it to both sides of the table and asked, "Does anyone know her?"

It was a picture of the red-haired Helene. Klein mainly wanted to know if Admiral of Stars Cattleya or The Hanged Man Alger knew her. After all, they were well-informed people out at sea.

Alger glanced at it and just as he was about to say that he didn't know her, he heard Ma'am Hermit say with a deep voice, "Red-haired Helene. She's from a fallen noble family and has the bloodline from the Intis's Sauron family."

Cattleya paused before adding, "She was once a trader out at sea, but she was later said to have been abducted by Ailment Maiden Tracy."

Abducted by Ailment Maiden Tracy? I thought it would be some contrived story about a domineering pirate and a noble lady… However, Tracy can be considered a domineering pirate. Heh heh… Klein instantly made some connections.

Fors was still lost in her thoughts over the connection between Sea God and The Fool when she suddenly snapped to her senses. She acutely noticed that great opportunities lay in red-haired Helene and Vice Admiral Ailment's story as she began to daydream.

To her regret, Ma'am Hermit had only said a few sentences without continuing.

The Hermit knows Vice Admiral Ailment… However, that doesn't imply anything. Beyonders of a certain Sequence or knowledgeable people will know who the seven pirate admirals are. Their bounty posters are everywhere… Hmm, The Hermit is rather aware of matters over at Intis.

This is something that can be determined for now… The Hanged Man wasn't interested in red-haired Helene, only The Hermit's real identity.

With red-haired Helene's matter coming to a close, Audrey began considering if she should consult the others about the mind dragon.

Unlike before, there was now the addition of Ma'am Hermit, who was of unknown character and dubious allegiances. This left her hesitant.

After a brief deliberation, she said, "I recently sought out the traces of a mind dragon and went to a place which has the tradition of worshiping dragons."

She had concealed the exact location as the details might implicate her.

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CHAPTER 571
HUGE PRESSURE

Audrey simply mentioned the ancient folk song, but she didn't describe the content in detail. She was afraid that the knowledgeable Ma'am Hermit would be able to guess at the exact location.

She only mentioned the inspiration she had, and how she used a Psychological Cue to retain her lucidity in her dream before beginning a magical journey.

Psychological Cue? She knows how to plant a psychological cue? She's likely a Sequence 7 Psychiatrist… Cattleya habitually made a judgment, but she immediately felt even more perplexed.

Then why would she be buying the Beyonder characteristic of a Psychiatrist?

Taking the same potion gives a limited increase in strength while being prone to losing control. Furthermore, it will be an obstacle towards the digestion of the potion…

To create a mystical item? But this will overlap with her own Beyonder powers. There's no value to that.

To give it to someone else?

Amidst Cattleya's guesses, Audrey had already mentioned her chaotic dream and how she came to the edge of her conscious. Then, she used the conjuring method she learned from Mr. Fool to create a staircase that led downwards. She then slowly delved deep into her conscious.

She didn't describe in detail the various points of light in her subconscious, as it involved embarrassing secrets she didn't wish to share.

She focused on her lonely and long journey with no end in sight. She also expressed how there were various monsters hiding in the surrounding grayness that placed immense pressure on her. She mentioned how she nearly broke down several times and barely managed to endure it thanks to her Beyonder powers. Then, she reached the point of her finally arriving at the illusory sea of collective subconscious.

The memory imprints of the human pioneers and the spread and reflection of the consciousness of the surrounding creatures were presented under Audrey's coherent and unhurried descriptions. Then, it was fixed onto the dragon with grayish stone scales that had flown out from the sea of collective subconscious.

There's a dragon that lives in the sea of collective subconscious? What a magical and beautiful journey! Although Miss Justice didn't encounter any enemies or danger, it still leaves me a little surreal… Fors suddenly thought of a title of a book: "Miss Justice's Dream Tour."

While rounding things up, Audrey scanned the area and asked, "Ladies and gentlemen, do you have any suggestions? Do you think that the dragon's City of Miracles, Liveseyd, is also hidden in the sea of collective subconscious?

"If I wish to continue searching, what should I take note of? What advanced preparations do I need to make?"

The Hanged Man Alger glanced at The Hermit and said in a serious tone, "I don't think you should continue exploring.

"It's a very dangerous act.

"According to the records, most dragons are creatures with flesh and blood; this includes the mind dragon. By allowing itself to survive and swim

through the so-called sea of collective subconscious, it means that the dragon you saw was a sufficiently high Sequence. At the very least, it's at the level of a demigod.

"Before you reach Sequence 5, it's best that you don't consider this."

Cattleya nodded and said, "There are many other dangerous things in the sea of collective subconscious—the accumulated maleficent thoughts of humanity, the desires that can corrupt Soul Bodies, the terrifying memories since ancient times that resemble storms and waves at sea—all of these will deal severe psychological harm to you. It might prevent you from ever waking up.

"Besides that's the sea of collective subconscious of all creatures, which isn't only limited to humans. There might be evil spirits, evil gods, or the consciousness of some terrifying existence hidden in there. They're like gigantic maelstroms that can devour ships.

"Before you truly acquire Beyonder powers that allow you to travel through the sea of collective subconscious, it's best not to rashly explore too deeply."

Audrey, who was filled with expectations, felt disappointed. However, she couldn't help but admit that Mr. Hanged Man and Ma'am Hermit had spoken very logically and sincerely.

She silently inhaled and said to herself, *Audrey, don't be headstrong. Wait till you're Sequence 5 before making the attempt again!*

She totally didn't consider how difficult it was to become a Sequence 5. At that level, one could even compete to become one of the seven pirate admirals, or even make the seven become eight.

From Audrey's point of view, with Mr. Fool and the Tarot Club, as long as she was careful and calm, she would definitely be able to successfully attain that level in a year or two if she didn't take unnecessary risks.

Only the gate to being a demigod was hard to push open!

Ma'am Hermit knows a lot and is very knowledgeable… Audrey clung onto the last sliver of hope and looked towards Mr. Fool at the end of the table, hoping that this godlike existence would provide a suggestion that was different from Mr. Hanged Man or Ma'am Hermit.

*Don't look at me… I have no idea! *Klein tried his best not to blink.

His understanding of the conscious, subconscious, and the collective subconscious was still stuck at a theoretical level that Spirit Medium Daly had described. He didn't understand anything more. Despite having his dreams intruded frequently, he had never thought of exploring the world outside the dream despite retaining his lucidity. Therefore, how was he to provide any suggestions to Miss Justice?

In fact, he had a natural idea regarding this. However, he wasn't sure if it would work without having done any verification.

In the past, even if he lacked the confidence, he could vaguely make a comment, but now, with Admiral of Stars Cattleya sitting at the side, watching, it only made it easier for him to make mistakes the more he spoke. The less he spoke, the fewer mistakes he would commit. And there was no chance of making mistakes by keeping silent.

What a pressure-inducing new member… Klein sighed inwardly. He didn't say a word and maintained his faint smile.

If not for him being above the gray fog and how he existed in the form of a Spirit Body, he suspected that such highly difficult acting would make the muscles around his eyes spasm.

Mr. Fool doesn't have any suggestions… Audrey retracted her gaze in depression. She stopped fantasizing about exploring the sea of collective subconscious so soon.

At this moment, The Moon Emlyn, who was already turning impatient, cleared his throat.

"I've seriously researched the history handed down by us Sanguine…”

Sanguine… He really is a vampire… Nurturing vampires and pulling vampires into the Church is really a tradition of the Church of Mother Earth… Cattleya nodded as she looked like she was listening seriously.

Meanwhile, she felt that some of her conclusions needed adjustments.

The Moon directly expressed his identity… Does this mean that Mr. Fool has a potent deterrence, even in the outside world, that the members aren't afraid of information being leaked?

It seems like I don't have to completely hide my circumstances…

Emlyn paused and looked at The Sun before tipping his chin.

"Before the Cataclysm, there was no City of Silver, only the Kingdom of Silver!"

If it were anyone else who had thrown such doubt on him, Derrick would've hastened to retort, expressing the fact that the people of the City of Silver were descendants of the Kingdom of Silver and that he hadn't lied. However, after glancing at Mr. Moon and sensing his smugness, Derrick turned his head to the side, feeling that an explanation was beneath him.

Why must I let an arrogant vampire who doesn't acknowledge the City of Silver's history believe me? he thought silently to himself.

From his reaction, Emlyn could tell that the City of Silver was indeed related to the Kingdom of Silver. He tsked and said, "The faith of the Kingdom of Silver wasn't originally Giant King Aurmir, but 'His' queen, Omebella."

Omebella? Derrick turned his head and blurted out, "Our City of Silver has no records of this matter, nor are there any records of a queen named Omebella."

Emlyn chuckled and spread out his hands.

"That's why, there's nothing wrong with me saying that your City of Silver's history is flawed and incomplete, right?

"Clearly, there are mistakes in your records of Sanguine history."

…You took such a roundabout way to prove this… Should I say that a vampire like you has clear logic, or that you're someone who bears grudges? Klein held back his laughter and stopped himself from sizing up Emlyn White.

The Moon and The Sun's debate benefited him greatly, allowing him to know that the Giant Queen, the Goddess of Harvest, was named Omebella.

The Sun Derrick was just about to give a retort to Mr. Moon when he heard Ma'am Hermit speak.

"Omebella is the Goddess of Harvest from the Second Epoch. She's also the queen of the Giant King's Court.

"Legend has it that she perished at the end of the Second Epoch, but it's impossible to verify since no one has seen her corpse or relics."

The Goddess of Harvest is really named Omebella… Derrick was stunned. He wished to retort, but he was unable to say a word as this matter proved that the history of the City of Silver had several holes. He instantly felt somewhat aggrieved.

When Emlyn saw this, he felt good. Pleasure rose from the depths of his heart.

After another round of exchanges, the Tarot Gathering came to an end. Klein smiled and said, "Everyone, we shall meet next week."

"By your will." Audrey immediately got up to bow.

The others weren't any slower, including The Hermit Cattleya.

…

Upon returning to reality, Admiral of Stars Cattleya looked at the shattered celestial globe on her desk. She then seriously recalled what had happened at the gathering.

A few details made her believe that the Tarot Club involved itself in many matters that made it nothing to scoff at. And hidden deep in the gray fog was Mr. Fool. Like The World, who was hidden behind thick shadows, "He" was unreadable and unfathomable. It was unknown what he was planning.

After more than ten seconds of silence, Cattleya retrieved a pen and some paper and wrote while deliberating: "Someone has been deliberately collecting the Emperor's diary pages."

She didn't dare to expose any information that involved the Tarot Club, as she was afraid of being punished by Mr. Fool. All she could do was give a heads-up on things that could be discovered under ordinary circumstances.

After she was done writing and folding the letter, she took out a golden, exquisite harmonica she carried with her. Putting it to her lips, she blew it.

In the blink of an eye, she saw the letter strangely vanish.

Even though she wasn't wearing her glasses, she was unable to discover the arrival of the messenger.

*Phew… *Cattleya sighed and reached for her forehead and said silently, The pressure is really huge when participating in a gathering while under

the supervision of a god."

…

With Admiral of Stars joining, the pressure on me as The Fool has greatly increased… Klein rubbed his temples above the gray fog and directly returned to the real world.

He wanted to attempt the inspiration Miss Justice had received from exploring her dreams.

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CHAPTER 572
RECITE MY NAME

After a series of chores, Klein opened his locked bedroom door and looked into the living room. He saw Danitz sleeping soundly on a reclining chair.

Although he had long heard it, Klein couldn't help but lampoon.

It's not even four in the afternoon!

Has this guy completely let his hair down now that he doesn't need to monitor the radio transceiver?

With a thought, he gradually smiled, feeling that this was exactly what he needed.

The premise of him maintaining his lucidity in dreams had involved someone invading his consciousness. Typically, his dreams were a turbid mess, which meant that he alone wasn't able to complete the experiment. After all, he couldn't plant a psychological cue on himself.

Therefore, he planned on using external forces to enter the dreams of others. This way, he could maintain his lucidity like a Nightmare.

He originally planned on heading out to find a suitable target, but Danitz's posture was in such a perfect state that he could hardly stop himself from kicking him.

No, I should be experimenting… Klein corrected his thoughts.

He contemplated for a moment and didn't use a Dream Charm. As a Sequence 7 Pyromaniac, with the ancient name being Fire Mage, Danitz's spiritual perception wasn't to be written off. Once he softly chanted an incantation that could stir the powers of nature, Danitz would definitely be awoken.

As such, it would be a question of whether he could evade the matter in a timely fashion.

After some deliberation, Klein took out another thing he had prepared. It was a gem-like object that seemed dark and deep; it was the Beyonder characteristic left behind by a Nightmare.

It could be used to a certain extent, just like Nimblewright Master Rosago's All-Black Eye. However, the effects were inferior to one that was from a mystical item. For example, this Nightmare Beyonder characteristic didn't allow Klein to pass through the dreams of someone across the city from his inn's suite, nor was he able to forcefully pull people into a dream. However, it was still simple enough to perform the most basic form of intruding into someone's dream at a close distance.

Klein held the dark "gem" and spread out his spirituality.

The illusory darkness rapidly spread before his eyes, filling his vision. Everything before his eyes were blanketed over, including Danitz.

There was no longer a humanoid figure but an ellipsoidal blob of light.

Klein immediately extended his spirituality out and made contact with it.

Without any warning, various scenes flooded his surroundings as they flashed rapidly. Finally, it came to stop on a ship that was dozens of meters long. It had a smoke-churning chimney and large sails that were fully raised. The deck was polished abnormally bright, shimmering with the glimmer of a gold coin when sunlight hit it.

Danitz stood under the main cannon as he had his arms crossed. He was leisurely rushing the sailors, shouting from time to time, "Scrub that area again!

"Dogsh*t, do you wish to copy down the ancient Feysac dictionary?"

This fellow is quite impressive on the Golden Dream… Klein ignored the owner of the dream and flew to the other end of the ship. He found a hidden spot and landed on the deck before preparing to test his spiritual perception.

What he planned on experimenting on was simple. He wanted to know if chanting The Fool's honorific name in a dream was effective. He wanted to know if he could sense someone praying!

This way, if Miss Justice encounters danger in the sea of collective subconscious, she can use this method to seek help… After stretching his back, Klein's expression gradually turned solemn as he softly said, "The Fool that doesn't belong to this era.

"The mysterious ruler above the gray fog.

"The King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck."

…

With the words in Hermes being spoken, he very quickly finished reciting The Fool's honorific name. However, Klein didn't hear the series of illusory pleas.

It doesn't work? Klein frowned in thought. He analyzed whether it was really impossible, or if he had made a mistake somewhere.

Yes… Chanting in the dream doesn't actually produce any noise. Relying on Hermes alone isn't sufficient… To achieve the effects of praying, I'll have to use a language like ancient Hermes that can stir the powers of nature. This is the same state as me copying the account password of my anonymous

account… Klein nodded slightly and began to chant his honorific name in ancient Hermes.

He wasn't afraid that there would be an accident, but that his stirring of the powers of nature would wake Blazing Danitz from his sleep.

He recited each word, quickly finishing the three sentences. Following that, Klein heard the stacked series of irritable and illusory pleas.

At that moment, Danitz's dream quivered as the Golden Dream quickly disintegrated.

Klein didn't stay any longer and immediately left. He returned back to his bedroom before Danitz woke up.

After seven to eight seconds, Danitz sat up in a daze as he muttered to himself in fear, *Why did I dream of that madman Gehrman Sparrow causing trouble on the Golden Dream…*

What a terrifying matter!

*Dogsh*t! It must be the result of me worrying over this matter all this time!*

Inside the bedroom, Klein had already taken four steps counterclockwise and gone above the gray fog. Without any surprises, he saw a rippling light by The Fool's high-back chair. In it was the scene of him in the dream.

It really works. One can still receive a response when chanting The Fool's honorific name in languages such as ancient Hermes or Jotun! It's no wonder some people might suddenly die in their sleep despite not doing a thing. They might be reading some materials or had memorized certain symbols in the day and accidentally replicated them in the dream? The danger in this world really cannot be prevented… Klein dispelled the rippling light and considered if he should inform Miss Justice of the results of the experiment.

To only inform her later instead of saying it on the spot is a little damaging to The Fool's image… But Miss Justice is the kind of girl with a huge sense of curiosity. Although she has been warned by Mr. Hanged Man and Admiral of Stars, and even if she's a little more mature now, there's still the chance of her taking risks… Of course, if anything were to happen, it's on herself and it has nothing to do with me… Klein couldn't help but recall Miss Justice's adoration of The Fool and the thought of her optimism and cheerfulness that brought him happiness, as well as her contributions towards the Tarot Club all this time.

Finally, he sighed and said in a self-deprecating manner, "I still need to inform her and give a warning.

"This is the treatment a VIP gets…"

After making the decision, Klein didn't hesitate to spread out his spirituality to touch the crimson star representing Miss Justice.

…

In a room of the huge manor in East Chester County.

Audrey had her legs leaning sideways as she sat before her dressing table. She was recalling the words Mr. Hanged Man and Ma'am Hermit had said.

After being warned by two senior Beyonders, she suddenly realized something. It wasn't that the mid- and upper-echelons of the Psychology Alchemists wasn't aware that one could explore dreams, the icy mountain of the subconscious, and the sea of collective subconscious by using a self-induced psychological cue.

The reason why they didn't tell me anything is because it's too dangerous for a Psychiatrist. Many people have already died in such explorations… But they should warn me… Ah, right. From their point of view, I'm only a Sequence 8 Telepathist. I'm not equipped with the powers of a

Psychological Cue, so there was no need to warn me… Audrey finally understood the perplexing matter.

Just as she was about to let Susie enter the room to calm the disappointment in her heart, she suddenly saw thick gray fog spew out, instantly flooding her vision.

In the middle of the endless grayish-white, a figure sat in a high-back chair. Looking down at her, it said, "Do not make attempts without careful consideration."

Before Audrey realized what was happening, she heard the deep and majestic voice sound out again.

"If you encounter dangers in your dreams, you can recite my name."

*Recite your name? *Audrey's eyes widened as she became overjoyed.

"Yes, Mr. Fool."

Seeing that Miss Justice was excited instead of showing any doubts, Klein secretly heaved a sigh of relief and chuckled.

"Use ancient Hermes."

With that said, his figure faded away and the gray fog vanished.

Audrey sat there stunned for two seconds before hurriedly pursing her lips, afraid that she wasn't on her best behavior.

*Mr. Fool actually specially warned me! He even permitted me to recite "His" name in my dream! *Audrey excitedly took a few steps on the spot, believing that she had really become a Blessed of God.

Of course, she also remembered Mr. Fool's warning. She planned to understand more from the Psychology Alchemists and make another

attempt only when she was sufficiently prepared.

The corners of her mouth curled up slightly as she randomly tapped her chest, saying silently, "May Mr. Fool watch over me~"

…

Above the gray fog, Klein began to consider another matter.

Red-haired Helene, who had a reward worth 1,000 pounds, was actually related to Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy!

Tracy took over Qilangos's crew and changed his flagship to the Black Death. As for Qilangos, he previously plundered a tycoon named Jimmy Necker… That tycoon had previously obtained parts of Death's chronicles. It came from a Balam royal family's mausoleum… This information came from that Nightmare inside Creeping Hunger. It should benefit Mr. Azik to a certain extent. I can also investigate the matter in passing… Klein found another reason to look forward to finding red-haired Helene.

He originally planned on using the magic mirror, Arrodes, to find her, but now, he planned on mobilizing Sea God believers to perform a search.

In the past, it's quite demeaning to send a revelation for just 1,000 pounds. But now that it involves a pirate admiral, it can barely make people guess that there are secret motives behind it… Klein conjured red-haired Helene's photo and summoned the Sea God Scepter.

He had never done a mass revelation, so it was possible that it would be a burden that he couldn't withstand.

He chose higher-ups like Kalat and Edmonton. With waves reaching high into the sky as a background, he said in a deep voice, "Find her and protect her.

"Be careful of Tracy's forces."

Klein didn't provide further explanations as he broke down this scene along with red-haired Helene's photo into many sets before projecting them into the corresponding dots of light.

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CHAPTER 573
TEACHING A LESSON IN REALITY

In a forest in Blue Mountain Island where the Resistance base was located.

Sitting in a wheelchair, Kalat raised his bald head and looked towards the sunlight that was scattering at the cave's entrance. His eyes couldn't hide his joy.

He acutely sensed that ever since God reappeared over the land and stated "His" ten commandments, the previous bloodshed and chaos had changed. From time to time, "He" would provide them with guidance which was filled with wisdom. Furthermore, "He" would observe all creatures and proactively interfere with the situation at sea in a bid to help the Resistance and everyone in Rorsted, allowing them to pass through a difficult, thorny path while still being able to see some hope.

Perhaps this is the true meaning behind "His" reappearance over the land… Kalat recalled the revelation he had just received and guessed that the red-haired woman named Helene was like a fulcrum for Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy and the forces out at sea. She was the key to spoiling the balance between the countries, and only by making the world's situation more chaotic would the people of Rorsted receive the opportunity of being liberated!

Kalat drew in a breath and quickly set up a ritual to pray to Sea God, conjuring Helene's picture.

After doing all of this, he instinctively turned his head to the side and wore a somewhat mixed expression.

Living in that direction was the high priest of the Church of Sea God, a priest who was a high-ranking member of the Resistance.

Although they don't dare go against the revelations and have made tremendous changes, in many ways, they're still immersed in the past. They're obstinate, conservative, backward, and savage. They refuse to embrace a more civilized Church… If this goes on, they'll one day be abandoned by God… Kalat couldn't hide the smile in his heart while he felt a strong sense of anguish.

…

After scanning through all the believers' prayers and picking a few to respond to, Klein returned to the real world. He planned on heading out to search for a chance to enact true acting.

When his right hand gripped the door handle, a ridiculous but possible thought came to his mind.

My true goal is not to find red-haired Helene, but to use this opportunity to get to Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy and figure out what happened to tycoon Jimmy Necker, so as to get to know the location of the ancient chronicles of Death.

That is to say, I only need to lure Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy out with red-haired Helene. As for whether she's the real person or not, that doesn't matter.

I can make myself red-haired Helene and let Danitz send me to Strongman Ozil, get the reward, and easily meet Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy.

What an impressive sequence of actions…

Klein suddenly shook his head as he found a reason to reject the idea.

Although I'm a Faceless, I can't accept wearing drag!

…Could it be that overcoming my inner resistance is also one of the principles for acting?

Furthermore, I don't know red-haired Helene. Acting as her wouldn't work. I would just be like her on the surface, and I wouldn't be able to fool people who are familiar with her. That way, I won't be able to meet Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy.

Yes. The person searching for red-haired Helene might not be Tracy, but an enemy of hers.

I don't know Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy's background. Rashly doing such an act would result in immeasurable danger.

It's best to be safe and abide by my wishes. I'll first search for red-haired Helene, and after determining the details, I can consider the subsequent actions.

At that moment, Klein suddenly felt that something was amiss in the living room. Danitz's snoring had softened, and the time between each snore shortened.

Vice Admiral Iceberg is here? Klein turned the handle and opened the door to the bedroom.

While making this silent action, Danitz sat up with his eyes open.

He tried hard to hide his smile as he said, "Captain came.

"She said that Admiral of Blood's crew was sighted at Longtail Island and is continuing south. His destination seems to be the Berserk Sea.

"The source of the news is trustworthy!"

Longtail Island? The island at the southern end of the Rorsted Sea? From the looks of it, Admiral of Blood previously planned on coming to Bayam, but the fight between Kalvetua and Sea King Jahn Kottman scared him away. He circled around the area and headed straight for the Berserk Sea… Yes, it's probably because his intelligence officer, Old Quinn, didn't send a telegram to inform him… Klein felt pangs of regret and could only lament how reality changed faster than his plans.

He had planned to make his hunt of Admiral of Blood become the crowning battle of the crazy adventurer and bounty hunter, Gehrman Sparrow.

Killing a single Steel Maveti ultimately lacks that shock and awe effect… Klein didn't say a word as he calmly looked at Danitz.

Danitz felt a little uneasy from the intent stare as he gave a hollow chuckle.

"Admiral of Blood has fled. Your cooperation with Captain has come to an end, right?

"I can now return to the Golden Dream, right?

"Further developments can be done via your messenger!"

Klein pondered for a moment and took out a piece of paper from his pocket. He scribbled the method to summon his messenger.

Following that, he flicked his wrist, sending the piece of paper out like a metallic plate.

Danitz was a Hunter at Sequence 9, so he easily reached out and caught the piece of paper.

He scanned it before a scarlet flame rose in his palms, burning the paper to ashes.

"Haha, even if I forget it, Captain will have a way of making me recall it."

He paused and squeezed out a smile before asking again, "I can now return to the Golden Dream, right?"

Klein nodded slightly and said, "Yes."

I… I can! Danitz held back his urge to pump his fist in celebration, afraid that he would end up antagonizing the madman, Gehrman Sparrow.

He smiled cautiously and said, "I'll first pay off the room for this period of time and buy a ship ticket. As you know, Bayam hasn't been calm recently. Captain doesn't wish for the Golden Dream to dock at the harbor here."

At least you know how to settle the room's payment… Klein didn't say a word as he maintained his austere attitude. He draped himself with a coat and took his hat before walking towards his luxurious suite.

When his back disappeared into the corner of a staircase and vanished from Danitz's sight, Danitz shrank back into his room and clenched his fist, pumping them into the air.

"Wonderful! Wonderful!

"I'm finally free!"

He didn't delay in wearing his cap and heading to the front desk of the Wind of Azure Inn to settle the bill. He informed them that this didn't mean that he was checking out.

Danitz quickly hit the streets and ran straight for a place known as the Seaweed Bar. He found the air fresh and invigorating.

After he took a few steps, he suddenly noticed bounty posters pasted along the walls around a bend.

“…Blazing Danitz, 5,500 pounds!"

The posters were just two steps away from Danitz—that familiar face allowed for a clear comparison with his cap-wearing face.

"…”

Danitz clenched his teeth and revealed a sorrowful smile.

He hurriedly pressed down his cap, nearly concealing his normal line of sight.

But even so, he still felt uneasy. He went to a recent department store and bought a gray scarf. He wrapped it around his neck and hid his nose and mouth in it.

At this point in time, Danitz relaxed somewhat as he sped up his pace and rushed for his destination.

The Seaweed Bar was a place where gangs gathered. It was common for infamous pirates to appear there.

Although this place wasn't like the Swordfish Bar or Amyris Leaf Bar that allowed access to a lot of information and resources, it had its own unique niche—it had many resourceful secret channels!

What Danitz wanted to do was buy a scalped ticket to Galagos, as this wouldn't need him to provide any identification.

He knew very well that be it in the past or present, his bounty poster would be plastered across all the ticket booths. He had bought the first-class tickets to the White Agate via the same method as well.

After entering the bar, Danitz didn't take off his cap and scarf. He carefully surveyed the area and found Deniel who sold scalped tickets.

He didn't directly approach him and instead retracted his gaze from the thin and somewhat swarthy man who was in his thirties. He began searching for someone unfamiliar.

After a round of choices, Danitz squeezed through the crowd and arrived beside a lad who was drinking at the bar counter. He tapped him on the shoulder and suppressed his voice.

"Do me a favor."

"What?" The lad turned his head warily and ended up seeing a suspicious man. The lower half of his face was covered in a gray scarf and the cap on his head nearly hid his eyes. He revealed almost nothing about his face.

Such a dress-up simply meant that he was suspicious!

This was because the Rorsted Archipelago's lowest temperature during the winter was about 10°C!

Danitz pointed at Deniel.

"See that guy over there?

"Buy me a ticket for Galagos tomorrow."

He handed over three one-pound notes and chuckled.

"The rest is yours."

Although a scalped ticket was much more expensive than a retail ticket, Galagos wasn't too far, making three pounds more than sufficient. Of course, this was also because the journey was relatively shorter, and there was no need for him to buy a first-class ticket.

The reason why Danitz didn't buy it himself was because he was worried that Deniel would recognize him, bringing him unwanted trouble.

Back when his bounty was only 3,000 pounds, pirates and adventurers at his level or lower had to consider how many people were needed to take him down. The bounty received wasn't something that could make them forget about their fear towards Vice Admiral Iceberg and the risk of losing their lives. Hence, very few people would take the initiative to attack him. As such, his safety was pretty much guaranteed in such black markets.

But now, his bounty reward had already reached 5,500 pounds. Even if several people joined forces, the amount of money each of them could get was a sizable sum. Furthermore, there were many people out at sea who were desperadoes!

Apart from that, there would be people who found their own bounties too low and wished to prove their strength. These people would definitely challenge a target like Danitz, who was infamous but was of little risk.

It was precisely because of this that Danitz was afraid that Deniel would betray him. Therefore, he hired a random person to buy it on his behalf.

The lad held the cash and gave Danitz another look before getting up from his seat. He then walked towards Deniel.

He deliberately slowed down his footsteps when he walked past some drunkards as he whispered to them.

When Danitz saw this scene, he suddenly became guarded. He thought of a problem—with him acting suspiciously, it was very obvious that there was a problem with him. He was a perfect target for being betrayed.

Heh, do you think my reputation as Blazing was bought? Danitz planned on teaching the lad a lesson after he obtained the ticket.

At this point, he discovered that a familiar figure had walked in. He was an infamous pirate, Blue Eyes Meath, with a bounty of 2,800 pounds.

And this pirate clearly knew this group of people were planning to betray him.

Blue Eyes Meath still has a few rather powerful subordinates… Danitz didn't hesitate to get up and head for the bar's back door.

His speed increased as he agilely forced himself through the drunkards and escaped from the bar. Then, with his rich anti-tracking skills, he completely escaped from the group of people.

Danitz didn't dare to stay on the streets since it was already dark. The patrolling police and soldiers would begin increasing.

He went straight back to the Wind of Azure Inn and opened the door to the luxurious suite. Inside, he saw Gehrman Sparrow admiring the dusk.

Danitz had a thought as he forced a smile.

"There's something. I forgot to mention it just now.

"Captain wishes to ask if you have any interest in meeting her at Galagos?"

This was a question he had previously kept secret. He had planned on returning and telling his captain that Gehrman Sparrow wasn't interested. But now, he realized that he had a low chance of surviving in Bayam once he was separated from the crazy adventurer.

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CHAPTER 574
FAIL TO ACCOMPLISH

Head to Galagos to meet Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina Edwards? Klein was taken aback, nearly frowning in the process.

This wasn't something he considered unacceptable, but instead a chance for him to use this face-to-face meeting to ask about matters with trite details that were cumbersome to pen down. It was possible for him to be inspired and gain information for his subsequent advancement and High-Sequence potion formulas.

One more friend, one more channel… Klein silently muttered this sentence before taking out a heavy gold coin. He divined if there was any danger in front of Blazing Danitz.

The shiny gold coin flipped into the air and tumbled down into Klein's palm, tails facing up.

This implied a negative response, which meant that there wasn't much danger meeting Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina in Galagos.

Klein shifted his gaze upwards at Danitz and calmly said, "Okay."

"On the Captain's behalf, I thank you for accepting the invitation." Danitz heaved a sigh of relief and beamed, his brows easing.

Klein took a look at the wall clock and said, "I'll first head to the washroom."

Head to the washroom? You mean you plan on heading out later to buy a ticket for me? Danitz's gaze followed Gehrman Sparrow's body as he sharply read in between the lines.

After using spirit dowsing to confirm things above the gray fog, Klein washed his hands and left the washroom and said to Danitz, "Let's go."

"Me?" Danitz pointed at himself.

Klein put on his coat and nodded.

"There's no need to, right? You can directly find Elland and get him to help us buy two tickets…" In this rare occasion, Danitz sincerely provided a suggestion.

Klein coldly swept his glance across him and didn't say a word. he wore his hat and went out the door.

Danitz trembled and swallowed his second suggestion of buying fake identification documents and use Gehrman Sparrow's ability to change appearances to buy two tickets via official channels.

He wrapped the scarf around him once again and pressed down on his cap before quickly following Gehrman Sparrow.

…

After nearly twenty minutes, Klein pointed ahead where there was a noisy commotion.

"Is it there?"

That was the Seaweed Bar where Danitz had failed to accomplish the purchase of scalped tickets.

"Yes…" Danitz never expected them to circle over and was momentarily stunned.

Along the way, he had roughly described his early experience; therefore, he wasn't sure why Gehrman Sparrow would return here.

Amid his thought, he suddenly had a guess as he blurted, "A-are you going to seek revenge for me?"

This fellow might be crazy, but he's quite nice to his friends. His act of venturing out into Bansy Harbor for Elland and the others is an example… Danitz couldn't help but reflect on the matter.

Klein shot him a glance and didn't say a word. He widened his strides and walked into the Seaweed Bar.

"There's really no need…" Danitz followed behind as he weakly persuaded him.

To him, if he wasn't afraid of escalating the matter, he would've baked those bunch of backstabbing b*stards in cement and sank them to the bottom of the sea!

The bar was noisy and lively, with local music reverberating through it, bringing about a trance-like feeling.

Danitz seriously surveyed the area in an attempt to find the bunch of backstabbers, as well as the infamous pirate, Blue Eyes Meath.

"That's Deniel," Danitz casually introduced the black market merchant.

What a pity that this place is just too chaotic. I've no idea if that group of people are still around… he thought with some regret.

Klein traced his gaze and touched Creeping Hunger with his right hand.

He turned his head and looked at Danitz, saying with his usual expression, "Take off your scarf."

His tone was akin to instructing Danitz to buy a glass of beer.

Ah? Danitz was left stunned on the spot as he wondered if he had heard wrong.

Klein widened the ends of his mouth and said, "Take off your scarf. Do not make me repeat thrice."

"Why…” Danitz choked back his question under the icy cold and crazy stare.

He blankly removed his scarf in puzzlement, and he had a baffling feeling that the people around him were sizing him up and also recognizing him as the great pirate worth 5,500 pounds, Blazing Danitz.

Klein maintained his smile that concealed madness and continued instructing, "Take off your cap.

"Go over and buy a ticket."

In an instant, Danitz felt as though he had been struck by lightning. He nearly leaped up.

"I'll be recognized…” Under Gehrman Sparrow's stare, his voice became softer and softer.

At this point in time, he had already understood what Gehrman Sparrow was up to.

*He wishes to use my worth as 5,500 pounds as bait to fish out those greedy pirates and powerhouses behind those gangs! Dogsh*t! To think I thought he was nice to his friends a moment ago. No, why would I even

consider him my friend? This son of a b*tch! *Danitz kept cursing inwardly with vulgarities.

He couldn't put up any resistance since he knew how crazy Gehrman Sparrow was.

This was a madman who was even thinking of hunting a pirate admiral!

Danitz revealed a twisted smile. As he slowly turned his head back, he took off his cap and slowly walked towards Deniel.

Around him, gazes swept past him and paused for two seconds before they were retracted.

As the drunkards moved away from him like the receding tide, they opened a wide path for him as though the ocean was split.

Upon seeing their reaction, Danitz was surprised at this turn of events despite his horror and concerns.

This is the might of a great pirate? This is what it feels like to be the center of attention? Damn it, I heard someone say my name. Someone is whispering Blazing… Danitz knew he had been recognized. As he walked forward anxiously, he hung his hands down and prepared to do battle.

Among the crowd, Blue Eyes Meath blurted out, "Danitz? Blazing Danitz!"

His subordinates exchanged looks and said excitedly, "Boss, it's really Blazing Danitz! 5,500 pounds!

"Shall we attack?"

Meath narrowed his azure-blue eyes and raised his left arm, slapping the back of his subordinate's head.

"You stupid a**!

"If Blazing Danitz were a stupid a** like you, he would've been killed numerous times!

"He dared to appear here because he's not afraid of being attacked! He has a powerhouse hiding behind him?"

Meath suddenly felt horrified as he looked around.

He suspected that Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina Edwards had secretly arrived in the City of Generosity, Bayam!

Through the gaps in between the crowd, he saw a young gentleman in a black double-breasted frock coat. He wore a half top hat and had black hair and brown eyes. He looked thin, but he had an angled face.

Without any words, Meath's spiritual perception told him that this was a terrifying existence.

His high spiritual perception had previously brought him numerous troubles, but it had also helped him successfully evade even more dangers!

"Let's go!" he suppressed his voice as he ordered. Then, with the help of the patrons blocking him, he fled from the bar's back door just like how Danitz did previously.

Danitz came right in front of Deniel while shuddering in fear before buying two tickets to Galagos from a blank and horrified opponent.

Even after he returned the way he came and received the signal from Gehrman Sparrow to walk out the bar, he didn't notice anyone suddenly assaulting him.

Isn't it said that there are many desperadoes among pirates? Indeed, a last-minute and rushed trap is hardly effective… Something abnormal usually implies that something is amiss. Of course, one can use the abnormality to

scare the enemy… Unfortunately… Klein pressed down on his hat before following Danitz out.

At that moment in time, Danitz was loitering around a street lamp. When he saw Gehrman Sparrow walk out, he barely smiled and said, "Can I wear the scarf and cap already?

"Haha, that group of cowards!"

"Yes." Klein didn't stop as he sped up once he reached the other end of the street.

Danitz's pupils contracted as he hurriedly chased after him and inquired, "Why are we suddenly running?

Klein didn't turn his head as he calmly said, "Do you wish to stay here to be invited back by the Mandated Punishers?"

As he spoke, he took out a paper figurine, threw it out, and burned it to ashes.

Only then did Danitz snap to his senses. Although that group of cowards didn't dare to attack him, they definitely had the courage to report him. If he was successfully taken down, they still had a chance of receiving parts of the reward!

They ran all the way into a secluded alley before Gehrman Sparrow stopped. Only then did Danitz have the time to wrap his scarf properly and wear his cap.

"Where are we heading now?" Danitz asked with a slight pant.

Klein glanced at him.

"Find Elland."

The corners of Danitz's mouth twitched, yearning to throw a fireball over.

"To buy tickets to the Dilynius Island," Klein added as he passed through the alley.

Dilynius Island was the first island past the south of the Rorsted Archipelago.

…Right, there's a ship there that heads for Galagos! Now, with everyone's attention focused on the liners from Bayam to Galagos, no one would imagine that we'd take a detour to Dilynius Island and travel from there! Danitz followed as he was enlightened.

…

On Tuesday morning, Klein personally helped Danitz don a disguise, making him look like a mixed-blood who wore gold-rimmed glasses.

Although there was no way to use his Faceless powers, it was still at least ten times better than Danitz's own attempts at disguising himself.

They successfully boarded the ship and prepared to head south to Dilynius Island Harbor. The journey was expected to take ten hours.

Whoosh!

The liner left the harbor and steered into the sea.

Under the bright sunlight, thin clouds, and blue skies, this hybrid-powered ship silently sailed through the gentle waves amid the cold breeze all the way into the afternoon.

At this moment, Klein was inside the cabin, pondering over some content in the Book of Secrets. Danitz was pacing about, thinking about how he could brag to his mates.

Suddenly, their vision darkened as though a cloud had drifted over to blot out the sun.

Klein subconsciously looked out and saw that a gigantic pitch-black sailboat had appeared at some moment in time. It was nearly a hundred meters long and had its sail fully opened. By the side were rows of cannons.

Before it approached, it steered in a different direction, but it still made the surroundings seem to have a black sun pass by.

Danitz revealed a reverent and apprehensive expression that was mixed with a longing but abhorrent look. He hissed before whispering in a dreamy manner, "Dark Emperor…”

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CHAPTER 575
GOLDEN DREAM

Upon seeing the gigantic black sailboat, Klein's first reaction was fear and wariness. He suspected that the demigod, King of the Five Seas Nast, was here for him.

But he quickly refuted that guess. This was because, apart from using the Dark Emperor card in the spirit world, he had nearly never made the Card of Blasphemy appear in the real world ever since he came out to sea. There were only two or three times when they appeared due to a summoning before it quickly entered the spirit world.

With the gray fog's screening abilities and the Card of Blasphemy's anti-divination and anti-prophecy traits, it's impossible for Nast to lock onto me! Klein calmed down as he got up to walk towards the window. Together with Danitz, he looked at the Dark Emperor which defied sailboat logic.

The gigantic ship slowly approached in the massive shadows as the scene on the deck became increasingly clear. The sailors were either washing the deck or bragging on the shipboard. None of them had drawn their cutlasses or guns. There was no sign of them planning to plunder the ship.

Near the cabin, there was a mottled stone chair that was two to three meters high. On it sat a colossal man that was comparable to a giant.

Before he could take in Nast's appearance, Danitz couldn't help but lower his head as his body became numb and trembled, to the point of prostrating himself.

Klein also sensed the inexplicable sense of might and awe.

He didn't forcibly resist it to keep his head up and continue looking at Nast. This had a high chance of attracting his attention, bringing him unwanted trouble.

As a person with many secrets, he had to bow his head when required!

Klein retracted his gaze as he admired the rugs on the deck.

After an unknown period of time, he saw the sunlight illuminate the area again as the shadow vanished.

He looked up and could no longer see the gigantic pitch-black sailboat. The wind and seas were calm, and the skies were clear.

"Why would he suddenly be here? Wasn't it said that he was still at the Fog Sea recently?" Danitz frowned as he muttered to himself in puzzlement.

That Dark Emperor can cruise through the spirit world, so it's very normal for it to come all the way from the Fog Sea in a span of a few days… This is also probably one of the reasons why Nast is the greatest of the Four Kings… Klein thought to himself.

He believed that Nast was lured by the Dark Emperor card, but it was likely that Nast could only determine a vague area.

Klein retracted his gaze and sat back down as though nothing had happened.

The straight line distance between Bayam and Dilynius wasn't great, but a sufficiently safe sea route was filled with twists and turns, so it took the liner until sunset before it reached the dock.

After that, Klein changed his appearance and used a fake identity to buy two early tickets and set off before it got dark. They arrived at Gargas at dawn.

Danitz didn't enter the city and instead brought Klein on a detour to a private harbor. They then took a simple fishing boat and set off to sea.

After nearly two hours, Klein saw a sailboat which was dozens of meters long. It was clean and produced a golden luster from the sunlight reflected on it.

Compared to similar sailboats, it appeared extremely special. Along the central axis was the main cannon which was stacked with symbols and patterns. Faint but pure light swirled around it.

"That's the Cannon of Purification. It can only be used ten times before six Priests of Light are needed to hold a ritual. They will pray to the corresponding deity to fill it up with spirituality," Danitz introduced smugly.

A gigantic version of a charm? After a certain period of time, it will likely automatically lose its spirituality… Backing Vice Admiral Iceberg is the Church of the Eternal Blazing Sun? Or one that can nurture Priests of Light? Klein's remained stoic as he mumbled inwardly.

Back when he first saw the Golden Dream in Danitz's dream, he wasn't too surprised by the main cannon. After all, dreams didn't need to adhere to logic. Perhaps Danitz had seen an ironclad warship and its main cannon had left a deep impression on him, causing him to reproduce it in his dream.

To Klein's surprise, the Golden Dream really had something that required extremely copious amounts of knowledge in mysticism—it wasn't something an ordinary faction could produce.

Soon, the Golden Dream dispatched a dinghy and quickly steered towards the fishing boat.

Danitz spread his hands open before clenching them tightly. He then jumped down and landed in the dinghy without causing it to shake.

He whistled and struck palms with the pirate who was steering. He found the former feeling of ruling over the ocean again.

However, this excitement didn't last long as the dinghy behind him suddenly dipped a little. One more person had joined them.

…*I forgot about that madman.*… Danitz wiped away his smile and sat down.

Klein observed the pirates and pressed down his hat. He sat down calmly without a word.

Before long, he landed on the deck of the Golden Dream and saw Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina Edwards standing in silence.

This pirate admiral was nearly identical to how she looked when they met in the dream. There weren't any changes to her hair or looks; she now wore dark trousers with a pair of leather boots instead of wearing a dress. She also had a valiant bearing to her wisdom and beauty.

She's more like a pirate this time than a teacher… Klein nodded gently and smiled politely.

"Good morning, Ma'am Captain."

"Good morning, Mr. Gehrman," Edwina replied with a smile.

She turned around and walked to a spot where fishing nets were being hung out to dry. She signaled the pirates to walk away and get busy with their own work.

Fishing nets… As expected of a pirate crew that's more like treasure hunters… This is in preparation to improve their meals? Klein followed in silence. Danitz very naturally found a few of his companions he was most familiar with to have drinks and to brag to.

Of course, he didn't let down his guard. From time to time, he would glance over, afraid that his captain would end up exchanging blows with Gehrman Sparrow. He was ready to get his companions to join the brawl at any moment.

This time, Klein didn't wait for Edwina to explain why she had invited him. After two seconds of silence, he asked, "What do you know of Tracy?"

He planned on asking all his questions before listening to Edwina's motives. He wanted to prevent himself from being embarrassed to ask further after rejecting a request he couldn't agree to.

"Tracy?" Edwina's eyes quivered a little. "She's a Demoness, a Sequence 5 Demoness of Affliction."

*Demoness? *Klein nearly lost it. He felt that his fate seemed to be intertwined with Demonesses. First, it was Witch Trissy, and then there was Demoness of Pleasure Madam Sharon, and then there was Demoness of Pleasure Trissy Cheek, and a high-ranking Demoness he only heard the voice of. Now, there was another Demoness of Affliction, Tracy.

Edwina didn't sense the upheavals he was going through and continued, "She's different from the typical Demoness. She has her own ideals and pursuits. She's quite an oddity in the Demoness Sect. However, she would still work for the organization doing work such as human trafficking or something else."

Different from the typical Demoness? She doesn't give up on herself and chooses to give pleasure to women? Klein suddenly thought of red-haired Helene.

However, he couldn't be certain because not every Demoness was the result of a man changing into a woman. There were real women who wished to become an Assassin.

After asking for the details, Klein deliberated and asked, "We met Nast and his Dark Emperor on the way here.

"In the recent months, matters involving you, Senor, Tracy, and Nast have happened in this area of the sea. This is rather abnormal."

Four out of the Four Kings and Seven Admirals had involved themselves in the Rorsted sea in a short span of time. This wasn't even including the recently recruited Tarot Club member, Admiral of Stars Cattleya. In terms of probability, this was indeed quite abnormal.

Of course, Klein had some theories, but he wished to see if Vice Admiral Iceberg was able to provide some fresh insight.

Edwina listened without saying a word. She pulled the edge of a fishing net and held it in front of her.

She took out a fountain pen, a brass dagger, metallic bottles, and other things from her pockets and the inner section of her belt and placed them on the spread out net.

They latched on firmly without moving. It didn't seem like there would be any interaction between them.

At this moment, Edwina bent over and picked up a rock used to press down the net, and she placed it in the middle of the open net.

The net immediately depressed, causing the surroundings to contract. The fountain pen, dagger, and bottles tumbled towards the center and gathered beside the rock.

"It's probably something like this. Some unknown existence has appeared in the net of fate and is pulling us towards it," Edwina explained simply.

This is like an actual model of the law of convergence for Beyonder characteristics… Klein thought as he nodded.

With regards to this, he was both enlightened but puzzled as well. He was enlightened because Edwina's explanation was nearly the same as his guess, but he was puzzled because it couldn't be used to analyze the problems.

The King of the Five Seas Nast appeared because of me… Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy can also be barely explained, since I did come into contact with Trissy Cheek… As for Vice Admiral Iceberg and Admiral of Blood, I can't find a reason… Perhaps it's purely a coincidence? Besides, it's the latter that attracted the former out… Klein retracted his gaze and asked about something else.

Then, he said, "Ma'am Captain, is there a reason for inviting me here?"

Edwina gave him a deep look and said, "Your identity indicates that you came from Backlund. According to what I know, this identity isn't authentic enough. There's no powerful bounty hunter named Gehrman Sparrow from there."

The faction backing you is very powerful. Furthermore, it has quite an extensive network in Backlund. You managed to so quickly notice a problem with my identity… Klein didn't panic as he smiled calmly.

"Everyone will have some secrets."

Edwina remained silent for a few seconds without pressing the issue. She then said, "Not long before Kalvetua died, you sacrificed something to it."

Klein turned his head slightly and swept his gaze across Danitz, who was drinking beer.

Cough! Cough! Alarmed, Danitz spewed the beer all over himself.

Klein retracted his gaze and didn't deny or admit it as he looked at Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina.

Edwina continued without a change in expression, "After Kalvetua died, the 'Sea God' is still replying to its believers."

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CHAPTER 576
VICE ADMIRAL ICEBERG'S COLLECTOR'S ROOM

Is she suspecting something? Klein looked straight into Edwina's eyes without moving them away. Nor did his eyes blink or dodge.

After knowing that Danitz had divulged his sacrificial ritual to Kalvetua before it died, Klein had the necessary preparations. If he wasn't standing on the shipboard and was instead sitting on a soda, then he definitely would've crossed his right leg and leaned back to give a calm and composed answer.

He smiled as he raised his left hand. He introduced with a calm tone, "This glove of mine is called Creeping Hunger."

Klein believed that Danitz, who had witnessed him in combat, had definitely passed the relevant details on to his captain. Therefore, with Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina being of equal rank as Vice Admiral Hurricane Qilangos, it wasn't difficult for her to guess that he had acquired Creeping Hunger. In that case, taking the initiative to divulge it gave him a psychological advantage rather than being exposed by her.

And for him to suddenly mention it gave it a double meaning. First, he was hinting to her that he had an organization backing him, one that could kill Vice Admiral Hurricane and orchestrate Kalvetua's death and reply to its believers in its stead. Second, it was a warning for Edwina that she was not to attempt to investigate or delve deeper into the matter. Otherwise, the instantaneous death of Vice Admiral Hurricane awaited her.

At this moment in time, Klein continued maintaining Gehrman Sparrow's persona. He didn't directly threaten her or refuse to admit it. Instead, he provided a calm answer that hid madness within it.

Edwina Edwards nodded slightly and suddenly changed topics.

"I plan on providing a certain amount of assistance to the Resistance in the Rorsted Archipelago, mainly in food and fabric."

Assistance? Her backing faction is against Loen, or it just wants to make things difficult for the Church of Storms? Klein wiped his smile and calmly replied, "This has nothing to do with me."

*Don't expect me to trip up… *he said silently to himself.

Edwina turned her head and raised her arm to point to Blazing Danitz who was drinking while secretly stealing glances.

"I will entrust him to handle it, including contacting the Resistance and confirming the time. We'll arrange for a private harbor, and I wish you can provide sufficient help."

Pfft... Danitz spewed out a golden waterfall from his mouth.

*Haha. Pfft! Bam! Bam! Bam! *The two pirates sitting beside him laughed as they bent their backs and struck the deck, spewing out the beer that they had just drunk.

One of them had dark skin like he was covered in a layer of metal skin. His waist was rather thick, and although he wasn't fat, he had no curvature to speak of.

Edwina retracted her gaze and added in an unhurried manner before Klein could speak, "You're an adventurer. I believe you won't decline a job that pays well."

You really have found me an excellent excuse… Klein smiled in response.

"Of course."

He didn't ask how much the payment was, while Edwina seemed to forget mentioning it.

This intelligent and beautiful pirate admiral gloomily said, "Senor got someone to pass me the news that he's willing to buy the key of the giants, which I previously discovered, for 5,000 pounds."

It was the item proclaimed to be Death's Key. It was a gigantic black iron key that nearly made Danitz lose his life in Bayam. Klein suspected that it didn't originate from the dark Second Epoch, but it was something that was connected to the Giant King's Court.

She's hinting at me to offer a price? Klein was first taken aback before he came to a realization. He couldn't help but inwardly mumble, *5,000 pounds? I don't even know if the key is of any use, or if it really involves the Giant King's Court! If it doesn't have anything to do with it, can I return it for a refund?*

Besides, there's no prior information about it. Even if I take it above the gray fog to divine it, I wouldn't receive any effective revelations.

Yes, a simple inference is that if it doesn't involve the Giant King's Court but some other treasure that I have no idea about, then it would be useless if I buy it. The only benefit is that it will disrupt Admiral of Blood's plans. It harms him without benefiting me. If it involves the Giant King's Court, Admiral of Blood is unlikely to find the target location even if he bought it, as it's located in the Forsaken Land of the Gods. Besides, I plan to hunt him. When the time comes, I can obtain the key without spending any money. It's equivalent to having him buy it for me and watch over it for some time.

Although such thoughts are very idealistic, it's not impossible…

Klein pondered for a few seconds and said, "It might be hiding a huge secret."

He deliberately mentioned this to make Vice Admiral Iceberg unwilling to sell the gigantic black iron key to Admiral of Blood Senor. It was to prevent the latter from rapidly strengthening himself after obtaining the treasure and step into the demigod realm. That would bring a considerable calamity upon Klein.

Edwina listened silently and didn't continue on the topic. She turned her body halfway around and pointed at the cabin's entrance.

"Breakfast has been prepared for you."

"Thank you." Klein took off his hat and bowed.

As he followed Vice Admiral Iceberg into the cabin, he quickly recalled the conversation they just had and sought out the true motive behind Edwina's invitation.

From Gehrman Sparrow's identity problems, to the mystical item suspected to be Creeping Hunger, to the matter of the sacrifice to Kalvetua while the dead Sea God continued responding to believers, all of these matters put together does allow one to imagine that I have a secret organization backing me, one whose motives are unknown.

As for the faction that Vice Admiral Iceberg belongs to, it's very wary, guarded, and interested in this matter. Therefore, it got her to probe me in person to see if they can obtain something?

They're still rather friendly at the moment. Extending their assistance to the Resistance is a way to convey their intentions. It seems they're leaning towards cooperating with the organization backing me. Of course, the unknown always leaves others afraid. Without grasping the situation, the chances of Vice Admiral Iceberg and company attacking me is very, very low.

Heh heh, if they realize that the secret organization backing me was established only about half a year ago, including The World and Miss Xio, whose connection has been established but not recruited, there aren't more than ten people. I wonder if they will get so infuriated that they end up losing control…

As his thoughts raced, Klein entered the cabin and followed a dim passageway, passing through one wooden door after another.

He followed Edwina up some stairs and arrived at a brighter second level.

Before entering the pirate's dining hall, they passed by a half-opened room.

Klein casually glanced inside and saw a gigantic black iron key sitting on a wooden table.

"These items are evidence from our various treasure-hunting expeditions. Most of them are mementos, while others have yet to show their value and require further study." Edwina appeared cold, but her explanations were in great detail. It had the feeling like she was afraid that he wouldn't understand her or was left puzzled.

And when she mentioned the word "study," her aqueous blue eyes clearly lit up a little.

Evidence of the various treasure-hunting expeditions? Klein couldn't help but look inside carefully.

At this point, Edwina pushed open the door and walked in. She then introduced in passing, "This is a gold coin from the Fourth Epoch's Solomon Empire."

Klein's gaze shifted over and saw a coin placed inside a frame.

It was entirely dark gold in color, as though it was combined from two semicircles of different dimensions. It looked extremely asymmetrical, and

there was a sharp crown engraved on its surface. It looked very similar to the crown worn on the King of the Five Seas, Nast.

Edwina was like an owner who liked to flaunt her collection. She began introducing the items in the room, making Klein recall a familiar person—Old Mister Eye of Wisdom, the great detective, Isengard Stanton.

In regards to the trait of flaunting collections, they're very similar… Is this a tendency of people with huge collections? Wait, Mr. Stanton had studied in Lenburg for four years. Vice Admiral Iceberg's description includes information that Edwina Edwards that hails from Lenburg. This… Lenburg's capital is the headquarters of the Church of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom. Mr. Stanton also admitted that he converted his faith to the God of Knowledge and Wisdom while studying abroad… Could the faction backing Vice Admiral Iceberg be them? Klein listened in thought until Edwina stopped in front of the huge iron black key.

Just like he had seen in the dream, the key was about the size of a seven-string zither. An ordinary human would have to wrap their arms around it to move it. It was dull and ancient-looking.

The patterns on it are similar to the City of Silver's style. It clearly has giant traits… Klein nodded and was just about to retract his gaze when he heard Edwina say, "You can study it."

You are letting me study it? You probably have no idea how many latent problems I've triggered in the past. Aren't you afraid that the Golden Dream will disappear once you let me study it… Klein criticized himself in a self-deprecatory manner before reaching out his right hand to touch the black iron key that seemed to belong to a giant's.

He found it ice-cold to the touch, and regardless of how much spirituality he injected into it, it was useless.

Unfortunately, I cannot bring it above the gray fog to study it… Klein retracted his right hand and shook his head indiscernibly.

He shifted his gaze onto a book in goatskin placed on the same table. On the brown cover were words written in ancient Feysac: "Groselle's Travels."

"It originates from a sunken ship. It had been soaked at the bottom of the sea for 165 years without suffering any damage," Edwina introduced. "It records a story about a giant named Groselle. He had decided to head to the Nation of Frost to hunt the King of the North, a powerful frost dragon. Along the way, he encounters companions, a female elf, a devout ascetic, an aristocrat of the Solomon Empire, and a Loen soldier. The story develops until they encounter the King of the North before it suddenly comes to a halt. It's not the end, but the later pages cannot be opened no matter what methods are used. You can give it a try."

*This isn't a notebook in a journal style, but rather a novel? This novel sure is odd. It puts together characters from different epochs and eras. It should be something that was recently produced… *Klein flipped through the book and allowed the yellowish-brown pages to slide past one after another.

The content was roughly what Edwina said, but the story appeared rather abrupt and fractured. It kept making Klein suspect if he had missed a paragraph. For example, the protagonists would become familiar with one another moments after encountering each other as strangers.

Soon, he browsed to the last few pages and found that they were stuck together. There was no way he could pry them apart.

Such effects… probably can be dealt with above the gray fog… I wonder what sort of accidents might happen… Klein turned his head to look at Vice Admiral Iceberg.

Edwina fell silent for a moment before saying, "If you wish to have it, I can sell it to you. I've studied it for years without gleaning anything from it.

"However, I have a condition.

"What is it?" Klein returned with a question.

Edwina pursed her lips and said, "If you figure out something, you have to tell me the result, so that I won't have to be puzzled over it.

"As long as you agree to this condition, I can sell it to you for cheap."

Klein's interest was suddenly piqued.

"How much?"

"8,000 pounds," Edwina said calmly.

"Uh…” Klein deliberately pondered as he nodded indifferently. "I'll consider it."

I'll consider how to pretend that this never happened… he thought silently to himself.

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CHAPTER 577
BOOK FROM MORE THAN 3,000 YEARS AGO

Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina didn't show any changes in her expression when she heard Gehrman Sparrow say that he needed to consider it. She nodded calmly.

"No hurry."

She seems to feel that I'm unable to make the decision regarding a transaction of this scale and that I need to seek advice from the secret organization backing me… Is this a problem of me not being able to make the decision? This is a problem of not having the money! Klein lampooned and closed Groselle's Travels. He asked in a deep voice, "Do you know who the author is?

"What happened to the people who last possessed this book?"

Edwina walked in front of him and reached out her right hand. She rubbed the cover with her fingertip and said, "The owners from before cannot be identified, as the sinking of the ship has resulted in the relevant information being lost to history. Similarly, we are unable to confirm who the author is. Oh, the book doesn't include the author's name.

"I've used some mystical arts to study it and discovered that the goatskin was created at least 3,000 years ago, before the Cataclysm.

"This is why I believe it's worth at least 8,000 pounds."

A book from three thousand years ago. There's a dragon, an elf, and a human ascetic, a Solomon Empire noble, and a Loen soldier… These are all concepts from years later! A magical book that contains the power of prophecy? Or did someone specially use an ancient goatskin to create it? But it's meaningless to do so. It's purely a hoax? Klein deliberately curled the corners of his mouth without any intent of smiling.

"The giant's name is Groselle. Could the author be Roselle?"

"No, Roselle's name originated from a root word in Jotun. When ancient Feysac evolved into Intis, there was a second change, making it have a different meaning…" Edwina explained in detail the origins of Roselle's name. It left Klein stunned as he felt like he was back in school.

He nodded gently and said in an unperturbed tone, "If it's an ancient piece of work, I'm very curious as to why a frost dragon would be named the King of the North. What Sequence and pathway does it correspond to?"

Edwina raised her gaze from Groselle's Travels and looked at Klein.

"Before the appearance of the first Blasphemy Slate, there was no concept of Sequences and pathways. Furthermore, many creatures didn't abide by such arrangements. In that Epoch, chaos and mania was the basic attitude to everything.

"Some dragons might gather many Beyonder characteristics related to frost, just like a Demoness's frost, a Zombie's frost, and a Weather Warlock's frost. As such, it would possess rather powerful strength and a relatively high level. Of course, such a gathering would definitely lead to death and a loss of control.

"This means that if it doesn't die, it would definitely lose control and become a monster. However, a dragon is a monster in and of itself."

If there are many similar products of this sort from the dragons, giants, and elves, then it can be understood why the Second Epoch is known as the

Dark Epoch… Klein pondered for a moment and inquired as though he was talking to himself, "This results in the wastage of Beyonder characteristics."

Edwina looked at him for a few seconds.

"Emperor Roselle once said this:

"Whatever separates will definitely converge, and whatever converges will definitely separate."

The Emperor said that before? I understand the first part. That's another form of saying the law of convergence of Beyonder characteristics. But what does the second part mean?

After the convergence happens to a certain extent, it would tend to separate and dissociate? When one doesn't belong to a particular pathway, the extremely chaotic convergent mix will cause a dissociation? The more chaotic it is, the more repulsion there is between the characteristics?

Such words aren't likely to be said to anyone. It definitely isn't something that's spread out in the public… Last time, I guessed from the Vice Admiral's usage of the Roselle's Dream Spell and her last name that she's a descendant of one of the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, Edwards… It's extremely possible…

After the Emperor perished, their family escaped to Lenburg and gradually converted their faith to the God of Knowledge and Wisdom?

What a good teacher. She answers any question!

Klein didn't speak further as he continued admiring Vice Admiral Iceberg's collection.

At the same time, he had some thoughts. He planned on asking Little Sun via The World during the Tarot Gathering if he knew of the book, Groselle's Travels.

Of course, in order to prevent The Hanged Man from sensing something problematic with The World and hence, figure out that something was amiss with The Fool, he decided to communicate in private while blocking everyone else.

After a brief excursion of the room, Edwina led Klein out and entered the captain's room in the dining hall.

"The relatively special food here is yogurt. You can add strawberry jam and other things. You can also directly add honey…" Edwina pointed to the row of food outside. "There's some dried fish that isn't bad. They come from the deep sea, species that have yet to be named."

As she spoke, she gestured for Klein to take the food for himself to bring back to the room. She then got up and made herself an example.

Klein took some yogurt of unknown origins and added a few spoonfuls of honey. Then, he carried his tray and placed pork sausages, buttered bread, and other food on it.

During this process, he saw a young man dressed in a white shirt and black vest, decked out with a flowery bow tie, looking more like an office worker than a pirate, approach Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina and have a hushed exchange with her.

The man had pretty good looks with almost blond hair other than his slightly black hair roots. His hair was neatly combed to the sides.

His eyes were a very light lake-green color, and his nose was sharp. He had thin lips and that made him exude a trustworthy vibe.

"Don't be fooled by that guy's appearance. He's a wolf-fish can. He stinks deep down!" Danitz whispered in contempt, having entered the pirate's dining hall and arriving beside Klein at some point in time.

Klein turned his head and glanced at him without saying a word. This was because he knew Danitz would offer to explain without him egging him on.

Without waiting for Danitz to speak, a man with a swollen waist beside him said with a crude and sharp voice, "He's the third mate, Jodeson. He used to be a casanova and part-time pirate, saying that he would steal our Captain's heart, but he ended up getting a beating. He ended up staying to be educated. Dogsh*t!"

"In short, he's a bad egg!" Danitz emphasized.

"He's a bad egg!" another pirated with iron-black skin echoed.

*Why do I have the nagging feeling that all of you are the same… *Klein thought and said, "Flowery Bow Tie Jodeson with a bounty of 5,200 pounds? Sequence 6?"

As expected of the standard Gehrman Sparrow reaction.… Danitz glanced to the side as a lingering sense of fear was hidden within his contempt.

"He's not that strong, but he's very strange. In my brawls with him, no—when in combat, fireballs suddenly can't be used, and he will be able to replicate my fire powers."

A very familiar description… Klein subconsciously glanced towards Jodeson. After some careful thought, he recalled the familiarity.

This is very similar to the Sealed Artifact, Blood Vessel Thief, found behind Tingen City's Chanis Gate!

Klein had already forgotten the Blood Vessel Thief's Sealed Artifact number, but he still remembered clearly that it could temporarily steal a person's Beyonder powers for themselves.

The corresponding pathway? Klein retracted his gaze and discovered that Danitz and his two companions were drinking while looking in that

direction.

Thinking back to how Danitz divulged his sacrifice to Kalvetua, Klein took a cup of beer and carried his food tray towards the Captain's dining room. He said indifferently, "All of you like her, right?"

Pfft… Pfft… Pfft… Behind Klein, there was the sound of alcohol being spewed out at the same time.

He saw Danitz jump backward through the corner of his eye, looking at him in horror before turning his head in relief to size up his companions.

They had unknowingly opened up a gap between themselves as the look in their eyes turned complicated. They looked like they had the fury of being fooled.

Klein didn't stop. He returned to the Captain's dining room and enjoyed breakfast.

After a while, Edwina carried a meal tray back.

She drank a mouthful of milk and paused before saying, "Danitz showed me the summoning ritual of your messenger.

"It mentions that one gold coin is a necessary component.

"I'm somewhat perplexed. Does it refer to Loen gold coins, or those from Intis, Feysac, or somewhere else? Their weights are all different, and the amount of gold they contain is different."

Klein thought for a moment before saying, "Loen's gold coin."

*This is also the gold coin that's worth the most… It's not like I need to pay for it myself… *Klein added inwardly.

Edwina nodded.

"Payment also needs to be done when receiving a reply?"

"Different spirit world creatures have different hobbies," Klein said.

He knew that Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina was a researcher of spirit world creatures, and he believed that she could understand what he meant.

Furthermore, he wasn't lying. He just hid the fact that the messenger's owner could also pay for it.

"Yes," Edwina very seriously answered him, "I once attempted to find a messenger, but I could only use trial and error for the incantation. Not only was it dangerous, but it was very difficult to satisfy the requirements. I eventually had to give up.

"This is one of the reasons. The other reason is that simulating the power of the undead isn't enough to sign the contract.

"Your incantation has given me quite the inspiration."

Klein ate his breakfast in silence without explaining anything. This was because this was the knowledge he had learned from Mr. Azik. He wasn't at liberty to teach it to others without receiving permission from him.

After a delicious and quiet breakfast, the Golden Dream approached a private harbor and dropped Klein and Danitz off.

Danitz looked back at the glimmering golden ship and suddenly sighed.

"I feel like my friendship has sunk into the ocean!"

Klein pressed down on his hat and calmly said, "Losers can always form alliances among themselves."

"…”

Danitz was unsure whether he should be happy or sad.

After changing their identities and creating fake identification, they successfully bought tickets back to Bayam and boarded the ship. Klein finally had a private space for himself.

He entered the washroom and went above the gray fog and began scanning through the believers' prayers.

This time, the first thing that appeared before him was the bald member of the Resistance, Kalat.

"Honorable God, we have discovered the whereabouts of red-haired Helene. She's currently hiding in the Intis embassy.

"This has been confirmed by a laundry maid and gardener."

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CHAPTER 578
"ABDUCTION"

In the Intis embassy of the City of Generosity, Bayam.

Helene sat in front of a dresser, looking at her beautiful yet somewhat frail reflection. She sat there in a daze for several minutes.

Her escape from the Black Death had been filled with anticipation and torment. She was afraid that any tiny mishap would cause her to be discovered by pirates or adventurers, causing her to be caught by Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy once again and making her lose all her freedom. She would then never be able to return to her hometown and return to the life she originally enjoyed.

Only when she used the meager connections left by her family did she manage to hide inside her country's embassy and obtain a ticket to leave the sea, providing her a little relief.

However, this still wasn't enough to make her feel at ease. She believed that everything would only be truly over when she stepped onto the Northern Continent.

With this in mind, Helene couldn't help but raise her right hand and touch her cheeks which weren't considered fair but was sufficiently healthy. She realized that her exquisiteness had improved significantly since her time as a sea merchant. She felt like time had reversed, making her mistake herself as returning to her days as a young lady.

In fact, after entering the Intis embassy, she had an additional choice other than escaping the sea—cooperate with the Church of Storms, Loen's

military, or the embassy. By using herself as bait, they could capture Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy.

But after considerable thought, she finally gave up on this plan. She even begged her family elder who was an officer in the embassy to keep the information of her hiding in there from others.

Regardless, she ultimately didn't cause me any actual harm. Many a time, she indulged and satisfied me… Apart from every night… every night… But that's only on the surface… Amid her recollections, Helene quickly blushed red.

Those intoxicating nights, the fiery passion from having limbs intertwined with each other, and the unimaginable pleasure flashed past her mind, leaving her unable to compose herself.

Helene slowly took a deep breath before exhaling.

She shook her head and made her pining for freedom, her homeland, and her family occupy her heart again.

She once again looked at her reflection and coiled up her drooping red hair.

Then, she thickened her eyebrows with makeup and darkened the contours, making her facial features sharper and pronounced.

After this round of make up, Helene looked more androgynous, with a maculine air to her.

Finally, she took off her clothes and used a cloth to flatten her chest. She then wore a white shirt, a black vest, men's trousers, and a double-breasted frock coat.

Finally, she took a silk hat and wore it on her head, hiding the coiled red hair inside.

At this moment, her reflection appeared more like a handsome young man than a lady. Her emerald-like eyes specifically seemed to suit her getup, giving her an alluring level of profundity.

Helene patiently waited until someone knocked on her door.

She picked up her luggage and walked out the door. She followed the good friend of her senior family member all the way to the side door in the embassy's garden.

A carriage was there waiting for her. It was to send her to the harbor where she would board a liner and head for the Loen Kingdom's Pritz Harbor. There, she would make a detour to return to Intis.

Helene had anti-tracking Beyonder powers. She carefully observed the surroundings, including the carriage driver.

A thin and virile local. Doesn't like wearing hats. His looks are identical to the one I met before. He looks a little nervous, but that's normal… After Helene did her final checks, she thanked her family senior's friend, carried her luggage, and boarded the carriage.

As the wheels started to roll, she pursed her lips and looked out the window, watching one Intis parasol tree after another being quickly left behind.

This gave her an inexplicable feeling as though she was back in Trier.

It was a huge city filled with sunshine, located in the region of the Ryan River and Srenzo River. It was a radiant and enchanting scene with all sorts of roses. It was a place with bustling arts and humanities, a sacred land for artists, musicians, and novelists.

That was Intis's capital. After Emperor Roselle rebuilt it, it was in the true sense of the word, a world-class metropolis. It was also Helene's hometown. She grew up there and often cried when she saw it in her dreams.

After an unknown period of time, Helene suddenly felt something was amiss. The surrounding streets were turning more deserted and remote.

As a sea merchant, although she spent most of her time in the Fog Sea and wasn't too familiar with Bayam in the Sonia Sea, being a Sequence 9 Hunter made her sufficiently alert.

"Is this route correct?" Helene moved from her seat and carefully asked the carriage driver.

She was prepared to jump off the carriage and produce a fireball at any moment.

The carriage driver didn't look back as he continued looking forward. He said with a sycophant smile, "Honorable Lady, this route is closer, and it's not that easy to get into jams.

"As you know, Bayam was built years ago. Back then, there weren't that many people or carriages. Many streets are narrow. Around noon and in the evening, it's very easy to encounter jams. Walking would be even faster than taking a carriage."

Is that so? Helene thought about it and believed his explanation. This was because she had encountered such situations in several cities.

Trier is still the best. When Emperor Roselle reformed the old city districts, he had the foresight to widen the roads. There's sufficient space even today… Helene had this thought flash through her mind when she heard the horse pulling the carriage neigh, seemingly in pain.

"Wait a moment. It seems to have stepped on something." The carriage driver stopped the carriage to the side and jumped off.

Helene originally didn't think much of it, but sweeping the area with the corner of her eye, she realized that they were in an uninhabited quiet alley.

Her heartstrings tightened as she didn't hesitate to attempt breaking through the carriage walls and escape.

Regardless of whether it was an overreaction or not, she believed that it was necessary.

At that moment, an intense horror surged out from the bottom of her heart. It felt like she had been locked onto by an extremely hungry monster.

The pressure she felt at a spiritual level left her hesitant. She didn't dare to rashly take action.

Following that, she heard a deep voice.

"I won't harm you.

"I have some questions for you."

Helene's mind raced as she quickly considered the options placed before her.

Ultimately, she didn't rashly escape. She sat back in her spot under the tremendously terrifying pressure.

She planned on assessing the situation first before adjusting her plans.

The door to the carriage opened, and the thin and virile local carriage driver walked in. He sat opposite Helene, and he was none other than Faceless Klein.

In order to act as the carriage driver, he had specifically practiced how to drive a horse and carriage. This was a technique he had failed to properly learn while he was on the Tingen City's Nighthawks squad. Due to the little amount of time he had, he didn't master it sufficiently and could only use Creeping Hunger's aura to successfully make the horse obedient.

At the same time, Danitz, who was hidden nearby, quickly ran over and took the carriage driver's seat and began driving the carriage.

His round felt hat was pressed low, and he was dressed like a real carriage driver.

Helene bent her back in a guarded manner, like a leopard who was ready to pounce at any time.

She felt that the gaze of the man opposite her was sweeping through her forehead, her eyebrows, her eyes, nose, mouth, neck, chest, waist, and legs. It left her extremely uneasy.

She had encountered such gazes and methods of sizing her up back in Intis, in Trier, and during the days when she was out at sea. It was something that disgusting perverts filled with sexual desires possessed.

But this time, she strangely didn't feel insulted. She didn't have the feeling that the man would rip off her clothes or was fantasizing about something abnormal.

Instead, he looks like he's studying food… He's like a icy-cold snake that's slithering across my skin… Helene finally couldn't bear it as she asked, "What questions do you have?"

After fully grasping her looks and features, Klein leaned forward and placed his arms on his thighs in a natural manner. He slightly clasped his palms and said, "Have you heard of a person named Jimmy Necker?"

Helene took a few seconds to recall before firmly shaking her head.

She slightly frowned and asked in a daze, "Have you gotten the wrong person?"

"He's a tycoon, someone who likes to collect things. Have you heard of such a person from Tracy?" Klein asked again.

*Tracy… *Helene sighed secretly and replied seriously, "No. She never mentioned a tycoon who likes collecting."

Klein looked at the red-haired lady's eyes and said with an unhurried tone, "Then, does her room have any ancient documents regarding the Southern Continent's Balam Empire?"

"No. She's not someone who enjoys reading documents. She hates reading. She even gets me to read novels to her." With that said, Helene revealed a bitter smile.

"What novels does she read?" Klein asked without a change in tone.

"Those classics by Roselle, as well as any contemporary romance stories," Helene answered frankly.

Klein nodded.

"Does she have a collector's room?"

"Yes, but apart from her and a few mysterious visitors, no one is allowed entry, including me," Helene said as she recalled.

Klein fell silent for a few seconds as he maintained an unchanging posture.

"Tell me your story."

"Mine?" Helene pointed at herself in surprise.

Klein nodded gently without repeating himself.

Helene said after momentarily being dazed, "My story is very simple.

"My father is a member of the former Sauron royal family of Intis. He received quite a bit of wealth, but he lost himself to alcohol, mistresses, marijuana, and gambling, causing him to eventually go bankrupt.

"In order to repay the debts, I chose to accept some conditions raised by the family and became a Beyonder. I then went out to sea to become a sea merchant."

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CHAPTER 579
ACADEMIC QUESTION

As she spoke, Helene's eyes moved up slightly as though she was immersed in her memories.

"Early on, I transported iron and coal from Midseashire to Feynapotter, then I shipped back tobacco, coffee, cocoa, and other native specialties back to Intis. This is a sea route that borders the shore, so it was rather safe. The competition was intense as well. In order to quickly get out of my predicament and save up money, I worked hard to raise my Sequence, hoping that I could trade in the colonies.

"Unfortunately, just as I familiarized myself with the sea route and made some money, I chanced upon Ailment Maiden Tracy, who wasn't Vice Admiral Ailment at the time, in one of her raids during my second trip to West Balam. She only had one ship back then, but she was very powerful. My partner and I resisted with our lives, but all of that was in vain.

"She doesn't have the habit of killing mindlessly. All she did was snatch the goods, as well as myself…"

As expected of an oddity among Demonesses… Klein listened in silence and used his Clown powers to suppress his embarrassed emotions to expressionlessly ask, "How far did the relationship between the two of you go?"

"We didn't!" Helene instinctively denied. "She forced me! I-I didn't want to die. I-I could o-only choose to accept it. B-besides, she's a woman!"

Lady, there's no need to get so worked up. If I had asked if the two of you had a relationship that went beyond friendship, would you have jumped out? It's only because I'm kind enough and had considered your shame which had prevented me from being so direct… Sigh. Under the facade of the crazy Gehrman Sparrow is a gentlemanly me… That's the true me… Klein switched to asking without a change in expression, "What kind of food do you like? Are there any dishes you especially like? Do you prefer sweet or salty food, or somewhere in between?

"What food do you dislike? What food are you allergic to?

"Do you have any dietary restrictions? If you do, what are they?

"…"

These questions made Helene feel like she was in a dream, as though everything was surreal.

She never imagined that the man would ask her such questions. It was like a pursuer was asking his crush what hobbies she had.

No! No pursuer would ask such questions! These are all indirectly obtained from numerous chats, or are obtained by other means! No woman would like to be questioned like that! T-this is like a survey which Emperor Roselle created… W-what does he want? He's asking these questions without any expression. I'm so afraid… Helene fell silent for a few seconds before answering them one after another under Klein's cold, unmoving gaze.

Klein maintained his seating posture of leaning forward and continued asking, "How do you usually sit? Do you have any habitual motions…"

The more Helene answered, the more panicked she became. She had the inexplicable feeling that answering these questions would make her disappear.

By the time the perplexing and terrifying "survey" was done, she felt heavy deep down, constantly suspecting that a terrible outcome awaited her.

Why don't I risk it and jump off the carriage while he isn't paying attention? Helene seriously considered the possibility.

However, the man didn't seem to have any indication of attacking her, and this made her indecisive. She felt that there was hope to resolve the matter amicably.

After grasping Helene's personality, habits, and preferences, Klein turned the topic towards Vice Admiral Ailment.

"What do you know of Tracy?"

Helene fell silent as her mouth quivered a few times. She couldn't bring herself to speak.

After the carriage continued on for quite a while, it was only then that she finally smiled ruefully.

"She possesses excellent combat abilities. She's good at infiltration and curses, with her being capable of turning invisible and becoming light.

"She grasps the means of swapping bodies with a mirror or magic staff, as well as black flames and frost. She can make enemies in a certain range suddenly fall sick, including colds, pneumonia, gastroenteritis, and other illnesses. The longer the fight lasts with her, the worse the ailments inflicted. Some Beyonders might even directly die from a heart attack.

"She c-can also create invisible threads to control her enemy. She knows human ana-anatomy very well. She can easily give people pleasure through contact—th-that kind of pleasure.

"She has an active charming ability that would make many pirates give up putting up a resistance once they're near her.

"S-she's often friendly, but she's cruel to her enemies. She enjoys destroying the perfection that others would wish to protect, making them suffer immense pain and torment…”

Helene didn't go into detail on how Tracy destroyed the state of perfection of others. There were many cruel stories and hilarious matters. This Ailment Maiden had once made her enemies—a father and son duo—kill each other, as well as instigate an enemy's wife to betray him and let him come across the scene.

As expected of a Demoness. She's a Sequence 5 Demoness who's one Sequence higher than Demoness of Pleasure… Klein gained a basic grasp of Tracy's combat style, and he calmly asked again, "Does she have any mystical items?"

“…Yes. A bangle that's inlaid with diamonds. As long as she wears it, it's very difficult for Tracy to be injured." Helene hesitated before revealing Vice Admiral Ailment's secret.

Klein asked a few other detailed questions as he straightened his body a little.

"Tracy is helping the Demoness Sect perform human trafficking?"

This was something he took great notice of when he heard Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina mention it.

The Demoness Sect cooperated with Ince Zangwill, and it was related to the royal family. It involved an underground ruin whose location was unknown.

Tracy helped them in the human trafficking.

Baelen, who was pointed out by The Hanged Man, was someone who orchestrated numerous disappearance cases of slaves and the disappearance of primitive tribes in the Southern Continent. With him

appearing at the underground ruins, he would be a member of the upper echelons.

The biggest human trafficker, Capim, had Beyonders who were of the Arbiter pathway protecting him. And this is a pathway controlled by the Loen and Feynapotter royal families, as well as their military…

All of these matters that Klein was aware of linked together to form a line, but he wasn't sure what it actually exposed. Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy was a breakthrough point.

"What Demoness Sect?" Helene asked in puzzlement.

"You don't have to know," Klein calmly replied.

If you don't know what a Demoness is and end up suspecting that the extremely charming Vice Admiral Ailment who gives you pleasure is a dirty and savage man, then I'm afraid that you would've lost control on the spot… You don't have to thank me. I'm a good person… Klein lampooned inwardly.

Helene suppressed her puzzlement and said while recalling, "In recent years, she's been busy shipping slaves. The other end of the trade is Crazy Captain Connors Viktor. Rumor has it that he and many human traffickers and slave merchants in Loen have a deep partnership."

*Crazy Captain Connors Viktor… *Klein remembered the nickname and name.

He nodded and no longer spoke in a heavy voice. Instead, he said in a relatively gentle voice, "Did you involve yourself in such matters? Such as being a part-time pirate?"

This very polite and amiable tone left Danitz trembling for some baffling reason. He felt that Gehrman Sparrow being in such a state was much more terrifying than his cold and expressionless state.

"No." Helene shook her head. "The blood of the Sauron family flows in me. I will not bring shame to my family. Be-besides, Tracy always said that she wouldn't let me be tainted by bloodshed and darkness. All of that would be faced by her."

She must've read too many romance novels.… Klein took out a gold coin and allowed it to weave between his fingers like it was dancing.

He didn't keep it from Helene as he performed a divination in front of her to confirm that she wasn't lying.

The result was that she was rather honest.

*This is also because I didn't ask in detail about her emotional entanglements with Tracy; otherwise, she wouldn't be that honest… *Klein secretly reflected and put away the gold coin.

At that moment in time, the carriage had circled around the harbor, no longer heading for the ship that Helene was meant to board.

Klein looked at the scenery outside the window and took out a small metal bottle. He handed it to Helene and said, "Use the liquid inside to wipe away your makeup."

"Why?" Helene subconsciously asked.

"This isn't something you should be asking," Klein leaned forward once again and said without expression.

Despite feeling aggrieved and furious, Helene didn't wish to agitate the man and get on his bad side at such a critical moment. She could only remove the bottle cap and took a sniff at it to test if it was poisonous.

"Can it be used directly?" she asked.

Klein tersely acknowledged in the affirmative.

Helene took out a white handkerchief and dabbed it with the bottle's liquid. Then, she began wiping her face and quickly cleaned away her prior disguise.

Her aesthetically-pleasing masculinity vanished and her contours became softer as Helene's original looks were presented before Klein.

After careful observation, Klein calmly said, "Take off your hat and let down your hair."

Helene furrowed her brows and had a nagging feeling that what followed would be unacceptable instructions such as taking off her clothes.

She took a deep breath, removed her hat, and released her coiled red hair. Immediately, she appeared extremely feminine.

Klein straightened his body and leaned back on the carriage wall before calmly instructing, "You can put on your disguise again."

Is he a madman? After all this, he wants me to revert to how I was before? Helene didn't dare to voice her displeasure, afraid that the man would raise unacceptable requests. She hurriedly opened her suitcase and took out a mirror to look at herself.

The makeup has been removed so cleanly… She was stunned for a moment before she quickly put on makeup and coiled her hair.

When the carriage came to a stop, she was already looking like a handsome young man.

Klein nodded indiscernibly and looked out the window before retracting his gaze.

"One last question."

"What?" Helene asked nervously.

Klein raised his line of sight a little as his facial muscles moved.

"How big are your breasts?"

"…" Helene was first taken aback before her face flushed red.

This wasn't a redness caused by embarrassment, but an anger from wanting to punch the man in the chin.

Klein didn't move his gaze as he calmly added, "It's an academic question."

"…" Noticing no sexual intent from his eyes, Helene inhaled and closed her eyes to answer the question.

Klein secretly heaved a sigh of relief and took out a boat ticket and a stack of papers.

"New identification, tickets to Tiana Port.

"Once you're there, buy tickets to Pritz Harbor."

Helene glanced at him vigilantly before receiving the tickets and documents. She carried her suitcase and carefully alighted the carriage to see the ship she was taking.

Klein followed behind her and watched her leave. From the corner of his eye, he saw Danitz trying hard to hold back his laughter.

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CHAPTER 580
WORMTONGUE

Klein slowly turned his head and shot a glance at Danitz.

The pirate with a bounty of 5,500 pounds immediately shut his mouth and clamped up. It was as though nothing had happened.

After confirming that Helene boarded the liner without issues, he turned around and walked to the side of the carriage. He pretended to casually ask, "Did you hear the conversation?"

"No, no. A little, just a little…" Danitz shook his head as he gave a hollow chuckle.

Klein nodded slightly and said, "You have to remember; otherwise, it'll be easy for people to see through you."

"See through… me?" Danitz raised his hand and pointed at his nose and said blankly.

Klein said without changing his expression, "She's from the Sauron family. She has anti-tracking Beyonder abilities. Together with her ticks and behavior, it can be confirmed that she's a Sequence 7 from the Hunter pathway, Pyromaniac. She's very similar to you, and you'll be able to do a good job acting as her."

"Me? I won't do! I won't be able to disguise myself like her! I'll be identified with just a look!" Danitz jumped in fright.

Klein held back his laughter and said in a deep voice, "I'll lend you Creeping Hunger."

“…No, no! I have no experience in such matters. I won't be able to fool Vice Admiral Ailment's subordinates!" Abnormally nervous and horrified, Danitz declined the mission.

To him, this was an extremely embarrassing and dogsh*t matter. Only a pervert or a madman would complete it without any qualms.

Klein nodded in agreement and said without an expression, "Indeed, you are rather stupid."

Danitz forced a smile. "Yes, I'm very stupid."

Klein didn't say a word as he walked past Danitz and opened the door to the carriage.

Danitz followed him with his eyes when he suddenly saw Gehrman Sparrow's hair turn red.

He blinked his dull eyes and saw the man's facial contours turn soft and his eyes turning emerald-green. His lips turned thin as they pursed, making him look frail and insecure. He had a masculine beauty and looked identical to Helene who had just left.

"…” After watching Gehrman Sparrow enter the carriage, Danitz turned his head back as the corners of his mouth twitched.

He was silent for a few seconds before he muttered silently, *What a madman. He changed into a woman without any hesitation!*

I have to say that Helene looks pretty good when disguised as a man.

This Beyonder power sure is useful. If I can receive an item like that and figure out what Captain's ideal type is, then I can make the corresponding

changes and make her fall in love with me.

But in that case, would the person that she falls in love with still be me?

Danitz found himself pondering over philosophical questions until he heard a cough from the carriage behind him.

He snapped to his senses and drove the carriage away from the harbor. He planned on making a huge detour before circling back.

Inside the carriage, Klein wasn't as calm as he appeared. Although Helene was in male clothes, allowing him to temporarily not bother about the most embarrassing parts, he still felt quite embarrassed to have his face change into a woman's while squeezing out breasts. This left him feeling down and awkward.

Sigh, a Faceless's change in appearance is very easy. The difficult part is apparently the mind. To act as a good Faceless, I'll have to cross many mental blocks. If I don't, then I'll have to spend a great deal of time to act as a real person for many years. My identity has to be recognized by everyone as I fully immerse myself into that character until I almost treat it like it's real… This is more challenging on my bottom line. It's crazy and warped.

To speed up my progress, I have to overcome a certain number of obstacles.

Klein pulled out a suitcase from under the carriage's seat. He rummaged for some cloth and clothes before replicating Helene's disguise.

He could've gotten Danitz to act as Helene and borrow the mystical item with the Faceless Beyonder characteristic from Justice for a few days without a problem.

However, that meant that there was a high chance of Danitz facing Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy directly. Without the Clown's powers, it was almost impossible for him to hide it from her, putting his life in extreme danger.

It was impossible for Klein to make others bear such huge risks for his own matters; therefore, he could only challenge himself and do it himself.

Soon, he looked identical to Helene. Under the black top hat was a handsome androgynous face with soft and pronounced contours. His emerald-green eyes looked as beautiful as gems.

He adjusted his build, making himself shorter by a few centimeters and narrowing his shoulder width. His frame shrank and he looked like he had lightened significantly.

His current appearance quickly surfaced in Klein's mind with his Clown powers.

It's still not bad. There's not much to it… Perhaps it's because I'm not in female clothes, so it doesn't feel much different from turning into Gehrman Sparrow, Danitz, or someone else. I just look prettier and have some discomfort in my chest… If I look like that on Earth, I wouldn't have needed to worry about not having a girlfriend, he mocked and consoled himself as he curled the corners of his mouth.

What looked like a normal action on Gehrman Sparrow now looked pitiful and sorry.

*F**k*! Klein cursed silently as he quickly adjusted his state of mind. Bit by bit, he immersed himself into the state of true acting.

With the passage of time, he discovered that the resistance he had had lessened significantly. Following that, he felt relaxed and calm as though the potion had harmonized itself further.

And that meant that the speed of his digestion would speed up.

It really is useful… Klein said silently as he got up and took four steps counterclockwise. He went above the gray fog and once again confirmed the danger level of his upcoming operation.

After returning to the real world, he switched to using Helene's voice and deliberately suppressed it.

"Head to Pier 6 at the harbor."

Danitz didn't find anything amiss, but he suddenly came to a realization after changing directions. He couldn't help but tremble.* It's like the real person… I wouldn't be able to distinguish him if the day comes where he transforms into Captain to fool me… *

After a while, the carriage reentered the harbor and went to the liner which Helene was originally meant to board. But it didn't truly approach it and had instead circled around to a nearby warehouse.

Danitz jumped off the carriage and knocked on the warehouse's door, according to a prior agreed pattern.

Out came a group of dock workers who were clearly of native blood. Following that, they made way.

After confirming that there wasn't anything amiss, the bald member of the Resistance, Kalat, came out on a wheelchair.

"Where is she?" he looked at Danitz as he asked.

Through Helene's matter, Danitz had successfully established communications with the Resistance.

Danitz laughed mischievously.

"In the carriage.

"She's been drugged with medicine that makes her lose her strength. Its effects will last another ten hours.

"Remember, I want 70% of the thousand-pound reward."

Kalat raised his right arm and waved it. Immediately two thin members of the Resistance got onto the carriage.

"Boss, it's that woman," they soon poked their heads out and said in the tone of a local gang.

"Take her down. Our mission is to protect her," Kalat emphasized again.

Helene, who was disguised as a male, was helped down from the carriage with two soldiers supporting her on either side of her

With his control as a Clown, Klein pretended to be weak in the knees as he staggered.

He was soon moved to a room among the Bayam populace. At the same time, Kalat instructed a local gang member, who believed in Sea God, to find Strongman Ozil and tell him that they had found the target. He was to bring 1,000 pounds in exchange for the woman. As for Danitz, he had returned to the inn to await the news.

At noon, Ozil replied saying that he couldn't be sure if the person was the real deal and had planned on sending a person over to confirm things.

Kalat agreed to his request.

Closer to the evening, a figure appeared outside the house.

He was a man wearing pantaloons and a jacket. He was Loenese and was dressed in the style of a native. He had short brows, about half of the average person's. His brown eyes were recessed, and his face looked cut.

Kalat pushed himself on a wheelchair and appeared by the door. After seeing the man, he said in a heavy voice, "Mithor King?"

"Should I be honored that you actually know me?" The man laughed.

He was originally a captain of one of the pirate ships under Vice Admiral Hurricane Qilangos. After Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy took over the crew, he took on the role as third mate of her flagship, the Black Death. His nickname was Wormtongue, with a bounty of 5,400 pounds.

Kalat didn't reply as he wheeled himself to make way.

Mithor entered a nearby room after being led by a gang member. Inside, he saw Helene sitting by the bedside in a gentleman's outfit. Her eyes were darting about and glaring at him. Her teeth bit down on her lip as she looked furious and fearful while having feelings of despair and obstinacy.

"It's her alright. However, I can't be certain because she's wearing thick makeup. It's hard to tell what a woman really looks like once they don thick makeup. Wipe her face clean for me. Hey, why didn't you cuff her? Don't you know she's dangerous?" Mithor surveyed the area and took two steps back in a guarded manner.

"She's been drugged. She doesn't have much strength and hasn't resisted. But since you asked…" Kalat lifted his chin to a Resistance soldier.

The soldier found a pair of cuffs and walked over. After pulling Klein's hands back, he cuffed him.

Klein continued wearing mixed emotions like before, trying hard to act like he was struggling despite having a lack of strength.

Then, another gang member got some water and wiped his face with a rough towel.

Thankfully, most of the makeup in this era isn't waterproof… Klein began changing his face's contours as the towel covered his face.

Before long, Mithor saw Helene's moist face. She looked extraordinarily frail and beautiful in this state. Her emerald-green eyes shot out with intense hatred and a look of perplexity.

Unfortunately, she's Captain's… Mithor's throat moved.

As a man and a pirate, he often fantasized about Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy and red-haired Helene falling into his embrace at the same time, but of course, it was only his imagination.

The way he looks at me is disgusting… Klein nearly puked.

Although he knew that it was targeted at red-haired Helene and had nothing to do with him, he couldn't help but feel goosebumps.

In that instant, he got to know the real him a little deeper. He knew what things he couldn't accept at all.

"It really is her." Mithor turned his head and said to Kalat, "This is your reward."

He threw the tiny leather bag in his hand over to him.

Kalat did a brief inspection and threw it to his subordinate. He pondered for a second and said, "We still need your help."

"No problem. Seek out Ozil when needed." Mithor pointed to red-haired Helene in the room and asked, "I'll take her away, right?"

"Yes." Kalat made way once again.

Klein didn't wish to be helped by Mithor as he pretended to have regained some of his mobility while stumbling out.

Mithor was afraid of Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy, so he could only hold her by her shoulder and lead her to the carriage parked outside.

The carriage left the city and came to a private harbor. Mithor led Klein, who was disguised as red-haired Helene, onto a fishing boat which had been long prepared. Under the cover of the night, they left Bayam.

After about an hour, they saw a ship docked under the shadow of an island's cliff. Fluttering in the wind was a huge flag with white bones drawn on it.

Black Death!

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CHAPTER 581
BOTH GETTING INTO CHARACTER AND DETACHMENT

Only a single Black Death… The other ships are anchored beyond the Rorsted Archipelago's confines because they're afraid of being discovered? This is good news… Klein retracted his gaze and deliberately bit his lip to express his agitation.

After taking a glance at Helene's side profile, Mithor lit a torch and began swinging it to signal to the flagship.

Before long, a dinghy came and took him and the disguised Klein back to the Black Death.

As the dinghy was being hoisted up, Klein boarded another pirate admiral's flagship. Under Mithor's lead, he entered the cabin.

Waiting for them up ahead was a blonde female attendant. She glanced at Helene with a cold stare before pointing sideways to the room.

"Go in."

This attitude… It's like meeting a love rival in the flesh… Both men and women fall to this Vice Admiral Ailment's charm… The cuffed Klein instantly increased his vigilance as he wore a heavy expression and followed the blonde female attendant into the room.

He originally believed that he would immediately meet Tracy and obtain a chance to meet her in private. He was already ready to strike, but apart from a wardrobe, sofa, and full-body mirror in a cramped carpeted room, there was nothing.

*Could it be that Tracy has deliberately given Helene the cold shoulder to express her anger? *Klein recalled the romance novels and contrived television serials he had previously watched while contemplating the reason for the Ailment Maiden's actions.

The blonde female attendant shot a glance at "Helene's" male attire that lacked the androgynous beauty to it due to the lack of makeup, took two quick steps, opened the wardrobe, and pointed to the dresses inside.

"Captain doesn't like your present attire. Change."

*F**k…* Klein cursed inwardly.

He originally imagined that he could be granted a meeting with Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy while looking like Helene and dressed as a male. He was thankful that he didn't need to overly humiliate himself to achieve his goal, but in the end, he didn't manage to escape this outcome that he wanted to avoid.

Seeing Helene standing there in a daze, the blonde female attendant glared at her.

"You have two choices. Either you change yourself, or I'll help you!"

Klein did one of red-haired Helene's habitual motions and inhaled slightly.

"Remove my cuffs."

He turned his body sideways and gestured with his chin towards the door.

"And go outside."

"Conniving whore…" the blonde female attendant cursed under her breath and used the key given to her by Mithor to release Helene from her cuffs.

After she left the room and closed the door, Klein walked to the wardrobe and stood there in a daze for twenty seconds.

Suddenly, he closed his eyes and extended his right hand.

After an unknown period of time, he came in front of the full-body mirror and saw Helene's red hair cascading down in the reflection. Her green eyes shimmered while she wore a golden-red dress. By her waist was a ribbon tied into a flower. It was pulled tight, accentuating her slender waist.

Helene's beautiful face was flushed red as her lips were tightly pursed. Her expression was heavy, looking very identical to the picture from before.

Klein looked at his present image and first felt somewhat embarrassed. However, he had gotten over it to a certain extent while changing. Besides, there wasn't anyone inside. Second, he gradually found a different feeling.

This wasn't to say that he was gradually liking such acts. Instead, while overcoming his mental aversion, he gained some form of detachment from his self-awareness. It felt like his soul had flown out of his body, allowing him to calmly observe "Helene" dressing up in female attire and adjusting her clothes through the mirror with a calm attitude. He believed this was a necessary step in his mission and that there was nothing embarrassing or odd about this.

Klein felt a baffling sense of familiarity as he tried hard to recall and compare this feeling, in a bid to fix it in place and gain an understanding of it.

Soon, he found the source. This was similar to him playing role-playing games. In it, he could choose a female character, carefully choosing the facial features and attire of the character, allowing the beauty to please his eyes.

There was nothing kinky or embarrassing while doing this. On the one hand, he was viewing it from an angle of a god through the screen, making his attitude detached; and on the other hand, he was seriously acting and going through the plot. By combining the two perfectly and not distinguishing between them, he didn't have any aversion to it because he was playing a game.

This… Klein suddenly opened his half-closed eyes, feeling like this was the Faceless state he had been searching for!

He could act as anyone, but he was still only himself.

As he got into character and worked hard to act, he could detach his feelings and observe things calmly. By making comparisons, he could figure himself out and find his true self!

It's both getting into character and detachment… This is the actual application of the Faceless's main principle. Klein suddenly felt at peace as the remnant embarrassment coexisted with his changed attitude.

With a detached attitude, as though he was playing a role-playing game, he observed himself in the full-body mirror and tried hard to find any flaws.

Thankfully, I got Danitz to get two sets of female clothing to study the way it's all put together. Otherwise, there's no way I could wear them so quickly and normally as a first timer. It will be easy to expose any flaws. Heh, this is called professionalism. Women's clothing sure is complicated… From the perspective of a Faceless, there are many flaws in Helene's facial features and contours. She might be beautiful, but it's definitely nothing I call stunning… Yes, with this state of mind, I can clearly feel the potion digesting… Klein looked at himself in the mirror as though he was looking at a character named Helene.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

The blonde female attendant banged on the door and asked impatiently, "Are you not done?"

Klein's face instantly sank, as though she hadn't returned him the ten thousand pounds she owed him.

He maintained this state as he walked to the door and pulled it open.

The blonde female attendant shot him a glance and raised the handcuffs.

"Put your hands to your back.

"You're now a prisoner!"

As red-haired Helene was on the Black Death, she wasn't afraid that she would bring her any harm. All she wanted was to humiliate her as much as she could.

Klein grunted and half-turned his body, putting his hands to his back. He felt relaxed because the woman wasn't paying too much attention to his attire.

After putting on the cuffs, he was led by the blonde female attendant to the entrance of the captain's cabin.

The door was half open, allowing a fragrance of warmth emanate outside. It wasn't too strong, but it was sufficiently long-lasting. It was a scent that kept pulling one back as they would involuntarily wish to head to bed for pleasure.

The blonde female attendant knocked on the door and was just about to say a word when a gloomy but sufficiently beautiful female voice sounded from the inside.

"Let her come in alone."

The blonde attendant's face instantly sank as she pushed open the door, signaling with her eyes for Klein to enter.

The moment of truth is here… Klein took a deep breath and stepped into the room.

The door behind him closed with a thud, isolating the inside from the outside.

Klein walked across the thick carpet and, using the candlelight from the golden candle racks, saw a rather beautiful lady sitting behind a desk while leaning back. She was wearing beige trousers with her feet extended diagonally while crossed.

Her brows were long and straight, and her azure-blue eyes were sharp and bright. She wore a white linen shirt, allowing her intimate body to faintly peek through. Raven-black curled hair cascaded down to hide the critical bits, making Klein instantly feel uncomfortable.

Upon seeing red-haired Helene enter, Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy raised her left hand and asked with an ambiguous smile, "Tell me, how should I punish you?"

She held a black leather whip in her hand.

…Ma'am, there's always room for discussion… Klein lampooned to resist his discomfort.

His eyes first moved upwards before leveling towards her. He said without a hint of emotion, "Returning to this place is already the greatest punishment. Anything else is just a bonus."

"You're as stubborn as usual, yet always so indecisive…" Tracy stood up. She was tall and slender, and under the illumination of the candlelight, her figure's shadows danced with extreme charm.

She held back her smile and walked towards red-haired Helene, with the leather whip in her left hand. She didn't have an ounce of doubt.

During this process, Klein noticed that she wore a bangle with inlaid diamonds on her right wrist.

The mystical item described by Helene? It can reduce most forms of damage? Klein, who had originally planned to take action the moment the gap between them narrowed, held back his urge.

"Oh, they cuffed you. That's nice. We haven't played such a game before," Tracy said with a smile, but her azure-blue eyes seemed to be a stormy ocean that was gathering strength.

Ma'am, your lines are quite terrible… Klein pursed his lips tightly and didn't say a word.

Tracy came in front of him and raised her right hand to slide down his cheek.

"Returning is the greatest punishment?"

As she spoke, her eyes turned misty, looking extremely alluring.

"You usually don't seem to think so. Although you always resist in the beginning, you're often more passionate than me towards the end…”

Before she finished her sentence, Klein pulled out his left hand from the handcuff, and he grabbed the bangle on her wrist in a manner that was as fast as lightning. He then violently swiped it down!

At the same time, that hand turned a shade of gold. Klein's green and deep eyes suddenly lit up with two bolts of lightning.

This was Creeping Hunger! This was Psychic Piercing!

And the ability to pull his hand out of the cuffs was a Magician power. It was the Bone Softening power which Klein very seldom used!

He had long made plans and preparation for what he would do after infiltrating. It was to find a chance to be alone with Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy and assassinate her without holding back.

Only by doing so did he have a chance of defeating a pirate admiral. Only by doing so could he severely injure and capture her.

And even if it couldn't be done, he didn't mind killing her. He was already very accustomed to channeling spirits above the gray fog. He wasn't afraid of not being able to obtain the intelligence he needed. A human trafficker didn't deserve any pity!

In addition, in order to prevent himself from tripping himself up, he only brought the most difficult-to-detect Creeping Hunger, which was good at disguising itself. The other mystical items were placed in the mysterious space above the gray fog. Furthermore, he was on the Black Death with several opposing Beyonders on board. He had to finish the battle as quickly as possible!

This was also to avoid being taken down by Tracy's ailment powers.

The longer he fought her, the worse the ailments inflicted on him would be!

In that instant, the bangle with inlaid diamonds was removed from Tracy's wrist. Klein's green eyes flashed with lightning while the beautiful and charming Vice Admiral Ailment remained in a daze. All she did was instinctively dodge.

She couldn't believe that Helene would attack her, or dare believe that she possessed such reactions and abilities.

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CHAPTER 582
"PROVOCATION"

Tracy saw two bolts of lightning light up in Helene's beautiful emerald-like eyes as the blinding silver occupied her entire vision.

Her beautifully contoured chin was suddenly lifted as though she was about to let out a tragic scream.

However, she stiffened on the spot, shattering like a mirage. The full-body mirror placed in the room cracked and quickly crumbled, scattering to the floor.

Mirror Substitution Spell!

Tracy's figure, in her pure white shirt, beige trousers, and black leather boots, appeared in the corner where the full-body mirror was located. Before she could catch her breath, she heard heavy footsteps and saw red-haired Helene's dress fluttering to the back as she charged forward like a chariot. The glove she wore on her left hand was pale and gloomy green.

Klein had already switched to a Zombie state. His muscles were taut, and his strength had increased substantially.

His sleeves fluttered as he clenched his fist tightly before throwing it at Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy like an iron hammer.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Although he continued maintaining Helene's appearance, his actions were like a ferocious beast's. He was fierce and formidable. As he bombarded

Tracy with his punches and kicks, all she could do was desperately parry his attacks without having the time to use other Beyonder powers.

If a Demoness of Affliction's corresponding Sequence 9 wasn't Assassin, allowing her to have extraordinary combat skills and dodging capabilities, this barrage of attacks would've left her heavily injured.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Klein's fist emanated a white, frosty air, causing Tracy to tremble with every time she made contact. Gradually, ice began to form on the surface of her body.

This was a Zombie's mastery of frost powers!

Seeing her blood gradually stiffen, Tracy didn't hesitate and took the blow.

Her lips turned pale as her mouth opened slightly as she let out a formless scream.

Accompanied by this scream, a blue illusory halo surged out from her body. It left stacked layers of frost in its wake.

In just one or two seconds, both of them found themselves in a frozen world. They were surrounded by thick and transparent ice, and there was loose frost blanketing the exterior. The two looked very close to one another, but they needed to break through the various obstructions to fight each other.

A smile appeared on Tracy's gallant and brilliant face as a silent black flame ignited within her body.

It quickly melted the surrounding ice as it began to launch a counterattack, allowing Ailment Maiden to grasp the advantage.

At this moment in time, she saw Helene, who was often frail and indecisive, snap her fingers without an expression.

A matchstick she hadn't noticed lit up as scarlet flames leaped. Instantly, it enveloped the red-haired figure's dress.

Tracy's pupils constricted as her spiritual intuition gave her an extreme sense of foreboding.

In the silent black flames behind her, Klein leaped out in the form of Helene. He extended both his arms and hugged Tracy, locking her arms in the process.

At the same time, he opened his mouth and shouted, "Bang!"

A formless Air Bullet shot out with might that exceeded that of a revolver. It was comparable to the latest rifle models.

It passed through the void and accurately hit the back of Tracy's head.

Oof!

The bullet drilled through her skull, but Vice Admiral Ailment's figure suddenly contracted, turning into a broken black staff.

Magic Staff Substitution Spell!

Tracy rapidly appeared diagonally across him. The buttons on her shirt dropped as she revealed a mesmerizing view of fair skin.

However, what caught Klein's attention wasn't that but the blood on her palm!

While Klein restrained Tracy, she had clawed behind her, ripping off a piece of fabric and injuring his thigh.

At this moment, Tracy quickly opened and closed her mouth twice as illusory black flames appeared from her palms to burn the blood.

This was black magic, a Witch's curse!

Klein couldn't help but tremble. A black flame ignited from within, from his soles to the top of his head. He was rapidly reduced to paper shreds.

Just as he appeared in another corner, he felt countless invisible spider webs swirl towards him. Some were hard and attempted to bind him, while others were soft, in a bid to stimulate different parts of his body. Klein, who was a Beyonder who acted extremely calm during combat, felt his heart race as his ears heated up. His body turned numb and sore, having the discomfort of a cold while having the urge to have his blood surge downwards.

Compared to Madam Sharon from Tingen City, Tracy's spiderweb was far more terrifying!

Klein didn't dare to underestimate it as he immediately snapped his fingers.

The snap ignited all the surrounding spiderwebs as scarlet flames extended from where they came from and surged towards Tracy like a tidal wave.

Back in Tingen, Klein already knew that the spiderwebs from a Demoness of Pleasure were weak against fire!

Instantly, the middle of the room became a huge ignited web. Tracy was caught by surprise as the flames swept towards her.

"Humph!" She exhaled as an eerie blue illusory light surged outwards and froze her within a transparent but gigantic crystal.

The scarlet flames surged over and kept melting the ice, but it gradually weakened.

Klein didn't pick up the diamond-inlaid bangle, because he wasn't sure what negative side effects it might have.

To rashly use a mystical item without sufficient comprehension of it was highly likely to be harmful rather than beneficial!

He straightened his body and opened his arms, letting his left glove be dyed in the lustrous glow of the sun.

Priest of Light!

At that instant, Tracy, who was hiding inside the ice, felt that that extremely familiar Helene wore a holy luster. In between her brows, an unprecedented tenacity surged out. She was pretty and no longer frail. Like a blooming sunflower, she was like a flower of war stained with blood.

Tracy shouted with a clearly hoarse voice, "Who are you?

"Why don't you dare to show yourself!?"

While wearing a dress, using my own looks would look so odd. It's more suitable to use Helene's appearance… Klein detached himself as this thought flashed through his mind.

Following that, he praised the sun.

A magnificent pure beam of light descended with golden flames swirling around it. It completely blanketed the ice and Tracy.

As the ice rapidly melted and vanished at a discernible pace, the bright and holy light dimmed before disintegrating.

The color in Tracy's face drained as she did a somersault and agilely dodged Klein's Psychic Piercing from his switch to the Interrogator soul, letting whatever damage she received happen inside the beam of light.

The Light of Holiness was strong against the undead and corrupt, so it was only considered an ordinary Sequence 5 strike on a Demoness.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Tracy did multiple somersaults and dodged Klein's Air Bullets, leaving holes in the carpet.

As she rolled, her figure vanished from her enemy's sight.

*A Demoness's invisibility… *Klein bent his back slightly as he was on high guard. He then used his spiritual perception and his sense of danger as a Clown to seek out Tracy's location.

However, he was unable to find her in that short amount of time. Furthermore, his forehead was heating up and his lungs were burning. His throat hurt and itched. He nearly couldn't keep himself from coughing any longer.

No, I can't let this drag out any longer! Klein's thoughts raced as he suddenly laughed deeply. He then used a stiff male's voice and said, "Helene told me your secrets.

"She also told me all of her secrets…”

Before he finished his sentence, his spiritual perception was triggered. This was because he discovered an intense emotional fluctuation in a particular corner. The emotions of rage and hatred were impossible to hide from him.

Klein immediately turned around and looked over.

Instantly, layers of golden scales appeared on his left glove. His eyes were tainted with a pale gold color as his pupils turned vertical.

Silently, Tracy's figure was outlined as she wore a painful and twisted expression.

Her extremely feminine raven-black curly hair grew uncontrollably as they spread in every direction.

Psychiatrist's Frenzy!

Tracy, whose emotions had been stirred, nearly broke down when faced with such an attack. She temporarily lost her reasoning.

Klein took the opportunity and snapped his fingers.

An Air Bullet crossed the distance between them, heading straight for Tracy's face that remained beautiful despite the twisted expression.

Suddenly, a wisp of thick, raven-black hair swept over, changing the trajectory of the Air Bullet. It struck Tracy in the left shoulder, causing her clothes to tear and blood to spurt. Even her bones were exposed.

"Ah!"

Tracy let out a shrill cry as immense amounts of black flames spewed out of her body and enveloped her.

Following that, thick ice crystals formed outside the black flames.

Beyond it, raven-black curly hair that frantically grew wrapped Tracy, the black flames, and the ice in thick layers. It seemed to form a gigantic cocoon made of human hair.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Klein's Air Bullets shot out one after another, but they only penetrated the black hair and got stuck in the ice.

He paused and made his left glove emit the brilliance of the sun.

At that moment, his throat itched. Unable to control himself any further, he began coughing violently. He failed to produce the attacks he was preparing to deliver.

Inside the black-haired cocoon, Tracy had recovered her senses. She raised her voice and shouted sharply, "Enemy assault!

"Enemy assault!"

At that instant, Klein paused for a second. In his moment of adrift thoughts, he felt as though he had returned to Backlund, returning to the first time he encountered the Devil dog. He knew he wasn't its match and could only shout "murder" and "save me," before successfully escaping from the danger.

At that moment in time, Tracy's cries had the same effect.

Even if there weren't a dozen Beyonders on the Black Death, the number was close to that. Furthermore, there were relatively many Beyonders of relatively high Sequences.

Indeed, killing a pirate admiral in a short period of time is too difficult, even if it's an assassination… Klein coughed twice and snapped his fingers. He stopped attacking and hesitating. He turned and ran for the window in the captain's cabin.

The last thing he noticed was the diamond-inlaid bangle, but he didn't dare to retrieve it.

Firstly, he was afraid that the severe negative effects would affect his escape, and secondly, he was afraid that Tracy would be able to lead a bunch of Beyonders to pursue him with the help of the item's location after she recovered. A pursuit at sea would then unfold.

I can't be greedy! Klein turned his head and smashed through the window and fell onto the deck.

Two pirates happened to come over as they thrust their cutlasses forward.

Oof! Oof!

Their cutlasses pierced through a paper figurine.

Klein's figure instantly appeared behind one of the pirates, as he extended his left hand, opening up a ferocious and creepy mouth on his palm.

Creeping Hunger bit down on its "food" while Klein lifted the pirate up before other Beyonders rushed over. He took wide steps and ran to the shipboard. Under gunfire, he plunged into the dark sea under the night sky.

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CHAPTER 583
CONTINGENCY PLAN

The ice-cold water instantly inundated Klein, drenching his golden-red dress and making him sink like a rock.

At the same time, Creeping Hunger had already finished eating the pirate, lightening his load.

Klein didn't attempt to float up and had instead continued sinking downwards. He could faintly hear splashing sounds across the distant waves. Apparently, pirates from the Sailor pathway had engaged in pursuit.

This was their home ground!

They could act like fish in such environments for a very long period of time!

Klein wasn't alarmed. As a Magician who never performed unprepared, he had obviously thought of his escape plans if he met with failure. After all, there was nothing guaranteed about such matters.

To do his best acting as Helene and not be discovered by Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy, he had not only left the other mystical items and cash above the gray fog, but he had even done so for the charms that came under the water and wind domain that he recently made. However, this didn't affect him. As a god, a Blessed, and a believer trinity, he had many miraculous methods to deal with the corresponding situation.

He quickly made Creeping Hunger turn pale and be dyed in a gloomy green. The surrounding seawater froze, forming layers of frost.

Before the frost completely turned into ice, Klein spread his wing muscles and spread out his arms. With the strength of a Zombie, he shattered the frost, sending them slightly further away.

This way, he temporarily produced a narrow space that didn't have any seawater around him.

The water instantly surged backwards to fill the space. Klein extended his left palm and released the terrifying cold and spread it out, creating layers of ice walls.

For a brief moment, he seemed to be encased in an ice prison. He could stand in it and produce sound, but he was only limited to that tiny space.

Klein immediately took tiny steps in a counterclockwise fashion while murmuring "Blessings Stem From The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth," before rapidly letting his Spirit Body go above the gray fog.

Just as his body appeared at The Fool's high-back chair, he immediately picked up the Sea God Scepter which he had placed on the table.

Without needing to identify anything, he selected the point of light representing Gehrman Sparrow who had recently been promoted to a believer of Sea God. Through a previously established connection, he raised the short milky-white scepter and made the blue "gems" on it emit a blurry luster.

He replied to his "believer" and augmented himself with all sorts of spells, including but not limited to underwater breathing, freedom of movement, and pressure resistance.

Finally, he used a paper angel to interfere with any divination. He then ordered the nearby undersea creatures to help protect Gehrman Sparrow's escape.

After doing all of this, Klein didn't delay and had immediately returned to the real world and gained control of his body.

At that moment, the seawater's pressure had crushed the constantly melting ice wall and had retaken that "independent" space.

However, Klein could already breathe easily and swim rapidly.

Through the rippling but crystalline water, he saw fishes swimming towards him. A dark shadow rose up from beneath his feet as an unknown behemoth rapidly rose.

It was a strange brownish-red creature that looked like a squid. It was so massive that its tentacles were enough to bind an entire ship.

It spewed black ink and instantly dyed the surrounding sea black. The few Sailor pathway Beyonders who were pursuing Klein instantly saw black as their bodies turned numb.

Unclear of what was happening, they immediately floated to the surface and dealt with the abnormalities in their bodies.

By the time they dived down again to find the enemy, they had already lost track of Klein.

At this moment, Klein was swimming at the bottom of the sea with great satisfaction; he even had the time to divert his attention to recall his failed operation and reflect on what he had done.

I had sufficient preparations to act as Helene. Even Tracy, who had shared numerous nights with her on the same bed, couldn't instantly see through me. It accelerated the digestion of the potion.

During this process, I still had to overcome my aversion and find a way to both get into character and be detached. This was extremely helpful to the digestion of the potion.

I basically did the best I could for the battle. It can be considered a prepared performance, but I underestimated the strength of a Sequence 5 Demoness of Affliction and the experience of someone who inched her way to becoming Vice Admiral Ailment. Even though she lost her mystical item in the beginning, just my present strength and my mystical item weren't enough to kill her quickly, unless I had used the Sea God Scepter… But this is around the Rorsted Archipelago.

Through today's battle, I can clearly tell that I lack a mystical item with powerful offensive abilities…

Facing the reality of a failed mission, Klein was no doubt somewhat disappointed. However, he wasn't depressed, because this wasn't the end of this matter. He planned on writing to Mr. Azik to see if he was interested in the ancient chronicles related to Death and if he had the time to pay a visit.

Before Klein left the captain's cabin, he had snapped his fingers to ignite the male clothing he had left in the changing room, as well as any hair or skin he had left behind. This was to make it seem like he didn't wish to leave any traces, but it was in fact a form of concealment and deceit.

What he was concealing was the hair and button he had secretly thrown into a particular room without anyone noticing after he entered the cabin.

Having wiped away any traces of himself, Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy would mistakenly believe that the assassin was afraid of exposing himself because of the fear of suffering a remote curse. Then, it would be difficult for her to seriously get the pirates to check for any remnant items.

With the hair and button, Klein could use divination to lock onto the location of the Black Death up to a certain amount of time. This way, as long as Mr. Azik was willing, he could bring him to Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy.

*Sigh, I originally thought I wouldn't need Mr. Azik's help. I thought I could succeed just by myself, alone. Ultimately, I fell just short… *Klein

sighed and felt a blow to his self-esteem.

This was one of the reasons why he didn't seek Mr. Azik's help in the beginning. The other reason was that he wasn't certain that Tracy was in possession of the ancient chronicles related to Death. If she really didn't have it, it would be rather awkward to have Mr. Azik make a trip for nothing. Furthermore, he was worried that even with Mr. Azik's help, that he would still need to act as Helene to find the Black Death and Tracy. He still needed to wear her clothes and use himself as bait.

That would be too embarrassing to do it in front of someone he knew!

In fact, if it wasn't to obtain intelligence and solely to eliminate Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy, it would've been a lot simpler. Once I swim back to Bayam and go above the gray fog, I simply need to lock onto their location and use the Sea God Scepter to create a storm…

This isn't to say that a huge area-of-attack blast will definitely kill Tracy on the spot, but it will attract Sea King Jahn Kottman's attention. When the time comes, the Black Death's location would be exposed to the Church of Storms… Sea King will happily take down Ailment Maiden…

Klein shook his head with self-deprecating mockery. With his Seer's spiritual intuition guiding him, he rapidly swam towards the shore.

…

On the Black Death, Tracy removed her layers of defense and walked to the diamond-inlaid bangle, in her damaged, blood-stained clothes. She bent down to pick it up.

What a cautious attacker. I might not even be comparable to her back when I was an assassin… No, him… Tracy suddenly clenched her teeth.

This wasn't because she nearly died at his hands, but because he had sensed that the man had done something to Helene.

According to the way Emperor Roselle put it, she suspected that there was something green 1 growing on her head.

"Helene, are you really that cold and heartless? No, perhaps she was forced." Tracy turned her head to look at the nasty wound on her left shoulder as she felt the heart-wrenching pain.

If not for the strengthening of her physique brought about by the Assassin and Instigator Sequence, with a significant enhancement in subsequent Sequences, just that one blow alone could've made her lose her entire arm. She would be like those pirates who had their arms blown off by rifles.

As the blood flowed and stained her vision red, Tracy got the blonde female attendant to enter and use her abilities to help her deal with her injuries while instructing the surrounding pirates who had their eyes fixated on her to search for any items the attacker had left behind.

Unfortunately, the pirates informed her that all of his clothes had been automatically destroyed.

This made Tracy recall the snap the enemy had made before he left. She sighed once again.

"How careful.

"Furthermore, he's not one bit greedy. If he had taken the bangle, then I wouldn't need to worry about not catching up to him."

Tracy waved her hand, motioning for most of the pirates to leave, leaving behind Wormtongue Mithor King and a few high-ranking members of the crew.

"Third Mate, go to Bayam again. Perform a thorough investigation to figure out where the Resistance found that Helene," Tracy ordered in a solemn voice.

With great difficulty, Mithor retracted his gaze from his captain's chest.

"Alright!"

Tracy thought for a moment and added, "Spread this matter. Say that I'm seriously injured and will not be able to recover anytime soon.

"Also, First Mate, immediately set sail. Don't stay here any longer."

As she issued orders, silence was quickly restored around Tracy.

Only at this point did she have the time to figure out which faction the attacker came from, why he would attack her, and what motives he had…

Unfortunately, the more Tracy thought, the more puzzled she became. She had no idea what the truth was. Although she had many enemies, none of them possessed similar powers.

Finally, she found a clue as she muttered to herself, "Creeping Hunger?"

…

In the middle of the night, in a private harbor on Blue Mountain Island.

Standing by the receding and advancing waves was a female figure. She was none other than Klein, who was still disguised as Helene.

He circled under the water and quickly came onto shore. He infiltrated the house of a nearby fisherman and got some tattered clothes to change into before changing back into Gehrman Sparrow.

Leaving behind the rather expensive dress as compensation, Klein rapidly left the private harbor and returned to the City of Generosity, Bayam, before daybreak.

He wasn't in a rush to meet up with Danitz. Instead, he found a random motel to stay in. He used a ritual and brought back Azik's copper whistle, other mystical items, and cash back to the real world.

After confirming that he could divine the location of the Black Death, he blew the copper whistle.

Footnotes:

Ch 583 Footnote 1

A Chinese saying of being cuckolded, wearing a green hat.

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CHAPTER 584
SCAPEGOAT

After lowering the copper whistle, Klein had already activated his Spirit Vision.

He saw illusory white bones being weakly thrown up from the ground as they slowly formed a gigantic figure. If the past scenes were like a fountain in a fantasy setting, then this was more like the flow from an ordinary reversed tap.

The corners of Klein's mouth moved indiscernibly as he pretended as though he hadn't noticed anything amiss.

After a few seconds, the skeleton messenger finally took form. Its nearly four meters body tore through the ceiling once again as the pitch-black flames in its eye sockets burned silently.

Klein folded the letter he had finished writing and threw it up.

He described in detail the tycoon, Jimmy Necker, in the letter. He mentioned the connections between the Death chronicles found in the Southern Continent's Balam Empire's mausoleum, as well as the connection the item had with Vice Admiral Hurricane Qilangos and Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy. He also mentioned how he had successfully sneaked in, and although his assassination had failed, he had left behind something that could be used to determine the location of the Black Death.

Of course, he didn't go into detail how he sneaked in. He had only roughly recounted Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy's combat techniques and style.

After the messenger caught the letter with a swipe that could send an adult human flying, Klein coughed and cleared his throat.

"I already have a messenger."

The pitch-black flames in the skeleton messenger's sockets clearly flickered before its body collapsed like a waterfall before drilling into the parquet.

*You don't have to be afraid of becoming my messenger anymore, right? Am I that detestable to your kind? Yes… These messengers from the Underworld probably can't bear to leave Mr. Azik. After all, that's a direct descendant of Death. There might not even be any skip in the generational line. You want to cozy up with someone powerful. I get it! *Klein was just about to pack up and check out when his nose itched suddenly and sneezed.

Achoo! Achoo! Cough! Cough! Cough!

Mucus flowed out as he coughed. His forehead slowly but decisively began burning with heat.

Oh no. Vice Admiral Ailment's ailment is still lingering in my body. And I confronted a 10°C cold wind in order to return to Bayam. I really fell ill as a result.… Klein used inferior tissue paper to wipe his mucus, contemplating whether to summon himself and act using a Spirit Body state, so that his physical body could heal by itself.

After serious consideration, he believed that it was impossible. Firstly, his physical condition would clearly affect his Spirit Body's condition. The two were closely related in some magical manner. Secondly, if he ignored it, his physical condition would definitely worsen.

I'm becoming a little dazed from the fever… Klein touched his forehead and prepared to return to the Wind of Azure Inn to meet up with Danitz. Then, he had to consider if he should head to a hospital or clinic to buy some medicine.

…

In the Berg household in the City of Silver.

Derrick finally obtained the Radiance Spirit Pact Tree fruit from Ma'am Hermit, and he successfully concocted the Solar High Priest potion.

It was golden in color and had a scorching hot temperature. When Derrick drank it, he felt the burning sensation in his throat.

His eyes lit up suddenly as they grew brighter like there were two miniature suns hidden in them.

His body radiated concentric ripples of pure light as his exposed skin protruded to form black patterns that were visible to the naked eye.

At the same time, his body hair grew longer, as though they were changing into feathers that were swirling with golden flames.

Derrick knew that there would be similar changes when consuming a potion at Sequence 7. He didn't panic or become flustered. He clenched his teeth and repeatedly recalled that pain of him personally killing his parents and the hope that arose from the depths of his heart after meeting Mr. Fool. Despite being on the brink of losing control, he managed to persevere through it.

After a while, everything abnormal about him was restored back to normal. However, the air he exhaled was mixed with the warmth of the sun.

He felt that his body had become stronger again, and he had some considerable resistance against ailments and treacherous environments.

However, that wasn't the main point. Derrick liked the various theurgical knowledge that appeared in his mind.

They included Fire of Light, Horror Immunity, Holy Oath, Cleave of Purification, Sun Halo, Holy Light Summoning, Holy Water Creation, etc.

Derrick paced around in delight as he felt that the related theurgical spells he had were very suitable for him in dealing with the evil monsters that hid in the dark.

He didn't hide the news and immediately ran to the twin towers and recorded the information of his advancement.

This way, after a preliminary inspection, he would have the qualifications to helm a small patrolling team as its captain. He could come into contact with more of the City of Silver's information.

This includes the method to removing the mental corruption of a Beyonder characteristic, which Mr. World wants… While Derrick was answering the registration clerk's various questions, he couldn't help but recall the promise that he hadn't been able to fulfill all this time.

Owing something to others often left him uneasy and uncomfortable. And now, he could finally see the light that could restore his calm.

…

In the Amyris Leaf Bar, Wormtongue Mithor King was holding a cup of red wine. He sat across from the elderly Strongman Ozil, crossed his right leg, and leisurely asked, "Did you figure out anything specific?"

He had been instructed by his captain, Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy, to return to Bayam and investigate the fake Helene. For this, he found Ozil who had originally issued the mission. He couldn't directly seek out the Resistance, because there was a small chance that they were cooperating with the fake Helene. To question them in person was no different from directly bringing his head to the governor-general's office in exchange for the bounty reward.

Ozil pulled a chair and sat down.

"They didn't hide anything, but I can't be sure if they're speaking the truth or not. As you know, I prefer using fists rather than brains.

"They said that Helene was brought over by Blazing Danitz. He represented Vice Admiral Iceberg and hoped to establish a cooperative relationship with the Resistance. They wanted to provide a certain amount of help, and Helene was a way to express their goodwill."

"Blazing Danitz? Vice Admiral Iceberg…" Mithor ruminated over the two names as his expression slowly turned solemn.

He leaned back into his chair as he knitted his brows bit by bit.

As one of Vice Admiral Hurricane's former captains, he was now the third mate of Vice Admiral Ailment's flagship. He was no stranger to the other pirate admirals, and he knew that Vice Admiral Iceberg was powerful and had a rich collection. With just one ship and a few subordinates, she was able to resist the other pirate admirals. In terms of strength, she was a little stronger than two of his bosses. More pertinently, Vice Admiral Iceberg seldom involved herself in the conflict between pirates. She sought information and explored the unknown to seek out treasure. She was more like an adventurer than a pirate.

Why would she suddenly want to assassinate Captain? This doesn't suit her character… She previously suffered a setback because of Admiral of Blood's rumors. She should be focusing on seeking revenge on him… Mithor took a sip of red wine as he rubbed his forehead with his other hand.

He temporarily stopped thinking about Vice Admiral Iceberg, and he placed his attention on Blazing Danitz.

As he carefully recalled, his pupils suddenly shrank. He discovered that there were some recent problems regarding this fourth boatswain of the Golden Dream he was familiar with.

*He laid a trap and killed Steel Maveti, Blood Brambles Hendry, and Calm Squall. His bounty was raised to 4,200 pounds, and in a short period of time, he got embroiled in some matter, causing his bounty to rise again, reaching 5,500 pounds. This has already exceeded my bounty… *Mithor thought to himself silently as Blazing Danitz's figure surfaced before him. He found him mysterious and terrifying.

He advanced? Or did he receive some great benefits because of something? Mithor leaned forward and put down the cup.

He whispered seriously, "I originally treated his bounty increase as a joke.

"But reality has informed me that Blazing Danitz is a great pirate worthy of a 5,500-pound bounty!"

Mithor looked up and said to Strongman Ozil, "Help me seek out intel on Blazing. The recent ones!"

…

In the luxurious suite in the Wind of Azure Inn.

When Danitz opened the door and saw Gehrman Sparrow, he glanced around warily before making way.

"How was it? Did the hunt succeed?" he asked in excitement and curiosity after closing the door.

*Vice Admiral Ailment is a famous beauty. Back when I saw her, she was even more charming than I imagined. What a pity if she were to just die like that. She should be locked up forever without parole… Pui! How can she be prettier than Captain? Those with looks like her are plenty in the Red Theater! *Contradictory thoughts ran through Danitz's head.

Klein clenched his fist and placed it to his mouth before coughing violently.

After calming down, he answered coldly, "Almost."

"What a pity…" Danitz sighed.

But deep down, he was thinking, *This madman, Gehrman Sparrow, is really strong!*

He infiltrated the Black Death to assassinate Vice Admiral Ailment but was only just fell short of success. Even though he failed, he successfully returned almost without any injuries!

One had to know that the reason why every pirate admiral was famous throughout the Five Seas, being second only to the Four Kings, wasn't only because they themselves were strong; it was also because they represented a crew, a force to be reckoned with. They had many Beyonders under them. To be able to escape from the Black Death after a failed assassination had indicated that Gehrman Sparrow was in no way weaker than any pirate admiral!

Is Creeping Hunger really that powerful? No, even if I were in his shoes and had Creeping Hunger, I wouldn't be able to go that far… Danitz was increasingly convinced that his choice of not resisting during his first encounter with Gehrman Sparrow was extremely wise.

Klein coughed twice again and prepared to instruct Danitz to buy some medicine for him from the hospital.

He then recalled that the cause of his illness was complicated. The medicine provided to him without a doctor's careful examination might not be effective. Even the many medicines that Emperor Roselle had previously invented were the same.

If it wasn't because it's impossible to use the gray fog to establish a remote treating system, I really wish that I could consult Emlyn White to make me some medicine… Klein went to the washroom to wash up and change into his original clothes and burn the clothes he obtained from the fisherman.

Upon seeing him come out, Danitz went over with a paper bag and said in a sycophantic manner, "This is the 700 pounds they gave."

At this point, he and Klein heard someone knock on the door. It was Captain Elland.

When the captain rushed into the room, he gave Gehrman Sparrow a deep look and suppressed his voice.

"I planned on returning to Pritz Harbor, but I received a piece of intel.

"Something huge seemed to have happened at Bansy Harbor."

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CHAPTER 585
BUYING MEDICINE

The Church of Storms has finally taken action on Bansy Harbor? Klein clenched his fist and placed it to his mouth before coughing. He asked calmly without any qualms, "What happened?"

Elland didn't notice any abnormal reaction from Gehrman Sparrow. He retracted his gaze and surveyed the area.

"I don't know what exactly happened. I only know that it might've involved the upper echelons of the Church of Storms.

"And for a period of time before that, all routes that lead to Bansy Harbor were canceled. This might've been a so-called omen."

Involved the upper echelons of the Church of Storms? No, it should be the most elite forces. I suspect that the pontiff of the Church of Storms, that Grounded Angel, had personally taken action. He might've even used a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact. After all, he might be facing a King of Angels, one that's even older than the Fourth Epoch, as well as "His" descendants… Klein nodded and calmly asked, "What's the outcome?"

He wasn't the least bit surprised that the Church of Storms had only taken action on Bansy Harbor in the past few days. Even though the Mandated Punishers were known for being rash and irascible, there was still a protocol that needed to be followed for serious matters like this. For example, they needed to make a confirmation, evacuate a portion of innocent residents, or seal off the surrounding sea. All of this needed time.

Elland was unable to read Gehrman Sparrow's true emotions as he sighed with a smile.

"There won't be a Bansy Harbor for a very long period of time."

*… As expected of the Church of Storms… *Klein secretly clicked his tongue, feeling even more curious about the detailed process.

He wanted to know whether Red Angel Medici had appeared, and if "He" really was sleeping near Bansy Harbor. He wanted to know if "He" had been wiped out by the Church of Storms and wished to know what happened to the natives in Bansy Harbor. He wanted to know what it meant for them to speak in such a staccato manner, and he wished to know what secrets were hidden in the Green Lemon Restaurant and the telegraph office.

Unfortunately, with Bansy Harbor's destruction, it was difficult for him to obtain any actual answers.

Perhaps the internal record of the Church of Storms would mention them, but Klein had no way of getting them. With The Hanged Man's rank, there was no way he could gain access to such confidential information.

I'll have to nurture Mr. Hanged Man into a High-Sequence demigod before I can know the answers to my questions… Klein sighed silently and said without a change in expression, "That place is indeed very dangerous…"

Before he finished his sentence, his throat itched as he coughed violently.

"You fell ill?" Elland asked, puzzled.

He originally imagined that Gehrman Sparrow was like him, a Beyonder whose physique had been considerably enhanced. It was unlikely for Beyonders like them to fall ill before they grew weak from age. But from the looks of it, his previous guess might've been wrong.

Klein answered tersely without giving an explanation.

A question of no value or meaning… It would be odd if he isn't ill after an intense battle with Ailment Maiden… Danitz grumbled in contempt from the side.

Elland chuckled and said, "I can recommend you an Apothecary that's better than a hospital or clinic.

"That's his Beyonder job. He has a tiny herb store in the alley diagonally across Red Theater. Heh, he's known for selling male enhancements, but that's not what he's best at."

Does every Apothecary develop such medicine? That's right. It's absolutely one of the most profitable medicine based businesses. It's only odd not to do it if they're capable of doing it… Klein nodded slightly in response.

"Why haven't I heard of him?" Danitz asked, surprised.

"He only came to Bayam in the past few months. When was your last visit here in the City of Generosity?" Elland asked with a chuckle.

When I took your crappy boat… Danitz answered silently in his mind.

He carefully recalled and discovered that in the past few months, apart from this period of time, he had passed by Bayam once during the early days of his vacation. At other times, he was drifting out at sea in search of treasure. Otherwise, he was at other places or harbors enjoying himself, so it was true that he wasn't aware of any minor changes in the City of Generosity.

"I've already spent quite a few days in Bayam. I've been to the Red Theater several times, but I've not heard anything about this Apothecary! This can only serve to imply that his male enhancement medicines are limited in effect!" Danitz bragged as he said stubbornly.

Elland smiled and didn't debate with the great pirate. Instead, he said to Gehrman Sparrow, "If it's only an ordinary ailment, the Apothecary will only charge a slight premium.

"And for you, it doesn't matter if it's expensive. What's most important is to recover your health as quickly as possible. No adventurer wishes to stay in a sick state. This implies danger and that you might become the target of someone else. It implies the increased risk of losing control."

Indeed, maintaining a good state is a rather important matter for Beyonders. However, the price is still very important, alright? If that Apothecary were to charge 1,000 pounds, then I might as well buy medicine from the hospital. Or I can describe the situation of my illness and get that vampire, Emlyn White, to make me some medicine! Although I already have 6,000 pounds in savings and have several Beyonder characteristics, I still need to consider it. I still want to add a mystical item with lethal offensive power and seek out clues to the High-Sequence potion formula… Klein mumbled inwardly.

High-Sequence potion formulas were impossible to put a price on in this mysterious world. Therefore, Klein only thought of buying the relevant clues.

After Elland left, Klein took the 700 pounds and gave Danitz 200 pounds.

Wearing his hat and holding his cane, he coughed and wiped his snot before stepping out the door in preparation to take a carriage to the vicinity of the Red Theater.

Danitz was very curious about the Apothecary's medicine. He pasted two mustaches on his face, wore a cap, and followed. With Klein's guidance, he already knew that using a scarf to hide his face was an act that strongly attracted attention in Bayam. He took his advice to buy some fake mustaches.

…

In the alley diagonally across the Red Theater, the moment Klein entered, he saw a man furtively come out of a nameless herb store. The moment the man saw someone, he hurriedly lowered his head and rushed off.

Don't worry. We won't be guessing what medicine you're buying… Klein coughed twice again, increased his pace, and walked into the dark herb store.

He scanned the area and was surprised because the boss was someone he knew.

The boss was wearing a black robe that resembled a village witch doctor. He was in his thirties, with black hair and brown eyes. His face was round and his body chubby. He was none other than the chubby Apothecary who often liked to use sarcasm at the gathering held by Old Mister Eye of Wisdom in Backlund. Klein had once recognized him at a circus.

He stopped showing up at Old Mister Eye of Wisdom's Beyonder gathering because he left Backlund… Klein coughed and took two steps forward.

"Make some medicine for me."

On the chubby Apothecary's shoulder stood a round-eyed owl. The man and the bird looked up at the same time at Klein.

After a brief examination, the chubby Apothecary revealed a warm smile.

"Friend, it's cold outside. Don't do those deeds out in the open, although it's true that it can be rather exciting."

What the hell… Klein was first stumped before he understood what he was getting at.

When batting Tracy, I was influenced by her Pleasure powers. Blood flowed down to my nether regions, and my desires undulated. This resulted in my body emptying out, making it faster and easier for the ailment to strike me.

When escaping, the ice-cold sea was fine since I had theurgical spells protecting me. But the wind on the way back was rather cold. It worsened my sickness. In conclusion, doesn't this look like getting sick as a result of having pleasure out in the open? As expected of a Apothecary; he has sharp eyes… Klein maintained a composed expression and just looked at him without answering him. All he did was wait for him to concoct the medicine.

Danitz turned his head to look out the herb store as he held back his laughter with great difficulty.

*What dogsh*t Apothecary is this? He can't even distinguish the ailments released by Ailment Maiden! *he thought in glee.

When the chubby Apothecary didn't get a response, he dully opened some cabinets, took out some common or strange herbs and insect carapaces, stuffed them into a paper bag, and handed it over.

"Put it all in water and cook it for half an hour. Drink the liquid that's left over.

"4 soli."

It's a little expensive… Klein glanced at Danitz.

The latter immediately took out the money automatically.

As the chubby Apothecary collected the money, he bent his back and suppressed his voice to say with a chuckle, "I have medicine that can make you stand out in that area. The kind that has mummy powder added. Need it? I guarantee you that you'll be satisfied.

"I know you might be very strong, but men always seek to be stronger."

Firstly, I need to have a girlfriend… Klein coldly shook his head and rejected the chubby Apothecary's recommendation.

The chubby Apothecary straightened his back in disappointment.

He turned his gaze and sized up the two before asking, "Are the both of you adventurers?"

"Yes," Klein answered simply.

The chubby Apothecary rubbed his hands and said, "I have a request, but you'll only be paid after completing it."

"How big is the reward?" Klein pinched his nose.

"100 pounds!" the chubby Apothecary shouted as his heart pained for the money. "Help me find someone. His name is Roy King. He's my teacher. He got me to meet him here, but I haven't seen him after waiting for months. And I have no way of contacting him."

"Is there a portrait—Cough! Or a photograph?" Klein inquired.

The chubby Apothecary took out a photograph from a secret pouch by his waist and handed it over.

It was of a relatively young man. His hair was neatly combed back and he wore glasses. He appeared very gentlemanly.

"Your teacher?" Klein asked.

I might believe it if you're the teacher…

The chubby Apothecary coughed dryly and said, "He's at least sixty, but he looks young."

A Beyonder power or a mystical item? Klein nodded in thought and began asking about the specifics.

After confirming that there weren't any items he could use to divine, he took the paper bag and left the store.

After he disappeared from the alley, the owl standing on the chubby Apothecary's shoulder suddenly said, "Darkwill, that guy might know you."

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CHAPTER 586
FAREWELL AND REUNION

"What? He knows me?" the chubby Apothecary, Darkwill, was alarmed as he whispered back.

The owl's round eyes looked ahead and said, "I noticed that he clearly paused for two seconds the moment he saw you when he came in."

"Perhaps he thinks someone like me doesn't match his image of an Apothecary?" the chubby Apothecary retorted.

The owl spread its wings and landed.

"Suit yourself if you wish to think so."

“…What books have you been reading recently?" The fat on the chubby Apothecary's face trembled.

The owl replied sternly and seriously, "My reading is based on your knowledge standards such as those involving soccer.

"Unfortunately, the words you grasp and can teach me are limited. I have no choice but to read popular novels that have a lower requirement on one's vocabulary.

"Besides, they're all serialized on the newspaper."

Darkwill chuckled.

"I'll buy a recipe cookbook later. It's called Guide to East Balam Bird Culinary Methods."

Without waiting for the owl to answer, his expression sank and he muttered to himself, "He knows me? He looks like the standard Loenese man. More than half his blood is at least Loen.

"I used a fake name to stay in a few cities in Loen. It's not odd to be recognized by him. But I still need to be on guard. If I don't receive any news about Old Man before March, then I have to leave this place…"

Having said that, he turned his head to look at the owl who was perched on his shoulder.

"At times, you're still rather useful."

"No, your eyes and your body language tells me that your real thoughts are 'darn it. I wanted to buy a pet that can help me beat monsters and gangsters. I sought out Beyonder ingredients of a potion recipe according to the standards of a dragon, but I ended up getting a silly bird who only knows how to read newspapers and plays. Darn it. I want to stuff another potion down its throat!'" the owl repeated like a parrot by mimicking the chubby Apothecary's tone.

Darkwill's expression stiffened for a few seconds before he chuckled.

"It's good that you know this, silly bird!

"If I didn't have the powers of a Beast Tamer, you wouldn't have even managed a single potion!"

Inside the herb store, the man and bird fell into silence.

After a while, the owl pretended as though nothing had happened as it asked, "Darkwill, is it really going to work? You've already entrusted this to dozens of adventurers."

"I'm not good at finding people, so I can only entrust it to someone else. Besides, they have to find and confirm Old Man's location before I make a payment. I don't even need to spend a single penny!" the chubby Apothecary tsked as he said before he sighed. "Old Man always calls himself a lucky person and a winner of fate. He should be fine…"

…

"Will the medicine brewed from this really be effective?" While returning to the Wind of Azure Inn via carriage, Danitz looked at the paper bag beside Klein.

The things inside were black herbs, strangely-shaped insect carapaces, and weirdly-colored flowers. It didn't seem like anything reliable.

Klein nodded.

"Yes."

"You haven't drunk it…" Danitz subconsciously retorted.

I trust him. Although his mouth stinks and is rather vile, he has a rather kind heart… Besides, Captain Elland believes that his medicine is sufficiently effective… As Gehrman Sparrow, Klein didn't respond to Danitz's doubts. He directly picked up the paper bag and threw it over.

Without needing any spoken words, Danitz knew what he meant. He was in charge of brewing the medicine.

Furthermore, he was accustomed to doing similar matters recently, so he didn't have any urges to resist.

After returning to the Wind of Azure Inn, Klein got a chair to sit in while he watched Danitz light up the fireplace and prop up a pot. He then added water and the herbs into it.

Leaning back, Klein felt his head feel groggy. He was very exhausted and felt like he could fall asleep at any moment.

In order to wait for the medicine to finish brewing and for him to quickly resolve his illness, he forced himself to consider various problems to combat the fatigue.

On careful consideration, during the battle with Vice Admiral Ailment, if I hadn't succeeded in sneaking in an attack on her and suppressing her from the very beginning, preventing her from getting into her rhythm until she eventually found a chance to force open a gap between us by turning invisible, then I might've not been her match.

The two powers of invisibility and ailments are really like a bug in a game. Matched with an Assassin's lethal strike, and the interference of pleasure, it really makes one unable to find and hit her or escape. One can only watch their body gradually weaken and become inflicted with all sorts of ailments. One can even get mesmerized and give up resisting…

On the one hand, it's because every Sequence 5 is very powerful. As expected of the Sequence just before a demigod. On the other hand, it's because Creeping Hunger's various powers aren't a good match. It cannot be considered to be multifaceted without any weaknesses.

Yes. The powers of a Sequence 5 Nimblewright Master of the Seer pathway is highly effective against invisibility…

I can try to help the chubby Apothecary find his teacher in the meantime, but without any information, with just a picture, I can only try my luck. I'll have to see when I can directly find a clue. After all, I'm not a god, and I can't find people remotely…

Wait, in a certain way, I am a god!

I can get Sea God believers to help find him. As long as that old gentleman named Roy King once visited Bayam, he would've definitely encountered

others and be seen by them. Most native residents secretly believe in Sea God… This is what it means by a sea of people…

Also, before Captain Elland leaves Bayam, I should get him to introduce me to a point of contact for the military. In the future, I can get him to reimburse me for any intel. They can also check if there were any travelers named Roy King, who registered on any liners in recent months.

There's another method. I've placed the radio transceiver above the gray fog for some time. I should be able to contact the magic mirror, Arrodes, if I take it down. I was originally planning on asking for Helene's location, but I no longer need to find the red-haired lady anymore. I can switch to Roy King.

Hehe, for a matter which many adventurers have no clue on how to begin, I have three solutions!

…

Amidst his thoughts, Klein finally held on until the medicine was successfully brewed.

Looking at the bottle of blackish-green liquid that Danitz brought over, he hesitated for two seconds before extending his hand to receive it and placed it to his mouth.

Gulp!

Klein immediately felt his throat burn as his face flushed red.

This made him recall his attempt at eating crazy spicy food in his previous life.

Suddenly, his entire person awakened as his stuffy nose quickly cleared.

*Gulp! Gulp… *He barely finished drinking it and felt as though he had nearly recovered from his sickness.

By night time, he had fully recovered. He no longer showed any doubt towards an Apothecary's abilities.

No wonder the potion's name is Apothecary Klein wore his hat and left the inn with Danitz. Under the cloak of night, they left Bayam and came to a secret harbor hidden on the other end of the jungle.

Tonight, the Golden Dream was providing aid to the Resistance.

After some coordination and hassle, Danitz used the Soulfall Ritual to contact Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina.

After some time, the ship, that was often scrubbed clean and had a strange main cannon, docked by the private harbor. Its gigantic sails drew five types of gold coins. They were the gold pound of Loen, the gold hoorn of Feysac, the verl gold of Intis, the gold risot of Feynapotter, and the sassen gold of Lenburg.

This was the flag of the Golden Dream, it was also the symbol of this pirate crew.

It's still not professional enough. If it were me, I would add porter gold from Masin, złoty from Segar, motif gold coins from Balam Empire, etc… Klein stood by the side with his hands in his pocket as he watched Edwina Edwards appear at the bow.

At that moment, she was wearing a hunter's hat, a rider's shirt, and a black coat. She matched the image of a female pirate admiral in the minds of the Resistance.

She often dresses like she's a private tutor… Klein mumbled and took a few steps back, allowing Danitz to run around and busy himself.

This pirate worth 5,500 pounds did the liaison, sending a batch of food and fabric to Kalat and the Resistance before the transaction came to a close.

Danitz secretly inhaled and came to Klein's side and forced a smile.

"There's nothing else, right?

"I can now return to the Golden Dream, right?

"Also, how do you plan on settling the hiring fee?"

That's only an excuse your captain and I used. In a particular sense, this batch of food and fabric is my payment… Klein nodded.

"Your Captain has already paid.

"You can return."

"For real?" Danitz found it unbelievable.

Although Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina wasn't far behind him, he was still afraid that Gehrman Sparrow would suddenly have a crazy fit.

Klein didn't reply and turned around, walking straight towards the path that led out of the private harbor.

Danitz exhaled silently and held back his excited feelings before briskly running back to the Golden Dream.

Only when the Golden Dream steered far away into the night, with the private harbor that belonged to the Resistance slowly shrinking in size, did he really believe that he was back on the Golden Dream.

At that instant, he felt that he had experienced just too many things over the past half a month or so. It was an unprecedented level of exhilaration, as though it was an interesting dream.

At this moment, a sailor came close and asked out of curiosity, "Boss, was Steel Maveti really killed by you?"

Danitz immediately laughed out loud and secretly stole a glance at Captain Edwina before saying to his subordinate, "I contributed greatly to this deed. Let's talk over drinks!"

Above the dark sea, the Golden Dream drifted off into the distance.

…

After returning to the Wind of Azure Inn, Klein was just about to sleep when he saw the surrounding colors turn abnormally bright.

The white bedsheets turned whiter, and the brown floorboards turned more brownish-yellow. The dark red curtains appeared like fresh blood…

In the scene with all sorts of colors stacked upon each other, Azik Eggers suddenly walked out from a rippling aqueous void.

He was dressed in his usual shirt, bow tie, tailcoat, and a top hat. His skin was bronze in color, and he had soft facial features.

How enviable… I also wish to have such powers of traveling through the spirit world… Klein silently sighed as he smiled in greeting while maintaining his appearance.

"Good evening, Mr. Azik."

Azik took off his top hat and looked at the rather unfamiliar face. Without finding it strange, he chuckled.

"Apologies. I came in a hurry. I should've knocked on the door.

"What's the exact situation with those Death chronicles?"

Klein invited him to have a seat. He then described in detail things he couldn't explain in the letter. Towards the end, he mentioned in passing about the matter regarding Bansy Harbor, saying how it involved King of Angels Medici and "His" descendants.

Azik leaned back into the chair and said with a frown, "There's such a name in my memories. 'He' should have the two titles of Red Angel and War Angel…

"However, 'He' had perished long ago."

"Perished long ago?" Klein asked in surprise.

Azik nodded and thought over it.

"I remember that 'He' was killed by Blood Emperor Alista Tudor."

Killed by Blood Emperor Alista Tudor? Klein's pupils shrank as he recalled the evil spirit that loitered in the underground ruins beneath Backlund.

It had claimed to be an innocent killed by the Blood Emperor!

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CHAPTER 587
CONFUSING

Could it be that that evil spirit is Red Angel Medici, the King of Angels who once served that Creator and was one of the founders of Rose Redemption? Klein instantly generated such a thought and began utilizing backward inference to seek out any traces or clues.

The former holder of the Red Priest card was attracted to the underground palace because of a certain level of attraction and had died beside the Tudor descendants.

The evil spirit I saw in my dream could easily kill a powerful dragon back when it was alive.

It knows the potion formula of the Mutant pathway's Sequence 4 and even more.

It's very aware of matters regarding Rose Redemption.

The orthodox Churches that have existed ever since the Cataclysm don't know that the former Binsy and that the present Bansy has a descendant of the Medici family residing there, but the evil spirit was able to provide the corresponding information.

*There's a very high chance of deriving this from the death of Red Angel Medici… And this King of Angels was actually killed by Blood Emperor Alista Tudor. Does this mean that the latter had already exceeded Sequence 1 and had reached the rank of true god as a Sequence 0 and could no longer be witnessed directly… *

That evil spirit said so itself that in the late stages of the Fourth Epoch, Solomon Empire's Dark Emperor, Tudor Empire's Blood Emperor, and Trunsoest Empire's Night Emperor were fighting for the position of Sequence 0 until Alista Tudor went crazy… Does this mean that from that point onwards, Blood Emperor was a half-crazy true god?

Right, Mr. Azik mentioned in the letter that he lost his senses from merely being glanced at by Blood Emperor Alista Tudor. Back then, he was at least a Sequence 4 demigod. To have such might, it can only be explained that Blood Emperor was at the true god level…

Mr. Azik also described the revival of the true Dark Emperor in his letter. He described "Him" as sitting on a gigantic throne as he overlooked the land… For the Dark Emperor to revive and return, there is a high chance that he was a true god at the Sequence 0 rank… If that were the case, the War of the Four Emperors was of a higher order than I previously imagined. It's no longer a battle of three Sequence 1s fighting for the position of Sequence 0… Klein connected all the dots from the past, gaining a brand new understanding of Fourth Epoch history.

But as a result, many questions arose.

If that ancient evil spirit really is King of Angels Medici, then the underground palace might very well belong to Blood Emperor Alista Tudor. Then, why would there be two thrones of equal standing? Why would there be six humanoid statues of the true gods?

Why would the half-crazy Blood Emperor kill Red Angel Medici? After "He" became Sequence 0, which spot did he occupy? Firstly, Dark Emperor can be eliminated… It can't be Red Priest, right? Red Angel Medici was killed for its Beyonder characteristic?

But Red Priest and Dark Emperor do not seem like neighboring pathways that allow exchanging. I can basically confirm that the former is paired with the Demoness pathway. Yes… Captain mentioned before that consuming the potions of other pathways might not mean death, but there's

a high probability of going mad and obtaining warped but terrifying powers. This matches Blood Emperor's half-crazy trait!

In "His" final step, as there was no hope for Dark Emperor and any neighboring pathways, "He" took the craziest choice and switched to another pathway that's completely unrelated, becoming half-crazy as the price?

But the same problem arises. Advancing to Red Priest requires King of Angels Medici to be killed, but before advancing, Alista Tudor wouldn't have been able to complete it by "Himself." Unless—"He" had more Sequence 1s helping him or other Sequence 0 true gods…

Upon realizing this, the statues in the underground palace suddenly flashed past Klein's mind.

The Evernight Goddess statue who used the moon as a pillow, the Earth Mother statue that hugged a baby in her bosom, the Lord of Storms statue that had lightning flashing behind him, the handsome Eternal Blazing Sun's statue, the tall and royal God of Combat statue, and the God of Knowledge and Wisdom statue who wore a hood all cast ice-cold gazes at him from the darkness.

At that instant, Klein couldn't help but tremble.

However, he remembered that the six gods supported the Trunsoest Empire, not the Tudor Empire.

*The history of the Fourth Epoch becomes more harrowing and confusing the more you delve into it… *Klein sighed secretly.

"What are you thinking about?" Azik Eggers noticed his pause.

Klein said in passing, "I was only thinking that since Red Angel Medici had long perished at the hands of Alista Tudor, then who is the God of Weather who has a following in Bansy Harbor during the recent centuries?

"And what's the reason for their odd behavior…”

With this in mind, Klein came to a pause. This was because the matter regarding Bansy Harbor was unlike what he imagined.

He originally believed that Red Angel Medici was asleep there, but to his surprise, 'He' had long perished.

In that case, the secrets underlying the Green Lemon Restaurant and the telegraph office became even more indecipherable. He had no way of deducing anything without any further information. The more he thought about it, the more horrified he became.

Could that evil spirit have expected such an outcome when "He" indicated Binsy Town? That might've been a required step for "Him" to escape the seal? Should I tell this matter to Mr. Azik and gain his opinion?

Yes, I'll let Miss Magician, whose in Backlund, to monitor the area and see if there's any abnormalities. If there's none, it can wait till I return to Backlund and contact Miss Sharron. After seeking her opinion, I can inform Mr. Azik. After all, it's a ruin we explored together. I have to respect her opinion. If there are any abnormalities, then the matter can only be expedited due to the seriousness of the issue… Klein quickly made a decision.

When Azik heard his question, he laughed.

"Don't think about such matters. They've definitely been buried by the Church of Storms. To forcibly seek out the reasons will only bring about extreme danger. Even at the level of an angel, there's still a chance of perishing."

In the mysterious world, curiosity is often the leading cause of death… Klein recalled the matters he had experienced and heard of in the past.

He switched to saying, "Mr. Azik, I already have a messenger that I can call my own."

"Much faster than I imagined," Azik said with a smile.

Klein simply explained how he changed the incantation and how he completed the summoning and ended up encountering an oddity in the spirit world.

"When summoning spirit world creatures, there's indeed a chance of such things happening when it's not done by someone of the corresponding job. It requires repeated trial and error before obtaining the desired result. But repeated attempts make it easy to encounter danger. Even if you add descriptions like 'friendly,' it isn't absolutely safe. The spirit world creature which is summoned might not have any malicious intent towards you and wouldn't wish to harm you, but it doesn't mean that its very existence won't hurt you. Perhaps just the aura it has can reduce you to a pile of blood." After Azik heard about the creature whose speed surpassed imagination, the being who was easily neglected, and the creature with extremely high survivability, he laughed and warned him. After that, he asked, "How did you succeed in the end?"

Klein said in embarrassment, "I changed the final sentence to 'a unique being that is willing to be my messenger.'"

Azik was taken aback for a second as he curiously looked at Klein.

“…This description is too generic. Typically, it wouldn't succeed."

"Perhaps I was rather lucky…” Klein cautiously described his messenger's appearance and even hid the matter of her request for a gold coin.

Azik thought over it carefully and said, "I do not have an impression of this spirit world creature, but since you've already signed a contract and have had it witnessed by the Underworld, she likely wouldn't cause you any

harm. However, before you fully understand her, try not to get her to do anything apart from sending letters."

“…Alright." Klein originally wanted to say that he had nothing he needed her for other than sending letters when he recalled his battle with Mr. A.

The room fell into a brief moment of silence before Klein pulled the conversation back on track.

"Mr. Azik, when can we head for the Black Death?"

The longer the delay, the higher the chances of whatever he left on the Black Death to be cleaned up during the daily cleaning jobs.

"Now." Azik stood up and put on his hat.

Klein was dressed properly, and just as he was trying to find an excuse to head to the washroom to divine if there would be any danger taking action tonight, Azik grabbed his shoulder and pulled him into the spirit world.

Amidst the stacked colors and nearly formless figures, he heard Mr. Azik say, "Let's begin."

That direct? Don't you need to confirm things? Perhaps a big shot has his own way of determining the level of danger… Klein silently mumbled and held up his cane and began divining the location of the items he left behind.

The cane flew automatically as it tumbled ahead.

Azik followed closely behind with Klein in tow as they smoothly passed through the spirit world.

Before long, the black hardwood cane paused with thick black and stacked shadows ahead of it.

Through this abstract scene, Klein could vaguely identify it as something resembling the Black Death.

At this moment, Azik's body came to a pause as he solemnly said, "The spirits here tell me that there is danger."

There is danger? Something that can make even Mr. Azik find it dangerous? Vice Admiral Ailment got help? A high-ranking member of the Demoness Sect? Klein frowned suddenly.

He fully believed the judgment of the big shot, since Sequence 7 of the Death pathway was Spirit Medium. After advancing to the realm of demigod, being able to notice this was considered very normal.

Azik half-closed his eyes for two seconds before opening them.

"But the problem isn't serious. Let's enter."

Problem isn't serious… That's probably the case when it's directed at you… The corners of Klein's mouth twitched as he decided to change his looks.

This way, even if he was no match and had to flee pathetically, he didn't have to be afraid of someone coming to knock on his door!

In an instant, Klein possess a distinctive broad chin and cold blackish-green eyes. His hair turned brown and was tied into a bun at the back of his head like an ancient warrior.

He had disguised himself as the former owner of Creeping Hunger, Vice Admiral Hurricane Qilangos!

Azik gave him a glance as the surroundings suddenly seemed to plummet as all sorts of bright colors flew by.

In a blink of an eye, Klein found himself in Ailment Maiden Tracy's captain's cabin again.

This gallant and brilliant female pirate was wearing a different white shirt. On her left shoulder was a clear bandage while her black hair was coiled up instead of cascading down amorously.

Faced with this sudden visitor, she didn't show any panic but smiled.

At this moment, a gentle female's voice from a difficult to identify location sounded.

"It's you?"

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CHAPTER 588
OLD ACQUAINTANCE

"It's you?"

Upon hearing this surprised and curious female voice, Klein jumped in fright, imagining that he had been recognized by someone.

He immediately composed himself because he had already changed his appearance to that of the deceased Vice Admiral Hurricane Qilangos. And inside Qilangos was the crazy adventurer, Gehrman Sherlock. And inside Gehrman Sparrow was the identity of the great detective, Sherlock Moriarty. And inside Sherlock Moriarty was the identity of Klein Moretti.

This wasn't the end. Deep within Klein Moretti was Mr. Fool—Zhou Mingrui.

There's no reason that she can directly see my true essence. Besides, how can she know of a trivial character like Klein Moretti… Even Vice Admiral Hurricane Qilangos wouldn't have left the Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy's helper surprised! To be specially invited by a Sequence 5 pirate admiral to protect herself and deal with her enemy, the person must be at least a Sequence 4 demigod…

*Therefore, that sentence was directed at Mr. Azik? That high-ranking Demoness recognizes Mr. Azik, who had destroyed their cooperation with the royal family and Ince Zangwill in Backlund, or does she recognizes him from one of his former lives? *Klein quickly cleared his train of thoughts and remained guarded against Tracy and her helper's sudden attacks. He also looked through the corner of his eye to observe Mr. Azik's reaction.

He wasn't too surprised that a mysterious powerhouse would appear. Firstly, this was because Mr. Azik had already given a warning, and secondly, it was because he believed that Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy wasn't a self-conceited person. To almost be assassinated without knowing the assassin's backing faction and motive, there was a high probability that she would leave the sea around the Rorsted Archipelago to seek help from the upper echelons of the Demoness Sect.

The only thing hadn't expected was that her helper would arrive so quickly. It was as though she was nearby or had a mystical item like that of a Traveler.

Combining the female characteristics of the voice and the gentleness within it, Klein suspected that it was a Demoness at the demigod level.

Azik stood on the thick carpet and said after two seconds of hesitation, "You know me?"

This tone sounds uncertain… Could it be that my big shot had once spent a period of time with a Demoness? No, I can't think of it that way… Klein began to imagine things before he seriously felt penitent for having those thoughts.

He noticed that Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy wore an aghast look. Her certainty and calm had turned into puzzlement.

The gentle female voice sounded out from an unknown location again.

"I obviously know you. You should also know me."

Azik turned his ears to the side to listen before he shook his head and gave a rueful smile.

"I'm sorry. I've repeatedly lost my memories and am in the midst of recovering them.

"If you can remind me and invoke more of my memories, I'll be very grateful to you."

Upon hearing their conversation, Tracy's puzzled and confused look settled.

She cautiously swept her gaze at Klein but frowned when she saw Vice Admiral Hurricane Qilangos's face.

The gentle female voice sighed.

"The last time we met was 1,300 years ago. Back then, Primordial and Death were working together, instigating the Pale Disaster in the Northern Continent. You might've already forgotten that we once fought the Saints and Angels of the Church of the Evernight Goddess.

I know this piece of history. It was recorded in Emperor Roselle's diary… Mr. Door said that it resulted in the Primordial Demoness being heavily injured, and she had only managed to descend only in recent times. As for Death, "He" directly perished and created the Berserk Sea that separated the Northern and Southern Continents… The Demoness Sect and the forces of Death had previously cooperated, so it's no wonder that a demigod-ranked Demoness knows Mr. Azik. Man, she's also a monster that has lived for at least fourteen hundred years! Klein thought with a creative mind.

Following that, he felt puzzled again. He originally imagined that Mr. Azik had suffered heavy injuries from being glanced at Blood Emperor Alista Tudor during the War of the Four Emperors, which resulted in him constantly losing his memory and forgetting his past. However, what the demigod-ranked Demoness indicated was that not only did Azik survive the War of the Four Emperors, but he had even participated in the Pale Disaster many years later. He didn't seem to have any problems in between.

Azik closed his eyes as though he was trying to squeeze out his memories.

After a few seconds, he asked hesitantly, "Katarina Pellè?

"You… are already a Demoness of Unaging?"

"I'm very happy that you can still remember me. I could only be considered a weakling compared to you back then." A figure outlined itself beside Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy. She wore a simple and pure white gown which had high slits that revealed her flawless legs. Her skin was as white as snow and as tender as a young maiden's.

The woman had black hair and blue eyes, and she looked elegant and pretty. She had an indescribable charm.

She looked towards Azik Eggers as a faint smile curled at the corner of her lips.

"More than a thousand years have passed. It's a cause for celebration for us to meet, alive.

"Balam Empire's Mr. Death Consul."

*Mr. Azik was Balam Empire's Death Consul… This is the name of a later potion in the Death pathway? This Demoness of Unaging Katarina Pellè looks like she's in her thirties. She's elegant and pure, yet she exudes a mature charm… Wait, why am I thinking of this? Her Pleasure charms are already that potent? *Katarina hurriedly moved his gaze away and nearly had to use Cogitation to calm his emotions.

Without waiting for Azik to say a word, Katarina Pellè said with a melodic voice, "I'm curious over why you would still be constantly losing your memories.

"I remember that it only happens for your pathway during the Undying stage. Dying once every sixty years to revive again and forget the past. However, you have long advanced past that and escaped from that curse.

"What happened to you at the end of the Pale Disaster?

"Heh heh, the seven gods had fractured back then and treated each other as enemies. We both believed that Primordial and Death would succeed, but who knew that the proudest Sun and the most arrogant Tyrant would bow 'Their' heads. They quickly joined forces again. If I hadn't managed to advance by chance, then I might've already perished at the end of that divine battle. I believe you should've suffered some damage which resulted in your present state. Death's perishing is itself the greatest injury for you."

Azik fell silent as he wore an indistinct painful expression.

"I-I can't remember…”

At this moment, Klein realized that Katarina Pellè looked somewhat familiar, and he suspected her of being the white-robed lady who had led Madam Sharon onto the path of a Demoness.

Suddenly, Katarina's eyes turned to sweep a glance at Klein. She chuckled at Azik and said, "I believe you haven't forgotten the reason for visiting today?

"I'm very curious why he would assassinate Tracy. Could it be for justice?"

The glance the Demoness of Unaging swept over was filled with hidden amorousness and sweet playfulness. She resembled an underage young maiden, and her facial features and bearing had magically accentuated that feeling. She didn't have the jarring feeling of a mature lady acting young at all. At that moment, Klein viewed her as a maiden who was sixteen or seventeen.

…She can already perfectly present every charm a woman can bring. She has the skin, facial features, and bearing to match it… As expected of a Demoness of Unaging… Klein had already attempted to use Cogitation to resist this indescribable charm.

He took the initiative to look at Ailment Maiden Tracy.

"Do you know the tycoon named Jimmy Necker?"

Tracy gaped her mouth before closing it again. She replied blankly and aggrieved, "Who is he?"

"You might not know him. He once collected a batch of ancient chronicles related to Death. He died at the hands of Vice Admiral Hurricane Qilangos," Klein said while bearing the appearance of Vice Admiral Hurricane Qilangos.

Tracy narrowed her eyes. She wore a dazed look before turning angry.

"You came for those documents?"

It really is in your hands… Klein determined based on her tone.

He answered indifferently.

"That's right."

Tracy inhaled slightly and said, "Where's Helene? Did you do anything to her? I know she's still alive. If something happens to her, my spiritual intuition will tell me."

Klein didn't attempt to speak ambiguously as he directly answered her, "She has already returned to Intis to lead a brand new life."

Tracy's expression sank. A storm raged in her eyes as the aura of a pirate admiral fully revealed itself. However, Azik casually swept his gaze over and instantly made her calm down.

The corners of her lips curled up.

"That batch of documents from the mausoleum of the Balam Empire's royalty is indeed in my hands.

"But I wasn't interested in it. I flipped through it casually before handing it to the sect.

"Hehe, even if you had succeeded in assassinating me, you wouldn't have received it. I didn't read it much, so even if you channeled my spirit, I wouldn't be able to reproduce it. Unfortunately, I can't bear to part with my life; otherwise, it definitely would've been interesting to see your disappointment."

Klein calmly said, "No, I won't be disappointed. I can obtain the soul and characteristic of a Demoness of Affliction. I can Graze you and subdue you."

As he spoke, he raised his left palm which had Creeping Hunger on it. It was in the shape of a black glove.

Tracy narrowed her eyes. The look in her eyes became extremely dangerous, like a provoked tiger. If not for the two High-Sequence Beyonders beside her, she might've already attacked.

And the moment Klein finished his sentence, he noticed something amiss.

I'm not acting as Gehrman Sparrow at the moment, so why am I speaking in accordance with his persona… Klein was alarmed as he suspected whether he had been too into character recently.

Remember, you can only be yourself.

I cannot be influenced by the character I act as, because of prolonged acting… This will cause me to become lost and result in losing control!

He quickly reflected on himself and added his conclusions into the acting principles of a Faceless.

Noticing his brief silence, Azik looked at Katarina Pellè and said in his usual tone, "Can you copy a set of those documents for me?"

"That's not a big problem." Katarina gave Tracy a glance. "Any requests?"

Tracy stared at Klein and said with a clearly hoarse voice, "Tell me where Helene is."

Klein withdrew his thoughts and looked at her before looking at the pure Demoness of Unaging, Katarina.

He had already made his decision, but he couldn't help but feel hesitant.

He turned to look at Mr. Azik and discovered his warm smile. He wasn't urging him or forcing him.

Klein retracted his gaze and simply said, "I refuse."

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CHAPTER 589
"SOWING DISCORD"

For an instant, Klein imagined that Tracy would directly attack him, as her face was already flushing red with anger. Her blue eyes had turned dark like the surface of a sea before an impending storm.

But eventually, Tracy didn't act rashly. She looked towards Katarina Pellè and awaited the decision of the Demoness of Unaging.

She knew very well that, although Sequence 5 and Sequence 4 were just separated by one level, there was a qualitative difference between them. There was no way to bridge the gap with one's battle skills or execution. One was a normal human with special powers, while the other was already a demigod, a legendary creature possessing godhood.

Furthermore, the two present were clearly not Sequence 4. Placed before them, Tracy felt like she was a Low-Sequence Beyonder.

Katarina Pellè didn't seem furious. She looked at Klein, who wore the face of Qilangos, and chuckled as her eyes moved across him.

"What an interesting lad. If not for Mr. Death Consul being here, I might've not revealed the upheavals within my heart and have an unexpected encounter with you which would lead into having a pure and romantic story with you."

No, you don't want to… This sounds really terrifying… Klein didn't dare look at her as he continued looking at Tracy.

Seeing no response from Azik Eggers, Katarina retracted her gaze and said to Tracy with her melodious voice, "Embrace the afflicted pain; this might be something beneficial for you."

She then looked towards Azik.

"I remember that batch of documents. It records the various attempts used by the Balam royalty to revive Death, but unfortunately, they seemed to fail miserably. Towards the end, they seemed to consider creating an artificial Death.

"Are you still interested?"

*An artificial Death? How can Death be artificial? Apart from the Uniqueness and Beyonder characteristics, how can there be other methods? It's not like it's something you can find on the street… Was the former Balam Empire and the present Numinous Episcopate all crazy? *Klein mumbled silently and didn't interrupt the conversation between the demigods.

Azik pondered for two seconds before asking, "What price do I need to pay?"

Katarina smiled youthfully.

"No, there's no need.

"I thought it over. Helping you regain your memories and find your past in order to become the Death Consul from before should be a rather interesting matter. This can bring more changes and fun to this world."

*Those words sound like a rebellious teenage girl… A Demoness of Unaging not only doesn't age in body but in mind as well? *Klein felt it somewhat impossible to grasp her thought process.

*Perhaps only a Sequence 6 or 5, or even Sequence 4 of the Spectator pathway can tell? *he subconsciously guessed.

Azik nodded and extended his right hand. A piece of paper and a fountain pen in the room automatically flew over as though invisible spirits were at his service.

After scribbling, he threw the paper over.

"You can summon my messenger."

So there's only one copper whistle… For it to remain effective for more than a thousand years, that copper whistle is definitely no simple item… Klein instinctively wished to reach out to touch Azik's copper whistle inside his pocket, but he held back.

Katarina caught the piece of paper and scanned it before pursing her lips into a smile.

"I thought you would've directly told me where in the Underworld."

She looked up as her blue eyes effused an indescribable warmth as she smiled faintly.

"I still remember how Mr. Death Consul from before was such a powerful but cold man. He left a deep impression on me.

"I'm also curious as to why you would become so soft."

Azik held his fist to his mouth and shook his head with a bitter smile.

"I'm immortal, but that doesn't mean I don't age. Once a person ages, they will often become placid."

"No." Katarina's eyes flickered deep down as she said without concealing anything, "I look forward to the day you recover all your memories. I wish

to see how you would evaluate the present you."

Upon saying that, she curled her lips slightly and winked at Klein.

"Perhaps we will release an existence more evil than a devil."

…*This is her trying to sow discord, right.*… Klein muttered inwardly, but he couldn't help but recall the Pale Disaster recorded in many historical books and Church tomes. It had caused a large number of casualties and had turned the Northern Continent into a living hell. And this disaster was mainly led by Death and the Primordial Demoness, with Death's entourage and the Demoness Sect from the Southern Continent. In this entire matter, Mr. Azik, who was known as Death Consul, definitely played a rather important role…

Azik fell silent for a few seconds as he grabbed Klein's shoulder and pulled him into the spirit world and traversed it. Instantly, there was only Demoness of Unaging Katarina Pellè and Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy left in the Black Death's captain's cabin.

The latter looked at the spot where the two had disappeared, and after taking a while to calm herself, she clenched her teeth and said, "I'll never forget this matter!"

Katarina resumed her pure demeanor and smiled faintly.

"Feel the afflicted pain. The more pain you feel, the more you will realize how weak you are. When the pain reaches a threshold, the desire to change yourself will reach a certain intensity, allowing you to withstand the potion and obtain godhood during the ritual to become a demigod…”

When Tracy heard this, she suddenly thought of something. Her expression froze as she blurted out, "Helene was able to escape the Black Death because of…”

Katarina smiled mildly.

"You are my youngest child, but you are the one who's most promising at becoming a demigod. As a mother, I will naturally want to help you."

Tracy's facial muscles twitched as she said with a warped expression, "That's right. I have a mother like you, and a mom…

"Why didn't you tell me the truth in the beginning. You clearly knew the mid- and low-Sequences of several other pathways!"

Katarina turned her body as her white gown fluttered. She said ethereally, "We all need to approach the Primordial.

"We are all 'Her' children."

As she spoke, surging but silent black flames soared over the huge sailboat which was dozens of meters long. The flames covered every corner as they burned silently without injuring any of the pirates on the Black Death, as though they were clearing up any accumulated dust.

…

The stacked colors quickly receded, and the indescribable transparent figure went far into the distance. Klein's spirituality suddenly stirred as he felt that the items he had left on the Black Death had all vanished.

As expected of a Demoness of Unaging… Klein sighed. Just as he was about to say something, he felt himself plummet. He had left the spirit world with Azik.

He found themselves in a mountain valley with a river flowing. There were fertile fields with a manor and town that was built in a Loenese style.

Klein looked around him and discovered that he was standing in a dark cemetery that had long been abandoned.

"Mr. Azik…” he shouted in puzzlement.

Azik walked to a grave with a broken tombstone that was covered in weeds. He said solemnly, "After meeting Katarina Pellè, I recalled some matters again.

"I once told you that in a particular dream, in one of my lives, I had a daughter. She had soft black hair and enjoyed sitting in a swing I made myself while requesting sweets from me.

"When traversing the spirit world, I suddenly sensed the call of my bloodline."

Klein was infected with his emotions as he asked solemnly, "Is this her…”

Azik nodded and crouched down. He touched the halved tombstone as his bronze face wore a gentle, sorrowful, and confused look.

"This is her grave.

"If I recall correctly, she's been dead for 926 years…”

926 years… Klein wanted to say something, but he was stopped by that extended period of time.

If it wasn't for the Churches compelling people to be buried in cemeteries and providing a certain degree of surveillance, it would've been hard to find this grave and tombstone, since there hadn't been any all-out wars since the Fifth Epoch.

A human's life was on the order of decades, but this was 926 years.

After a long moment of silence in the cemetery, Azik got up again and grabbed Klein's shoulder.

"I'll send you back first."

After a few minutes of traversing the spirit world, Klein saw the white bedsheets and yellowish-brown floorboards.

Azik pressed down on his hat and said in a deep voice, "I'll continue my journey while you continue on your adventures."

Klein nodded. Just as he was about to say something, he saw Mr. Azik curl his lips and smile.

"Were you afraid that I would become an evil person like a Demoness after fully recovering my memories?"

Before Klein could reply, Azik sighed.

"I'm also very worried.

"But, I have a greater desire for discovering myself."

After saying that, the surrounding aqueous void around him rippled as he vanished from the room.

For a long period of time, Klein stood in his spot, silent.

He shook his head and laughed silently as he consoled himself, *Perhaps when the time comes, I'll already be a powerhouse at the level of angel. I can establish a treatment facility that treats antisocial personalities and have Miss Justice be the head doctor…*

Retracting his thoughts, Klein sat down and habitually reflected over his operation.

I originally thought that I could Graze a Demoness of Affliction and obtain Death's chronicles while making further progress in the human disappearances. Who knew that the development and outcome were completely out of my expectations. I only managed to complete the initial goals.

Sigh, I cannot incite Mr. Azik to take action since he hasn't completely recovered. Furthermore, the person we were facing was a Demoness of Unaging… What's most important is to be strong myself. Relying on myself is better than asking for help from others. Heh heh, on careful consideration, I do rely on myself most of the time…

I can attack the human disappearance cases from the angle of the buyer, that Crazy Captain Connors Viktor.

Klein changed his sitting posture and nodded to himself as he murmured inwardly, *The greatest gain that I received was to establish the preliminary acting principles of a Faceless. It's to get into character and be detached, overcome any aversions, and to be careful about being too immersed in the role. *

This way, by relying only on simple, ordinary, real acting, perhaps it will take a year or two to digest the potion. But for me, I should be able to fully digest it in about four to six months…

After reflecting on the matter, Klein prepared to sleep. He planned on taking down the radio transceiver from above the gray fog once it was daybreak, so as to establish communications with the magic mirror, Arrodes.

Of course, he had to first divine the level of danger above the gray fog.

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CHAPTER 590
ARRODES'S BOTTOM LINE

Early in the morning, above the gray fog.

Klein conjured a pen and paper as he deliberated over the divination statement: "Using the radio transceiver is dangerous."

After carefully checking the statement twice, he took out the spirit pendulum under his left sleeve and began divining.

During this process, he was on high alert and was somewhat afraid. He was like a child covering his ears while lighting firecrackers—if the outcome would involve the True Creator or the Primordial Demoness, then he would encounter danger simply from divining it. If it were any other person, they would only end up losing control or dying. However, Klein had the gray fog to shield him and prevent him from having such a tragic outcome. Hence, it was obvious that anything that happened above the gray fog was better than courting death in the real world. He was afraid that the using it repeatedly would allow the evil gods to lock onto him and personally pay him a visit.

He quickly entered the state of Cogitation and silently recited the divination.

After chanting seven times, he knew the answer without opening his eyes, since he was completely fine sitting there in his seat and wasn't suffering from any extreme pain.

When Klein looked at the dangling topaz, he discovered that it was indeed spinning counterclockwise.

Phew… Klein heaved a sigh of relief and immediately returned to the real world and began preparing a ritual to bring the radio transceiver from above the gray fog to the real world.

After about half an hour, he finally heard the radio transceiver produce its clickety-clack. An illusory piece of white paper was spat out with lines of Loenese words written on it.

"I'm here.

"Great Master, is that you?"

*Why does it feel like it's craning its neck… *Klein suddenly recalled the emoticons from his previous life. It was an adorable alpaca that craned its neck out.

He took two steps forward and tersely answer in a reserved manner.

Amidst clicking sounds, more illusory paper was spat out.

"Your loyal and humble servant, Arrodes, at your service."

Klein hid his discomfort in the depths of his heart and asked, "Arrodes, tell me. Where is Roy King from the Life School of Thought?"

Due to the chubby Apothecary's description, he knew that the organization developed itself based on a master and apprentice system. He inferred that they grasped the two Beyonder pathways of Monster and Apothecary. This matched the characteristics of the Life School of Thought.

Meanwhile, Klein prepared Roy King's picture, with the intention of relying on himself rather than on others.

The tapping sounds intensified as Arrodes produced a portrait with the radio transceiver. It was none other than Roy King with his hair neatly combed back while wearing a framed pair of glasses.

"Is this him?" A line of Loenese appeared behind the portrait.

Klein nodded.

"Yes."

Arrodes made the radio transceiver's tapping sound turn abnormally brisk.

"Great Master, the person you wish to find is imprisoned in the governor-general's office of the City of Generosity, Bayam."

Locked in the governor-general's office? Klein frowned slightly and wasn't in a rush to continue asking. He said with confidence and frankness, "Alright, according to your rules, it's your turn to ask."

Tap. Tap. Tap. Arrodes used the radio transceiver to produce a smiley face and a line of text.

"I've already asked, and you have already answered."

When did that happen? Klein was taken aback before looking at the content before the illusory piece of paper. He saw the previous question: "Is it him?"

This works? That actually counts? In that instant, Klein finally understood how much freedom Arrodes had to its rules. Against any ordinary person, it could be as strict and vile as it wanted. It even needed spectators, but when it came to Klein, those rules were ignored, and he blatantly made it easy.

How did this guy adopt such a personality… Klein considered for two seconds before asking another question.

"Arrodes, do you know the book 'Groselle's Travels'?"

Arrodes fell silent for two seconds before making the radio transceiver type. It spat out more illusory paper.

"Great Master, your question is too nice for me. All I needed to do was answer 'yes' to be done with the question. I've modified the question a little, changing it to 'tell me what you know about Groselle's Travels.'

"This is a very magical book. Many of its owners have vanished.

"I'm unable to tell who it's creator is, but I'm certain that it first appeared among the dragons, after the disappearance of the City of Miracles, Liveseyd."

*It appeared after the City of Miracles, Liveseyd, which was conjured by the Dragon of Imagination, Ankewelt? I might be able to recommend this to Miss Justice. She might be interested. If she really wishes to buy it, as a middleman, I can study it ahead of time above the gray fog… If something bad happens from the study, resulting in the complete destruction of the book, I can tell her that the seller went back on their word and a refund was made… Thinking of this, being a platform is really promising! *Klein's thoughts raced as he said to the radio transceiver, "It's your turn."

I do want to know what kind of odd question you can ask… Klein thought silently.

Arrodes didn't pause as he produced a line in Loenese: "Great Master, I've already asked and you have already answered."

When did that happen… Klein looked in confusion and amusement at the first few pages of illusory paper before finally seeing the so-called question at the beginning: "Great Master, is that you?"

I have to say that this magic mirror named Arrodes really shows no shame when it tries to suck up to me… However, such a paired question format really satisfies an OCD. It's like the AND operator back when I studied programming languages myself… Klein cleared his throat and continued asking, "Why was Roy King imprisoned in the governor-general's office?"

The radio transceiver produced its clickety-clack and spat out illusory paper.

"Ever since the disappearance of the Snake of Mercury from the Life School of Thought, the organization fractured and encountered plenty of danger. Some even died at the hands of the Rose School of Thought.

"The Life School of Thought developed in a secretive manner with the master and apprentice format, but they have an Elder Council among the upper echelons. They harmonized the conflicts between the different internal factions. Since the Fifth Epoch, the Elder Council changed to a more trendy name known as the Fate Council. There are seven councilors, and the Snake of Mercury is the president.

"Roy King's teacher is one of the Fate councilors and had got into trouble after the Snake of Mercury's disappearance. And before this, he had handed an important Sealed Artifact of the Life School of Thought to Roy King. This is the reason why Roy King was secretly captured by the Loen military."

The disappearance of the Snake of Mercury? Klein instantly made the connection to Will Auceptin, who was hiding in Backlund, as well as the other Snake of Mercury that had been pursuing him without ever showing its face. Klein suspected the other Snake of Mercury to be Angel of Fate, Ouroboros.

*The Life School of Thought's Snake of Mercury is definitely not the one searching for Will Auceptin, as he has had plenty of opportunities to contact his organization and not be "missing"…Perhaps it's Will Auceptin or a third snake. This cannot be determined… *Klein gently nodded and said to the radio transceiver, "Ask."

I'm sure you haven't asked me any other questions. Hehe, let's see what you'll ask… I have to say, people have a little bit of masochism in them. Others are afraid of Arrodes's questions, but it has already waived off two

questions for me. Now, I do wish for it to formally ask me a question… Klein waited with piqued interest.

*Tap. Tap. Tap. *The radio transceiver's sounds suddenly became somewhat solemn as the illusory piece of paper spat out with increasing difficulty.

"Well, Great Master, what should I do to be a better, loyal, and humble servant?"

…I've underestimated your bottom line… Klein restrained his exasperated expression as he replied in a deep voice, "Just maintain your present state."

"Alright." The tapping sounds became lighter again. "The aura is about to disperse. Your loyal and humble servant, Arrodes, awaits to be at your service."

Finally, Arrodes added a drawing of a hand waving.

It's really talented… That's right, it's not hard for a magic mirror that knows so much, to know such things… Klein watched as the radio transceiver turned silent.

He took a few steps and sat by the edge of the bed, considering the matter regarding Roy King.

He had no intention of infiltrating Bayam's governor-general's office and rescuing Roy King under the military's tight security. This was because he didn't know the man at all, and he hadn't even seen him before. The only connection they had was through the chubby Apothecary.

*The basement of the Church of Storms definitely has many Beyonders locked up there. But what has that got to do with me? *Klein chuckled as he shook his head.

In the information provided to him by Arrodes, Klein noticed that the mystical item which Admiral of Blood Senor had, which made him

sufficiently lucky, came from the Life School of Thought. There was a high probability that the faction backing this pirate admiral was the Rose School of Thought. They were taking advantage of the Snake of Mercury's disappearance, so they could kill members of the Life School of Thought.

This also reminds me that I need to be more careful than before when dealing with pirate admirals. Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy had gotten Demoness of Unaging Katarina Pellè without any notice. The other pirate admirals wouldn't be without their supporters. They often represent a faction, an organization… Admiral of Blood is backed by the Rose School of Thought, while Admiral of Stars is backed by the Moses Ascetic Order, as well as for our Tarot Club. The backer of Admiral Hell is likely the Numinous Episcopate and the King of the Five Seas. As for Vice Admiral Iceberg, she's likely backed by the Church of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom…

The backers for Vice Admiral Deep Sea and Vice Admiral Dusk are currently unknown, but it's definitely impossible that they relied solely on themselves to reign supreme over the seas for so many years.

Now on second thought, which faction was backing Vice Admiral Hurricane Qilangos? The one that gave him Creeping Hunger, or the unspeakable organization that instigated him to assassinate Duke Negan?

Yes, I must be careful not to expose my intention of hunting pirate admirals in the future. Furthermore, I can only make one attempt and immediately distance myself if I fail. As Klein's thoughts varied, he suddenly thought of something.

The paper crane that was personally folded by that Snake of Mercury, Will Auceptin, was still with him!

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CHAPTER 591
MAKING GOOD USE OF THINGS

Klein's memories of the paper crane were still fresh on his mind. Back then, Will Auceptin had used this item to locate Dr. Aaron's Astral Projection and injected information into him while he was dreaming of the spirit world in his dreams. It created a revelation that evolved into a specific dream.

Klein later exchanged a paper crane, he had folded himself, for Will Auceptin's and had gone above the gray fog to make a divination. He failed to gain any effective conclusions until Dr. Aaron's wife got pregnant. By calculating the time and from his understanding of the situation between a Sequence 1 and Sequence 0, he guessed that Will Auceptin was performing a cyclic restart, and he guessed that Will was in an intense battle with another Snake of Fate for the position of Sequence 0. And the nightmare that came with the paper crane was only an auxiliary outcome. Its true purpose was to help Will Auceptin secretly become a fetus.

What was most humorous about this matter was that the paper crane, that Klein had folded, had ended up being treated as the original from Will Auceptin, and the Nighthawks had used even cruder means to replicate one to swap them.

Will Auceptin's paper crane had always been above the gray fog after I had thrown it up there. I nearly forgot about it… Performing divination on it can only gain an extremely vague revelation. If there weren't any other developments, it would be hard to infer that the child conceived by Dr. Aaron's wife was Will Arrodes. On the contrary, Will Arrodes can use it to

locate it in the spirit world, just like how Arrodes can rely on the gray fog's aura to connect to the radio transceiver via the spirit world…

Eh, there seems to be some possibility for this matter… Klein suddenly sat straight and had an extremely creative idea.

He wanted to use the paper crane to communicate with Will Auceptin in a dream!

*This might not be of any use to me, the present me. There might even be certain hidden dangers, but if Will Auceptin is really the Snake of Fate from the Life School of Thought, my act of providing him with intelligence will definitely win me a favorable impression… Towards an existence at the level of a King of Angels, it's necessary to make investments ahead of time. If I wait until he's really born, I might be repaid dozens of times over. Since I won't die from trying, uh—I can still revive if I die… *Although Klein had such a thought, he was in fact very cautious. He planned on divining the danger above the gray fog before deciding on executing his plan.

After busying himself and confirming that the danger involved was acceptable, he used a ritual to bring back the paper crane from above the gray fog into the real world.

Perhaps it was because it came from a Sequence 1 Snake of Fate, the paper crane didn't exhibit any peculiarities from its prolonged stay above the gray fog. It remained ordinary.

I hope the aura above the gray fog didn't neutralize its uniqueness; otherwise, Will Auceptin won't be able to locate it. Hmm, the Sequence before Snake of Fate is Soothsayer. Would this matter already be within Will Auceptin's expectations?

The reason why he chose Dr. Aaron is because he's my friend. And by doing so, he can establish a connection with me? Am I being too narcissistic…

However, this question is worth suspecting. After Will Auceptin used the paper crane to locate Dr. Aaron, he could've directly "reincarnated," so why did he repeatedly make him have nightmares? Furthermore, the dream also indicated the struggle between the Snakes of Fate. To an ordinary person, they would neither understand it or play a meaningful role in this matter. Isn't this like using a gaze to entice a blind person?

Will Auceptin created the dream for me?

Klein frowned slightly and had certain guesses.

He suppressed his puzzlement and picked up a fountain pen. As he filled it with ink, he considered a sentence to leave on the paper crane to garner Will Auceptin's attention.

What should I write? Klein recalled what Arrodes had informed him about the situation with the Life School of Thought, and he felt that there was one line that could encompass everything while feeling extremely fresh and filled with emotions.

That line was: "Your home blew up!"

This sentence is overly crude and direct while lacking manners. Besides, Will Auceptin might not be the president of the Life School of Thought… Klein deliberated and slightly spread open the paper crane. On the different surfaces, he wrote different words that formed a very short sentence: "Roy King has been captured."

After doing all of this, Klein put down the fountain pen and placed the paper crane into his wallet, just like Dr. Aaron had done before.

…

In the periphery of the Rorsted sea, on a gigantic fog-covered island far from the main sea routes.

Amidst a shrill cry, a blue bird of prey that resembled a shadow had plummeted from the sky and crashed heavily into the ground. It sent soil scattering as its blood splattered.

Alger Wilson remained cautious. He stood far away and raised his left hand which had an iron-black ring on his thumb. He pointed it at the terrifying Beyonder creature known as a Blue Shadow Falcon.

On the tip of the ring was a spike-like protrusion. It was tainted with old blood, looking ancient and sinister.

This was the mystical item he had bought from an Artisan, using Steel Maveti's bounty. He publicly claimed that it cost him 5,200 pounds despite it actually only costing 3,100 pounds.

The ring's name was "Whip of Mind." It could deliver irresistible intense mental damage to an enemy. Apart from that, it could strengthen Alger's mastery of various weapons; therefore, it wasn't actually very expensive.

Back then, the Artisan and his friend had two mystical items. One was the "Whip of Mind" and the other was the "Ring of Witchcraft." The latter had more abilities and high adaptability while costing almost the same as the former. It was a better choice, but after serious consideration, Alger still chose the Whip of Mind. He believed that without such an item, his hunting of the Blue Shadow Falcon would be several times more difficult. This was because it was a Beyonder creature that could fly. And reality had proven that his judgment was right.

For this, Alger was willing to experience a constant headache, a nagging feeling that made him want to slam his head into a wall.

After waiting for several minutes, he saw points of light float up from the Blue Shadow Falcon. Six crystalline feathers condensed around its wing as Alger heaved a sigh of relief and walked over.

He had a flaxen cloth tied around his forehead, and embedded inside it was a blood-red gem that emitted a light that resembled the moonlight.

This was meant to be the Vampire Baron inheritance for Emlyn White, but Alger wasn't in a hurry to complete the transaction after obtaining it. Instead, he used the characteristic, which he could use to a certain extent, to add insurance to his hunt for the Blue Shadow Falcon.

At times, being a middleman is rather nice… Alger put away the six crystalline feathers as he sighed silently.

He straightened his body and looked towards the towering mountain peak and dense forest around it on the primitive island. He felt that many indescribable dangers lurked there.

My strength is insufficient to explore the area… Alger retracted his gaze and walked towards the island's periphery, constantly wary for any "predators" around him.

Soon, he jumped into the sea, and with his powers as a Seafarer, he easily swam into the distance. His ghost ship was anchored there, and his sailors were still sleeping thanks to the Sanguine's anesthetic gas.

To come to this primitive island, the ship had to steer away from the main sea routes. In a situation where sea monsters lurked while the storms lingered, navigating would take at least six hours, with the danger of sinking at any moment. Only a Seafarer who was familiar with the route could bring the ship close.

…

Deep into the night, Klein, who had rested an entire day, put down his newspapers and burrowed into bed.

Just as he was about to fall asleep, he suddenly thought of a problem.

Now that Danitz has returned to the Golden Dream, would it be a waste for me to stay in a large suite alone? Klein nodded indiscernibly and decided to check out at daybreak and switch to another inn.

After making up his mind, he quickly fell asleep. Suddenly, his mind became clear from its prior haziness.

He knew that some force had intruded into his dream!

I'm very impressive to be able to sense the dream intrusion of a Snake of Fate. No—the gray fog is very impressive… Klein surveyed his surroundings and discovered that he was located in a pitch-black desolate plain. Not far away was a black steeple.

This was a scene he had formerly seen in Dr. Aaron's dream, but at this moment, there wasn't a mysterious silver giant snake on the steeple.

Klein nodded in thought as he sped up his pace and entered the pitch-black steeple. It remained ancient and decadent. The layout was chaotic, with the staircase occasionally spiraling upwards and dropping downwards diagonally at times. Some of the rooms were normal; others were upside down, and there were others that were embedded into other parts.

Passing through, door after door and wall after wall, Klein once again arrived deep inside the black tower.

There were tarot cards scattered around here as they clustered towards the ground in the middle which was slightly protruded.

There was a line of silver words and a portrait.

The portrait was that of the chubby Apothecary, and the silver words formed the sentence: "Inform Darkwill."

So the chubby Apothecary's name is Darkwill… Will Auceptin really is the Snake of Fate from the Life School of Thought. And I really can use the

paper crane to communicate with him in a dream… Klein waited for a moment, and seeing that there weren't any other revelations, he exited the dream and fell asleep again.

…

After daybreak, Klein asked if there weren't any additional charges for checking out at noon, he then put on his top hat and rode a carriage to the Red Theater's entrance.

This famous brothel was in its quietest period of the day, it was like it was a ghost house.

Klein glanced at it before walking diagonally across to the alley and arriving outside Darkwill's folk herb store.

He suddenly sensed something as he looked up at the roof, and he saw a fat owl perched there, looking at him.

*The chubby Apothecary was apparently attempting to tame a Beyonder animal before… *Klein retracted his gaze in thought as he knocked on the door.

Thump! Thump! Thump! Thump! Thump! Thump!

After waiting for a while, he saw Darkwill open the door with his eyes hardly open.

“…You aren't sick," Darkwill said after observing him.

Klein maintained Gehrman Sparrow's cold expression and politely widened the corners of his mouth.

"Good morning, Mr. Apothecary.

"I've found your teacher."

"For real?" Darkwill asked in disbelief. "You just received the mission the day before yesterday…”

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CHAPTER 592
THREE ADVANCEMENTS IN A WEEK

What has "me receiving the mission the day before yesterday" have to do with when I find him? If I didn't need to spend a day waiting for the Snake of Fate, Will Auceptin, to locate me, I could've done so 24 hours earlier… That's what professionalism is! Klein answered calmly, "You can choose not to hear what I have to say."

Darkwill choked back the words he had prepared as his facial muscles twitched.

"Go ahead and say it."

Klein described flatly, "I received intel that Roy King has been captured by the military and is presently imprisoned in the governor-general's office."

News I received from Arrodes… he added inwardly.

"For real?" Darkwill couldn't hold back again as he widened his eyes and blurted out a retort.

Klein nodded indiscernibly and said, "My information source is sufficiently reliable."

"But I have no way of confirming it…" Darkwill said in hesitation.

"This is because it involves an important Sealed Artifact of the Life School of Thought," Klein said directly.

Darkwill immediately jumped in fright as he took two steps back and looked around warily, afraid that someone had heard what Klein had just said.

Can this sort of thing be said out on the street? He knows that we're from the Life School of Thought, and he knows that Old Man is involved in an important Sealed Artifact… I only learned of that from my last communication with him… Darkwill gradually began to believe the adventurer in front of him.

Klein swept a glance at the owl who swooped down and landed on the chubby Apothecary's shoulder.

"You can make your payment."

"I can't confirm it. I can't just believe what you say, right…" Darkwill said stubbornly.

Then, he saw the eyes of the adventurer in front of him turn abnormally cold.

He trembled and hurriedly said, "Alright. I'll barely count it as you completing the mission."

Unwillingly, he took out a wad of cash from a secret pocket in his witchdoctor robes and handed Klein 100 pounds in change.

Although he was a Beyonder, the physical enhancements he obtained from his job as an Apothecary and Beast Tamer wasn't enough to play a role in direct combat. He wasn't necessarily able to defeat an ordinary person with a revolver. As for the Beyonder pet he reared, it was also a fellow without any combat powers. Faced with an experienced and resourceful adventurer who was also likely a Beyonder, both he and the owl together wasn't necessarily his match. All he could do was act as he said.

It wasn't easy saving up that amount of money… he lamented inwardly.

It was indeed profitable being an Apothecary, even more so when out in the colonies. There were pirates, sailors, and adventurers. There were all sorts of people, and the official organizations were more relaxed on enforcing the rules. He could sell certain banned medicine without anyone coming to knock at his door. For the past two months, just the customers from the Red Theater was enough to earn him more than what he previously earned in a year.

However, as a Beyonder, his expenses were huge as well. The savings he had had primarily been expended when advancing to Beast Tamer. Later, he reared a pet and, with great difficulty, bought the potion formula and ingredients for it. He also purchased defensive charms for himself, leaving him only a few hundred pounds in savings.

Klein received the cash and, while counting it, verified their authenticity before putting it in his pocket and leaving.

After seeing Klein's figure disappear from the alley, Darkwill's expression sank.

*It's too dangerous here… Too dangerous… I have to leave as quickly as possible! *As he mumbled, he returned inside his herb store. Once inside, he dragged a brown suitcase and quickly stuffed all sorts of clothes and cash which had been folded neatly into it.

Finally, he poured out the notes and coins of different denominations from the cash register, stuffed them into his pocket, and took the fake identification documents he had spent a fortune on. With the brown suitcase, he walked out of his folk herb store.

Looking back at the various medicinal ingredients he hadn't finished selling yet, Darkwill's chubby face clearly twitched.

He took a breath and locked the door while resisting his aching heart. He went straight for the harbor by getting a rental carriage, heading for Bayam's liner ticketing company.

It's too dangerous, way too dangerous. Old Man has been caught… He's been caught… he sat in the carriage and repeated himself silently as he trembled.

In this state, he finally arrived at the ticketing company, and after paying for the carriage, he rushed into the lobby and queued up for the liner to East Balam.

Phew… Phew… Darkwill kept taking a few deep breaths as he closely followed the customer ahead of him and shifted forward.

"Get me the first ship out of here," he emphasized to himself.

As he sporadically inched forward, Darkwill finally calmed down.

His expression occasionally turned twisted before quickly calming down. This repeated numerous times.

When there was only one customer left in front of him, Darkwill paused on the spot.

Dumbass! You dumbass! he cursed himself and immediately turned around, carried his suitcase, and walked out the ticketing lobby with his identification documents.

…

Klein didn't care how Darkwill was saving his teacher, Roy King. He believed that it wasn't something that needed his concern.

They have the Life School of Thought backing them. Even if they recently fractured, they're an ancient organization that was born in the early Fifth Epoch, making it have hundreds of years of history. It has a considerable heritage. Chubby Apothecary will naturally be able to find someone to help… If even the Life School of Thought can't do it, it will be useless even if I get the entire Tarot Club to help. So there's no need for me to worry for

him. The military in Bayam has a demigod… Of course, he might not be in the governor-general's office and might be in the military base. Inside the carriage, Klein took out his wallet and looked at the paper crane in it, wondering if he should immediately throw it above the gray fog.

I'll wait longer. Perhaps that Snake of Fate, Will Auceptin, might want to give me some perks… I should prepare a pencil next time. I neglected a problem. A paper crane is only this big. Using a fountain pen will quickly leave it without space to write… That will make me unable to contact Will Auceptin and end up just waiting passively. And I can't keep the paper crane on me all day. In a few days, I'll send it back to the junk pile above the gray fog. After all, I cannot always have Will Auceptin tracking me. I have to be careful… Klein quickly made a decision and returned to the Wind of Azure Inn, packed his suitcase, and checked out of the luxurious suite.

To his delight, on Danitz's second time here, he had made a prepayment, making him responsible for the 5 soli in fees.

Soon, Klein switched to a different district and came to Otum Street, which was close to Amyris Leaf Bar. He stayed in an inn called Tiana. He got a clean and simple room which cost him 2 soli 2 pence every day. There was also a complimentary cup of fruit juice squeezed from the gigantic fruit named Tiana.

As he drank the slightly sweet milky fruit juice, Klein no longer cared about his image. He slumped into a reclining chair and decided to daze off and take a nap for the next two hours before going above the gray fog to browse through the prayers of his believers to experience the different facades people have.

…

Backlund, the White family.

Emlyn looked at the blood-red "gem" that appeared in front of him at the altar, and he seemed to be able to hear it resonating with his blood.

After thanking Mr. Fool, he picked up the gem and felt the uniqueness flowing within it, so as to confirm that it was the inheritance from a Sanguine baron.

*As long as I prepare the corresponding inheritance ritual and supplementary ingredients, I'll become a Baron. And this isn't difficult at this stage, *Emlyn thought with anticipation and glee. *According to the humans' system, I would be a Sequence 6 Beyonder. The corresponding name is Potions Professor!*

…

In the blink of an eye, it was Monday again. Above the Fog Sea, a fleet was tearing through the thin fog and blue sea.

Their flagship was a gigantic sailboat which hung a unique flag on it. It depicted an eyelash-less eye with ten stars surrounding it.

Admiral of Stars Cattleya stood by the window of the captain's cabin as she quietly looked at the sunlight that shone through the thin fog until the wall clock produced its cuckoo.

She glanced at the time and quickly converted the time to Loen time. She then pulled the curtains and sat behind her desk.

Placed on the red wooden table were a brass sextant and a light-blue celestial globe. The latter's surface had a large swath of blankness, regions that hadn't been explored or were impossible to explore.

Cattleya reached out her fingers and played with the celestial globe before closing her eyes as she awaited The Fool's summoning.

Before long, a crimson light flooded her eyes, drowning the prepared her completely.

By the time she got used to the changes, she found herself in the holy palace propped up with stone columns. She was before a long, mottled bronze table.

While Miss Justice was greeting everyone energetically, Cattleya also expressed her respects to Mr. Fool who was still covered in the grayish-white fog.

She did a simple sweep, and her black eyes with a slight tinge of purple suddenly constricted.

She realized that The Hanged Man, The Moon, and The Sun who were sitting opposite her had slight changes in their outward spirituality. It was different from before!

This indicated that they had advanced!

This meant that they had advanced in the past few days!

In just a week, three Tarot Club members have advanced. It's likely that The Hanged Man and The Moon have already reached Sequence 6… Is this a coincidence? They happened to consume the potion this week? In terms of probability, there's a possibility. The Moon and The Sun were purchasing ingredients last week, but this also serves to show that the Tarot Club members advance very quickly; otherwise, there wouldn't be such a coincidence…

Of course, it's not strange to advance quickly below Sequence 5 once a Beyonder masters the acting method and isn't lacking in resources… From Sequence 6 to Sequence 5, there's a need for a ritual, and the digestion becomes increasingly difficult. It's difficult for such matters to happen again… Cattleya retracted her gaze.

Following that, Audrey apologized to Mr. Fool, saying that she hadn't been in contact with the Psychology Alchemists recently and wasn't able to provide any Roselle diary pages. Fors was in a similar situation. Her teacher was slow in replying to her, and the cold weather outside left her resistant against the idea of heading out.

Having just advanced and having many things to settle, Derrick wasn't able to produce new ancient myths. Klein could only calmly nod.

Upon seeing this Derrick heaved a sigh of relief and turned his head to the other end of the long bronze table.

"Mr. World, I've obtained the method for separating a Beyonder characteristic from the mental corruption left by a Rampager."

Don't say it so directly… At the other end of the bronze table, Klein's expression nearly froze.

Little Sun, although you have promised several times in the past, making Miss Justice and Mr. Hanged Man know of this matter, can't you see that Ma'am Hermit just joined? Klein resisted the urge to facepalm.

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CHAPTER 593
SOLUTION

*The method for separating a Rampager's mental corruption from a Beyonder characteristic… *The Hermit Cattleya shot a glance at The World and guessed that he might've obtained one to two Beyonder characteristics that a Rampager left behind. In addition, one of them likely involved the advancement characteristic for The World or someone close to him.

This was a very easy inference since if one didn't use a Beyonder characteristic as the main ingredient of a potion, the mental corruption of a Rampager in it didn't matter if it was made into a mystical item. At worst, the negative side effects would be extremely strong, making it equivalent to a Sealed Artifact, but that didn't mean that there was no way of using it.

After adjusting his emotions, Klein controlled The World to answer hoarsely, "Write it on a piece of paper and pass it to me."

With that said, Klein originally wished to encourage Little Sun for being a trustworthy person, but upon considering how The World's image was that of a gloomy and reserved person who didn't say anything else unless he had ulterior motives. He instantly fell into a slight dilemma.

No, there's an ulterior motive… By letting Little Sun maintain his principles, it will make things a lot easier in the future. To put it simply, it will be easier to fleece him… Of course, I'll have to suffer the damage from his honesty and uprightness as a result… The World is an experienced and shrewd Beyonder in the eyes of Miss Justice, Mr. Hanged Man, and the others. They likely wouldn't notice any problems… Klein's mind raced as he made The World let out a deep laugh.

"You're really a trustworthy person. Your character is worthy of praise."

The Hanged Man pricked up his brows and took the initiative to say to Derrick, "I'm also interested in the knowledge regarding this. What can I use to trade for this information?"

He planned to do the transaction if it wasn't too expensive, and he would give up if it exceeded his expectations. After all, he didn't have any use for it at the moment.

Having been praised, Derrick was still lost in his joy. After two seconds of thought, he said with abnormal sincerity, "Mr. Hanged Man, there's no need. You've often been giving me suggestions in the past when I was faced with trials. Just treat it as a way of showing my appreciation."

*… If The World is a real person and was drinking, he definitely would've spewed out all the water in his mouth. Thankfully, he's neither drinking, nor is he real. *Klein mustered all the Beyonder powers of a Clown to ensure his expression remained unchanged.

"…”

The Hanged Man was briefly at a loss for words. The Sun's reply was completely out of his expectations.

He had been traveling the seas for years and had experienced numerous encounters. His outlook on things was no longer that of black and white, with it mainly shades of gray. At this moment, he felt a baffling sense of guilt.

"Your character is really worthy of praise," Alger quickly composed himself and praised Little Sun.

Don't copy what I said! Can't you use a different sentence… The World glanced at The Hanged Man as The Fool lamented how wily old foxes were all one and the same.

Dumbass! No, he's dumber than an ass! A dumb sheep! The Moon Emlyn silently condemned The Sun.

From this morning, he had been filled with anticipation for this Tarot Gathering, as he had already advanced to Baron and had wished to find a chance to covertly flaunt himself.

*They might not be able to tell, apart from Mr. Fool… Mr. Hanged Man likely can guess it… I should do something later to let them know that I'm an honorable Lord Baron… *Emlyn pondered as he listened.

Towards Little Sun's words, Justice Audrey didn't feel any guilt or anger, as she knew very well that Mr. Hanged Man had been the one who had been guiding him every time. The others were only occasionally giving suggestions.

This is the natural result of being a good person… I hope Mr. Hanged Man will become kinder in the future… She watched this scene in delight and didn't have the urge to spend money to obtain the method for separating the mental corruption from a Beyonder characteristic.

Derrick quickly turned around and obtained Mr. Fool's approval and conjured two yellowish-brown goatskin parchments.

Klein controlled The World and took a piece. He scanned it impatiently.

"There are two methods. The first is to use an item that can steal the Beyonder powers of others. Extract the mental corruption left behind by a Rampager and concoct the Beyonder characteristic into a potion before the theft loses effect. This way, the mental corruption will have nowhere to go and will directly dissipate.

"The second is to hold a ritual and pray to one of the two mystical items in our City of Silver. Use its feedback to shatter the Beyonder characteristic and let the mental corruption expire. After that, the Beyonder characteristic will automatically gather together slowly.

"I only managed to obtain the corresponding ritual's procedure and was unable to obtain the precise description of the item. Only the elders of the six-member council have the right to know it and preside over such a ritual.

"The ritual's procedure is…

Hmm… Thoughts went through Klein's mind as he nearly forgot to control the dummy, The World.

The first method is indeed something I never considered before… The Sealed Artifact, Blood Vessel Thief, behind the Chanis Gate in Tingen City is able to steal a target's Beyonder powers. By viewing a mental corruption as one of them, there's nothing wrong with this logic…

But here comes the problem. The mental corruption inside the All-Black Eye isn't that of an ordinary Beyonder but from the evil god, True Creator. Regardless of if it's the Beyonder who's stealing the power or a mystical item of a similar trait, it will not be able to withstand such mental corruption. The former has a hundred percent chance of losing control, while the latter will directly be corrupted…

In theory, I can sacrifice a similar mystical item and use it to replace the All-Black Eye's corruption. However, the timing has to be done perfectly without any errors; otherwise, the two items might end up corrupted.

Klein quickly analyzed the viability of the first option. As for the second option, it was similar to his and Edwina's previous guess. Only the details were somewhat different.

The two powerful mystical items in the City of Silver are, at best, Grade 0. Basically, it can't be a true god's Sequence 0 remains; otherwise, they wouldn't be in such a pathetic state in the Forsaken Land of the Gods. Therefore, does it mean that in order to shatter a Beyonder characteristic, one doesn't need a god's strength? It's enough to do it at the level of an angel? According to Little Sun, an angel is equivalent to a subsidiary god and can barely be considered a god…

*Yes… This matter can be verified. Sea God Kalvetua only obtained a portion of Calamity Cohinem's characteristic. The remaining part is in the Book of Calamity… There might even be a third part. I wonder where it's hidden since it helps this high elf, at the level of an angel, be able to resist death. In short, it can be seen that Cohinem's Beyonder characteristic was split into at least two parts. This is essentially the same as shattering a Beyonder characteristic. *

With all the evidence validating each other, I can make a preliminary conclusion that as long as the ritual is right, the feedback of a powerhouse at the angel level will be able to shatter a Beyonder characteristic. Then, here comes the problem. Where do I find an angel…

Mr. Azik might be one at his peak, but he clearly hasn't recovered yet. As for Saints, Snake of Fate, Will Auceptin, is only a fetus that hasn't even been born at the moment.

Klein didn't spend too much time thinking, deciding to consider how to resolve the problem after the Tarot Gathering ended.

With that, Alger quickly scanned the area and gained an understanding to a certain degree.

Towards this, he had a theory.

Getting The World to seek the method to separate the mental corruption from a Beyonder characteristic is likely a test Mr. Fool had given to his Blessed.

But does this imply that Mr. Fool's strength has only recovered to the level of a Saint and not an Angel? Otherwise, there's no need to go through such trouble. He could've directly removed it.

How long has it been? It's just been seven months and Mr. Fool has already recovered to this extent… Right, "He" can already respond in place of Sea God Kalvetua!

In another one to two years, he will likely be able to escape from his seal. Standing at the pinnacle as an Angel, he will just be one step short of the ultimate goal.

Ignoring The Hanged Man's reaction, Cattleya looked at The Hanged Man and thought for a few seconds before chuckling.

"I'm not sure if those methods include one of the methods I know of.

"I can provide it for free. An Unshadowed of the Sun pathway can directly cleanse away the mental corruption in a Beyonder characteristic."

Ma'am Hermit is a lot more proactive than the last time… Has she adjusted her state of mind, or does she have a motive? Or could it be that she's discovered that everyone else is a weakling, so there's no need to be too careful… Klein was first surprised with Cattleya's attitude before being delighted that he had obtained a third method. It was from the Sun pathway which the City of Silver lacked.

But I can't find the help of an Unshadowed, although I do have an incomplete Unshadowed potion formula… He controlled The World to deliberate for a moment before having him turn to Cattleya to laugh deeply.

"Thank you for your generosity, Ma'am Hermit."

Following that, he switched to the demeanor of a salesman and asked Derrick, "Do you know of a book named Groselle's Travels?"

Derrick thought seriously before honestly shaking his head.

"No."

No… Klein nearly failed to continue what he had to say, but thankfully, he steadied himself and let The World explain himself, "It's a magical book that originates from dragons. Many of its owners have vanished."

"Originates from dragons?" Audrey keenly noticed this important point as she asked with interest.

"Yes, a Beyonder plans on selling it for 8,000 pounds," The World said hoarsely.

He didn't raise the price above Edwina's offer because he had yet to bargain with her. This was where he could profit on the trade. Besides, even if Edwina insisted on 8,000 pounds, he could still obtain Groselle's Travels and study it. It was worth the time he spent closing the deal.

Audrey pursed her lips slightly as she darted her eyes around a little and cautiously asked, "What's so magical about it?"

"…It requires further study." The World chose to be honest.

"I'll consider it." Audrey wasn't in a hurry to agree to it because 8,000 pounds was also a considerable sum of money to her as well. Especially with her having just been reimbursed for Lie, it was very difficult for her father, Earl Hall, to accept a book of unknown purpose. And if she were to rely on herself, it would take her at least three to four months—this was built on the premise that she had already purchased the Psychiatrist's Beyonder characteristic for Susie.

Hence, she turned to ask The World about the Psychiatrist Beyonder characteristic.

…I mainly spent this week hunting Vice Admiral Ailment and failed. I didn't find a Grazing target to switch to… Klein was instantly left somewhat embarrassed, feeling as though The World's shrewd image had been damaged.

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CHAPTER 594
THE WORLD'S COMMISSION

Thankfully, The World didn't have the ability to blush red. As long as he wasn't controlled, there was no change to his state.

He chuckled darkly.

"Another few more days."

Audrey nodded with a reserved attitude and didn't rush him. This was because Susie didn't express any desire in advancing anytime soon. After all, she was only a dog.

The Hanged Man, The Moon, and The Sun had just advanced a few days ago, so they were in the stage of converging their spirituality and practicing their new Beyonder powers. They had no desire to purchase the subsequent potion formulas or corresponding Sanguine inheritance. They calmly waited until the transaction phase came to an end.

Besides, they didn't have spare cash. Although Alger had "lowered" the price Emlyn White had to pay for the Sanguine Baron inheritance to 4,300 pounds and 300 pounds in commission, allowing him to earn 1,400 pounds, he had spent quite a bit on the Whip of Mind. All he had left was 1,445 pounds.

After purchasing the Sanguine Baron inheritance, new dolls, and doll dresses, he still had 2,300 pounds in savings. Although it seemed like a sizable amount, the subsequent ingredients were that of a Sanguine Viscount. It would cost at least 8,000 pounds. As for Derrick, he had

exchanged all his merit points that he had previously accumulated, and he was waiting to be sent out for a patrolling or exploration mission.

Fors and Audrey were similarly not seeking to purchase the potion formulas of the subsequent Sequences since they could obtain them from their own resource channels. Furthermore, there was no need to hide it or waste money at the Tarot Club. Audrey simply wasn't too nitpicky when it came to money; it didn't mean she was dumb.

On the other hand, Cattleya was still observing and wasn't in a rush to reveal what she needed. On the other hand, she didn't believe that the other Tarot Club members apart from Mr. Fool could provide anything she needed. After all, to a pirate admiral who had advanced to Sequence 5 for years, what she desired most was the level of demigod. Therefore, she only looked calmly at The Sun and the others, with her slightly dark purple eyes, and without making any attempts at speaking.

Klein thought for a moment and controlled The World to add, "Is anyone able to obtain a mystical item with very potent offensive strength?"

The target of his question was directed at The Hermit. This was because only Admiral of Stars, who had traveled the seas for so many years, could satisfy his request. Even The Hanged Man and the that Artisan he knew couldn't do it unless he could provide them with a corresponding Sequence 6 or even a Sequence 5 Beyonder characteristic.

Cattleya fell silent for two seconds before slowly shaking her head.

"If something similar appears at the Beyonder gatherings I participate in, I'll help you take note."

All these years, she had killed several Beyonders and had indeed obtained a certain number of Beyonder characteristics and mystical items, but they were either rewarded to her pirate subordinates, or she had exchanged them for two powerful items that greatly enhanced her strength and survivability.

She didn't have anything to spare. Furthermore, she needed the two items and wouldn't sell them before she advanced to the level of demigod.

From the looks of it, Admiral of Stars isn't a well-to-do person either. A huge faction implies large expenses… Klein silently sighed and made The World thank her with his hoarse voice.

With the transactions quickly coming to an end, he controlled The World to look at Fors.

"I wish to entrust you with a mission."

"Me?" Fors was a little surprised.

Could it be something like buying a radio transceiver again? she thought as the corners of her mouth twitched slightly.

The World nodded.

"Go to Williams Street, which borders West Borough and Empress Borough, and circle the place. Do it once every two to three days. Take note of any abnormalities. If there are any, then inform me immediately."

He didn't use Mr. Fool to bring focus on the matter, as everyone was already used to it and experienced. Furthermore, beneath Williams Street was precisely the location of the Tudor family's ruins where the evil spirit was lingering.

"Abnormality? What would be considered abnormal?" Fors asked, feeling puzzled and cautious.

There might be something abnormal about Williams Street in Backlund? Audrey was originally not very interested in the topic, but at that moment, she pricked up her ears and paid close attention.

She trusted Mr. World's ability to gather intelligence to a great extent. The Great Smog of Backlund was evidence of his ability!

West Borough, Empress Borough… Sounds like it's located at Loen's capital, Backlund… Miss Magician is presently in Backlund? Indeed. She looks ordinary, but she isn't in any way. To a secret organization, members in a city are often more powerful in other places… Of course, she might also be like me—a coincidence of fate because she requested to be roped in.… Cattleya swept a glance at Fors and quickly analyzed the information revealed from the conversation.

Alger was suddenly interested since he knew that The World was the representative of Mr. Fool's Blessed. Whatever he paid attention to had a high chance of involving a conflict at the upper echelons!

Just what secret lies within that street named Williams Street? Alger couldn't help but try to guess at the deeper truth.

How would I know what abnormalities there will be… Klein mumbled before getting The World to answer gloomily, "I believe there will be sufficient abnormalities.

"I have to warn you that if you really notice anything abnormal, do not attempt to investigate it on your own or hire someone to do the investigation. It will be very dangerous.

"How much do you think is an adequate reward?"

Very dangerous.… Fors instinctively wished to decline the mission.

However, considering how immense the influence of the Great Smog of Backlund was, one that even affected her, she wasn't sure if this abnormality wouldn't cause her harm. As such, she became hesitant.

After a few seconds, she changed her languid seating posture and said, "100 pounds."

"Much lower than I imagined." The World chuckled.

Fors spread her hands and said, "It's because it's for myself as well."

I'll just treat it as "people observation" in order to gather material for my novel… That's right, I can't stay at home all day. It's time for me to get out. I have to push forward the matter of acting as a Trickmaster. Just conjuring tricks to amuse Xio isn't enough to digest it… How should I act? Join a circus to perform tricks? Or should I do individual performances at different squares? I don't have to be worried about how the people I know view me. As an author, life experience is a basic trait… Fors's thoughts gradually dispersed.

After settling this matter, Klein made The World turn his head to The Hanged Man and chuckle darkly.

"I received intel that the Church of Storms has taken action. The matter at Bansy Harbor has been preliminarily been resolved."

Having been drifting out at sea for the past week, Alger, who hadn't had any contact with the Church, immediately replied with a solemn voice, "What's the final outcome?"

"There won't be a Bansy Harbor for some time," The World replied with a concealed smile.

At this moment, Audrey and company realized what they were talking about.

That was the place with the ancient name Binsy, and it had the present name of Bansy!

It was the place where descendants of the King of Angels Medici resided!

Is Mr. World implying that the Church of Storms has leveled Bansy Harbor? That's really in their style. That's good too. There's no need to worry that

the innocent there will be corrupted… I wonder if the King of Angels Medici appeared or escaped. Would the pontiff of the Church of Storms appear in person, or was a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact used… Audrey heaved a sigh of relief as she asked with brightened eyes, "Mr. World, do you know of the specifics?"

"No, no one knows, other than the upper echelons of the Church of Storms." The World stole a glance at The Hanged Man.

The Hanged Man fell silent, feeling the burning ambition in his chest once more.

*I want to become a member of the Church's upper echelons! *he emphasized to himself.

The Hermit Cattleya, who had joined the Tarot Gathering a second time, basically didn't understand what they were talking about.

As a pirate admiral, she was no stranger to Bansy Harbor, but she didn't know what had happened there. She also had no idea why the Church of Storms would destroy the place and why it would require a long period of time to rebuild it.

*It should be a very serious matter that deals with the higher-ups… The members of the Tarot Club seems to be aware of the reason… Although their Sequences aren't high, they seem to know a lot and are involved in many matters… apart from The Sun… This is the reason why Mr. Fool tacitly agreed to have them establish this gathering? Through the Tarot Club, they will indirectly influence various matters of different organizations? *Cattleya once again reevaluated her understanding of the other members and was increasingly impressed with them.

She still maintained her silence and didn't inquire. This left Audrey, who was waiting to flaunt via answering in response to The Hermit's puzzlement, disappointed.

Even for Ma'am Hermit, it's unlikely that she'll be involved in matters regarding a King of Angels. No, she might not even know about the existence of a King of Angels… Audrey thought spontaneously.

After talking about the outcome of Bansy Harbor and waiting for a moment, Emlyn White immediately cleared his throat and said, "Thanks to Mr. Hanged Man's help, I'm already a Baron.

"I have a question. As a Sanguine, do I need to use the acting method like you humans do in order to expedite the so-called digestion after advancing to a Baron, so as to better grasp the Beyonder characteristic?"

His back was extremely sharp as his neck was slightly elevated while his chin was slightly tipped upwards.

I'm sorry. Mr. Fool isn't able to answer this question of yours. But in theory, it's required. After all, you are using the "inheritance" of others… Klein leaned back in his chair and sat amidst the gray fog as he leisurely looked at the other members of the Tarot Club.

Cattleya scanned her surroundings and said, "A Sanguine Baron corresponds to the Sequence 6 Potions Professor?"

"Yes," Emlyn replied, unable to hide his smile.

He wasn't stupid. From the previous transactions and interactions, he had determined the Sequences of the other members apart from The World. He believed that he was one of the strongest members of the Tarot Club. Of course, this was excluding Mr. Fool and the recently recruited Ma'am Hermit.

Mr. Moon is already at Sequence 6? Why does he seem more immature than The Sun… Audrey pursed her lips.

At that moment, Cattleya said, "It requires acting because this pathway only has the name Vampire at Sequence 7. As for you, you were born in that

state. There's no need to act, but it's required for the other Sequences."

"Ma'am Hermit, which pathway does that Sequence 7 belong to?" Audrey blinked her eyes as she curiously asked before Emlyn White could say a word.

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CHAPTER 595
DOMAIN

Without waiting for The Hermit to answer, Audrey added, "If you believe this is an important piece of information and isn't something to be given for free, then I can provide you with some payment."

"No, there's no need to. Anyone familiar with the Feynapotter's Church of Earth Mother will have some understanding of this." Cattleya didn't doubt Miss Justice's sincerity when it came to the principle of equal exchange. She believed that Miss Justice was fully capable of satisfying her price in terms of wealth and resources, but she decided to provide the information for free.

Firstly, it raised Miss Justice's impression on her and would build a foundation for any future transactions. Secondly, by providing the information, she could observe the reactions of the members and estimate their standing in their own organizations and factions.

I'm very familiar with the Earth Mother's Blessed, Bishop Utravsky, but I didn't know anything about that… Of course, I truly am a little scared of him. His height and build are just too intimidating. Every time I'm there, I only seek out Emlyn White… Sitting at the end of the long bronze table, Klein thought in a self-deprecating manner.

Cattleya didn't pause as she continued, "Vampire is from the Moon pathway. The corresponding Sequence 9 is Apothecary; Sequence 8 is Beast Tamer; Sequence 6 is Potions Professor; Sequence 5 is Scarlet Scholar; Sequence 4 is Shaman King. I'm not sure about the higher Sequences."

"Ahem." Emlyn White coughed. "Ma'am Hermit, I have to emphasize that it's Sanguine, not Vampire. Heh heh, I won't object it if you call those humans who consume the characteristics of my kinsmen vampires. I would even be very agreeable to it."

So Vampire is from the Apothecary pathway. So is Shaman King. It's no wonder they revere the Primordial Moon and not the Goddess…

Could the Scarlet Lunar Corona, that Ma'am Sharron obtained, be from a dead Scarlet Scholar or Sanguine Viscount? Apart from being able to recreate the effects of a full moon and neutralizing the corresponding effects, it can provide terrifying speed, unimaginable recovery speed, and rather powerful darkness-related spells. The negative effects can be neutralized by drinking the fresh blood of the living… Indeed, it does seem to be a result of a Sanguine…

Among the various jobs of this pathway, there are some that resemble the Seer pathway. There's no connection between the Sequences, while there are some that have an obvious progression. How strange…

Klein joined the bits of bread crumbs together, feeling somewhat enlightened and puzzled.

Alger, Fors, and company were either in thought, listening in relish, or pretending to be disinterested. Everyone had different reactions, but Cattleya was able to figure out that they didn't understand much about Vampires prior to this.

They are low- or mid-ranking members in their organizations or factions. They match the characteristics of being recently pulled into the Tarot Club and at the stage of rapidly advancing… The World didn't react. Either he's very staid, or he long knew of the matter regarding Vampires, or both… After repeated observations, I have to admit that The World is the Tarot Club member that needs to have the most attention paid to and be guarded against…

Audrey listened with great interest as she thought over it carefully. As though she was attending a family education class, she raised her hand slightly.

"Ma'am Hermit, why are the Sequences in the Moon pathway seemingly unrelated?"

The Hermit Cattleya looked at Miss Justice and discovered that the dress and accessories she wore were completely different from the last gathering. There was no repeat, but it exuded her luxurious and noble bearing.

As her mind went adrift, she seemed to see the portrait of the Queen back when she was young. Every piece of clothing she wore was completely different. The same set of clothing was never worn a second time at a formal event.

After a moment of silence, Cattleya said, "A pathway's Sequence doesn't necessarily need to be related or superficially connected. The common trait is that this pathway corresponds to the god's domain. For example, the Moon represents spirituality, plants, beauty, parts of life, parts of darkness, and parts of mystery. Therefore, this pathway has Apothecary of the plant domain, Vampire of the life domain, and Beast Tamer of the intersection of life and spirituality."

"Sanguine!" Emlyn White emphasized and lifted his chin slightly. "This should be why us Sanguine are very handsome and beautiful."

No, that's not the case. The vampires I've seen are all disgusting and ferocious… Derrick retorted weakly in his heart.

It can be explained in such a manner? It's quite different from Captain's and Daly's explanations… Different pathways represent the domain possessed by a Sequence 0… Or could it be that the two combined is the most accurate answer? I wonder what the domains the Sequence 0 of the Seer pathway represents. From the symbol behind my chair, it represents

strangeness and change? Klein's expression didn't change as his mind whirled.

Audrey easily understood Ma'am Hermit's explanation and couldn't help but guess the name of her pathway's Sequence 0.

It's definitely Dragon. There are many species of dragons. Many powers are not contained within this pathway. It's closer to the domain represented by the mind dragon…

I wish Mr. Fool can quickly find the Card of Blasphemy of this corresponding pathway…

That Groselle's Travels originates from dragons. I wonder if it has anything to do with a mind dragon…

At this moment, Emlyn asked as a form of validation, "That is to say that to successfully become a Sanguine Viscount, I similarly have to act as a Potions Professor, even if I'm a favorite of the Moon?"

My dear Emlyn, I know you are trying to bring attention to the latter half of your sentence… Klein nearly reached out his right hand to pinch his chin.

This was also one of the reasons why he had entrusted Miss Magician to check for abnormalities in Williams Street. He ultimately felt that Emlyn White, a vampire who didn't enjoy going out or socializing, was rather unreliable at present. Another reason was that he knew that he was being controlled by the Sanguine's upper echelons in secret. Getting him to head to Williams Street made it easy to expose the matter regarding the underground ruins.

"Yes." Cattleya nodded.

The exchange continued, and as it came to a close, Audrey seemed to recall something. She turned her body and looked towards the end of the long bronze table.

"Mr. Fool, the second round of the Civil Servant Unified Examination officially ends today. What's left is the final interview."

Her tone was brisk and with clear delightful emotions. It was like an excellent student reporting her results to her parents.

From her point of view, the Civil Servant Unified Examination was a suggestion raised by Mr. Fool in passing. She had pushed forward the idea via inconspicuous methods, the first time she had attempted to use her Beyonder powers to change reality. Therefore, she had always paid great attention to it, often reporting the situation to the suggester.

The second round of the examinations are over? I wonder if Benson can pass and have the opportunity of entering the final interview… Klein leaned back and suddenly felt wistful.

He nodded slightly and said with a smiling tone, "Not bad."

Audrey, who had been praised by Mr. Fool, became happier. She felt that she was indirectly changing the fates of many people, allowing people who were stuck in the lower and middle classes to have a chance at entering the middle and upper classes.

When Cattleya heard this exchange, she couldn't help but frown. She felt that this was very different from the style the Tarot Club had previously shown.

Could it be that the reforms of the past half a year in the Loen Kingdom were a result of the Tarot Club's turning of the wheels? As a young noble lady, Miss Justice played an important role? If that's the case, I have to reevaluate my views… Although the members aren't of a high Sequence and are low-ranking members of their organizations, they're still able to influence the situation of the world to a certain extent? Cattleya retracted her gaze and considered whether she wanted to use her different resource channels to figure out the backstory of Loen Kingdom's reforms.

After a few minutes of exchanges, The Fool Klein announced the end of the Gathering.

While Miss Justice and company got up to express their farewells, he severed the connection and leaned back into his seat. He silently watched the endless grayish-white fog around him for a very long while.

…

Backlund. In a coffee shop next to King's Avenue.

Melissa was holding a porcelain teaspoon as she gently stirred the black tea which had a lemon in it. From time to time, she would turn her head to look out into the faint fog.

Her black veiled hat was sitting beside her. Placed in front of her was a plate of the cheapest toast, but she hadn't taken a single bite.

She originally imagined that she would anger the coffee shop's owner for sitting there all this while, preventing him from earning more. But she later discovered that there were many people waiting for the end of the test opposite the road like her.

As seconds turned into minutes, the water condensing on the glass windows grew thicker. Melissa couldn't help but extend her hand to clean up a relatively clear spot.

Finally, she saw a bunch of people surge out of the test venue. The glass-inlaid wooden door of the coffee shop was pushed open as about eight men and women entered.

Just as Benson took off his rather old top and before he could smooth his rather high hairline with his fingers, he discovered his sister standing as she asked nervously, "How did you do, uh—Were the questions tough today?"

"It might've been considered difficult for others, but it was a piece of cake for me. Mathematics is my forte." Benson looked around and saw everyone discussing it without noticing him. Hence, he chuckled. "After the test ended, I saw quite a number of people with blank sheets. Do they think a low-ranking civil servant will have a mathematics secretary? If that's the case, what's the difference between hiring a curly-haired baboon and them?"

Melissa heaved a secret sigh of relief and looked to her side before turning her head back.

"Benson, if you're really confident, you should consider the matter regarding the interview.

"You need to buy a new decent set of clothes."

"Let's leave that to tomorrow. We should celebrate today. I've already decided on the restaurant." Benson smiled as he pointed outside.

Melissa pursed her lips and looked at her elder brother in an extremely serious manner.

"I've already bought the meat and vegetables."

Benson locked his gaze with his sister for a few seconds before moving it away in submission.

"Alright, let's go home."

…

Above the gray fog, Klein gradually found his train of thought and calmed his emotions. He began considering how to separate the True Creator's mental corruption of the All-Black Eye.

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CHAPTER 596
CLUE

In the majestic palace with stone columns propping it up, Klein sat in a high-back chair as he lightly tapped the corner of the long mottled table. He first eliminated the method of seeking a Sequence 4 Unshadowed from the Sun pathway.

This was because he had almost zero contact with the Church of the Eternal Blazing Sun. It was very difficult for him to find help from anyone. Secondly, he suspected that an Unshadowed was unlikely to be capable of cleansing the mental corruption in the All-Black Eye. After all, The Hermit Cattleya's suggestion was directed at remnant influences by an ordinary Rampager, and not the True Creator!

Seeking the help of an angel or true god's power isn't realistic either. In theory, I can use the mysterious space above the gray fog to perform a divination on the Eternal Blazing Sun and use "His" help to shatter the All-Black Eye and evaporate the mental corruption, but the problem lies with the fact that an experienced "Him" might be able to use this opportunity to invade this place and take over the gray fog. If that happens, it wouldn't be worth it…

And when a power than exceeds my level an unknown number of times instantly comes into effect, there's no delay. It targets me, and I'll have no time to redirect it to the All-Black Eye. I will lack the ability to control the situation.

Also, it's not like I can divine it as I wish. I need a medium. I previously used the mutated Sun Sacred Emblem, which had the Eternal Blazing Sun's divine blood in it, as well as the ear that was corrupted by the True Creator.

Currently, the mediums I have are Mr. Door and the Hidden Sage. I can use the ravings that Miss Magician hears during the full moon, as well as knowledge's pursuit of Admiral of Stars to make an attempt. But similarly, the counterattack isn't directed at the All-Black Eye, and I don't have the means to divert the attack.

Mr. Azik has yet to recover. Snake of Fate Will Auceptin has yet to be born. From the looks of it, I can't find an angel to help me either. Sigh, I still know too few high-ranking figures… Right, there's also something akin to an angel, the evil spirit in the ruins under Backlund that's suspected to be King of Angels Medici! But that fellow is scheming with unknown plots and malicious intent. Unless there's no other method, I will not consider it.

Yes, taking the risk isn't worth it at all. If that's the case, I might as well give up on the All-Black Eye and search for the main ingredients of a Nimblewright Master. It's only the dust of ancient wraiths and the core crystal of a six-winged gargoyle. It's even possible that the former can be found in the Underworld!

In that case, performing a new search is a viable choice, while finding a mystical item that's similar to the Blood Vessel Thief is another choice. With the gray fog shielding me, I can use its theft abilities to its full extent. I'll definitely be able to separate the True Creator's mental corruption from the All-Black Eye, and I wouldn't be afraid that it would return.

The easiest method is to throw the corrupted mystical item far away once the theft is completed. Then, I'll bring the pure All-Black Eye back to the real world, causing the "physical" separation of the two items.

Well… How am I to find a similar mystical item? Mr. Hanged Man didn't say anything after seeing the methods, which implies that he doesn't know either. However, I can ask at the next Tarot Gathering. Ma'am Hermit, Miss Magician, Miss Justice, Little Sun, and Emlyn White all have their corresponding information and resource channels…

I can try searching for it myself this week. I'll start with Vice Admiral Iceberg. Her third mate, Flowery Bow Tie Jodeson, has Beyonder powers that can steal. Perhaps he might know where there might be similar mystical items.

Klein's thought process gradually cleared up as he formulated an initial plan.

He first performed a divination before rapidly returning to the real world. He got out of the decadent state of laying slump in the reclining chair drinking beverages and reading newspapers as he quickly set up a ritual.

It was still three candles, but the difference was the symbol he drew. It was the Sacred Emblem of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom—an omniscient eye on an open book. The ritual's silver dagger also switched to a brass knife. In mysticism, the blue star corresponded to the God of Knowledge and Wisdom, and the metal that belonged to the blue star's domain was mercury and brass.

Klein had long considered the problem of contacting Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina Edwards. Therefore, he prepared a set of Soulfall Ritual materials. After a series of processes, he burned the corresponding herb powder, and he dripped the extract and essence from lavender and mint.

Amidst the faint, clear, and mysterious fragrance, Klein took a step back and used ancient Hermes to recite an incantation.

"I pray for the power of knowledge;

"I pray for the power of rationality;

"I pray for the God of Wisdom's loving grace;

"I pray that you allow me to communicate with the spirit of Edwina Edwards, the teacher who pursues knowledge, the researcher of spirit world creatures, Vice Admiral Iceberg of the seas, who hails from Lenburg."

…

Klein's voice reverberated as the altar instantly turned gloomy and cold. Be it the brass knife or the metallic bottles, all of them floated up.

It succeeded. The Golden Dream is still within 500 nautical miles… Klein first felt a sense of delight before he saw the flames of the three candles lengthen. They were tainted with a pale white with a hint of dark green.

He knew that the Soulfall Ritual was essentially to free his body and allow the target's Astral Projection to possess him to establish an effective communication channel. He would be lacking in the necessary protection, making it easy to be attacked by the target of the Soulfall Ritual. Therefore, he had divined ahead of time to determine the danger from this matter. Besides, after meeting and conversing with her, he believed that Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina wasn't a person with malicious intent. He temporarily found her trustworthy.

At this moment, the wind within the wall of spirituality produced mournful sounds. Klein only felt an ice-cold power descend upon him from the void in an attempt to enter his body.

Then, he was surprised to discover that it wasn't like he expected. He had the necessary strength to resist and control himself instead of being possessed by her!

What's happening? Just as he had the thought, he began to see a faint, formless gray fog around him.

This was a trait he possessed after advancing to Faceless. The power of the gray fog was able to slightly leak into reality!

Amidst his racing mind, Klein didn't hesitate to wave his arm. He pointed to a coat hanging on a coat rack, throwing the ice-cold power onto it.

The black tweed coat on the coat rack strangely floated up as the arms raised up, looking somewhat clumsy.

It was as though an invisible person was wearing his coat!

The black coat floated two meters forward before coming to a pause.

The two sleeves raised up and formed an ×.

What does that mean? Klein was taken aback before he realized what Vice Admiral Iceberg meant.

Without a mouth, I can't speak! Without hands, I can't write!

This is awkward… Klein thought for a moment and directly said, "I need a mystical item that can steal the Beyonder powers of others. Ma'am, might I know if you have one?

"If you don't, can you ask your third mate for me? Flowery Bow Tie Jodeson?

"The corresponding answer can be written in a letter. Summon my messenger to send it over."

The black coat's sleeves spread out and motioned with a lowering gesture.

Following that, it lost its soul and fell to the ground, no longer appearing as straight as before.

That means "yes?" Klein sighed silently and quickly ended the ritual. He hung up the black coat and used a brush and handkerchief to clean it.

Then, he wrote a letter and asked Mr. Azik a similar question.

He summoned the messenger by blowing the copper whistle. After the letter was taken away, Klein attempted the third method with great drive.

He took out the paper crane from his wallet and carefully spread it out. He wrote with a pencil on it: "Might I ask where I can get a mystical item that can steal the Beyonder powers of others?"

Putting down the pencil, Klein restored the paper crane according to its lines. He was quite pleased with his improvement at handicraft.

…

In the evening, after Klein browsed through the prayers of his believers, he returned to the real world and went to the washroom to enjoy a rather comfortable hot bath.

This allowed him to quickly fall asleep after entering his bed. This continued until he suddenly sensed an external force invading his dream.

It was the same desolate plains with the towering pitch-black steeple. With familiarity, Klein passed through the doors and walls until he entered deep inside the tower.

There was still a deck of tarot cards scattered here. They surrounded a central protrusion as though they were making a declaration. However, as a Seer, Klein could only interpret it as chaotic and contradictory.

On the protruded area, the text had already changed. The silver words formed three sentences.

The first line wrote: "I'm only a child that has yet to been born."

Klein's expression froze as though he was hearing an infant cry, "Please, I beg you. Don't make things difficult for me. Such communication is very tiring…”

The second line was equally succinct.

"The clue lies in you."

The third line was: "Don't ask me what the clue is because I have no idea either."

That is to say that Snake of Fate Will Auceptin can foresee a clue on me, but he is unable to foresee what it is exactly… That feels like a charlatan's divination. No, I can't say so. I can't include myself in such criticism… Klein remembered the information and exited the dream before returning back to sleep until daybreak.

After breakfast, he began recalling the items and matters he had experienced before to seek out the so-called clue.

At this moment, his spiritual perception was triggered as he quickly activated his Spirit Vision.

The skeleton messenger remained huge, but unlike the last time, its head didn't pass through the ceiling.

This was because it had spewed up from the floor, so half its head was in the level below.

In such a situation, it looked at Klein at his eye level and placed the return letter on his palm.

Seeing the messenger crumble like a falling waterfall, Klein was taken back. He muttered, feeling both angry and amused, *So you do know some manners!*

You're getting more considerate after all!

You've changed greatly after knowing that you wouldn't be transferred to me…

Klein rapidly retracted his gaze and opened the letter to read Mr. Azik's reply.

“…Stealing the Beyonder powers of others is from the Marauder pathway. In the Fourth Epoch, it belonged to the Amon family, the Zoroast family, and the Jacob family… They seldom appeared after the War of the Four Emperors. Rumor has it that some of their members have formed an alliance and call themselves Hermits of Fate.

"I can't remember any further. You can try attacking from the angle of the descendants of these three families."

Amon… So a Blasphemer refers to this pathway? The Jacob family was one of the five Angel Families of the Tudor Dynasty. It was equal to Abraham, Amon, Antigonus, and Tamara. As for the Zoroast family, it's from the Solomon Empire… Hermits of Fate. Fate, Hermit… The clue lies in me… Klein suddenly sat up and recalled an item.

It was the mysterious badge from Lanevus. The symbols on it were none other than that of fate and concealment!

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CHAPTER 597
KLEIN'S PLAN

Lanevus is likely a Sequence 8 Swindler. This happens to be from the Marauder pathway. It's not incomprehensible or unacceptable that he would have the "admission ticket" to the corresponding gathering. On the contrary, it's very logical… Purchasing a mystical item, which can steal the Beyonder powers of others, at a gathering with the Hermits of Fate is definitely much easier than other circles… From the looks of it, this is the so-called clue Will Auceptin mentioned… Klein sat by the edge of the bed and suddenly brightened up.

He hurriedly set up a ritual to summon himself and went above the gray fog to bring back the eyeball-sized badge to the real world.

On the front of the badge was a symbol that depicted fate and concealment, and behind it was a ring of tiny and compact words in ancient Hermes: "You can join if you have this item."

Klein was just about to inject his spirituality to activate the badge and send out the "information" to synchronize it with the latest gathering time and location when he suddenly turned hesitant.

…How careless am I. I actually forgot to divine if doing so will be dangerous! If that gathering has Lanevus's demigod senior and he uses it to lock onto me, that will be troublesome. It's just like how Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy was able to quickly find a Demoness of Unaging to help her. I must take precautions… A person should be rash when the time calls for it, and be a coward when necessary! Klein smacked his forehead and cautiously returned to the mysterious space above the gray fog where he used spirit dowsing to perform a divination.

After receiving a revelation that there wasn't any danger, he breathed a sigh of relief and left the gray fog. He then sat in the reclining chair in his inn room.

With the injection of his spirituality, the badge emitted a blurry luster and quickly condensed into an inconspicuous light beam, shooting out into the air.

Before long, the same light beam returned and dispersed, transforming into a palm-sized piece of illusory goatskin parchment. On it was written the words in ancient Feysac: "6 June 1350, 9 p.m. at the Tussock River's estuary."

That's another four more months… With this much time, it wouldn't be a problem for me to find the Nimblewright Master's main ingredient all over again. The only obstacle is a lack of money, but that's not too difficult. I now have a wealth of 6,945 pounds. I should have more than enough after selling another one or two Beyonder characteristics. Besides, there are so many moving bounties at sea, no… I can't be so conceited. I have to eliminate the Four Kings and the Seven Admirals… What kind of clue is this? Klein leaned forward, arched his back, and began thinking hard.

As he thought about the gathering of the Hermits of Fate, he suddenly thought of someone: Leonard Mitchell!

My dear poet had participated in the Hermits of Fate gathering in Babur Valley. Regardless of his goal, whether it's for official work or private matters, there's a possibility of him obtaining a mystical item that can steal the Beyonder powers of others… I can borrow it from him or buy it through him? This is the real clue? Klein felt energized as he quickly came up with a rough plan.

First step. Place the radio transceiver above the gray fog to accumulate its aura;

Second step, use the radio transceiver to contact Arrodes a few days later;

Third step, ask it where I can, with relative ease, obtain mystical items that can steal the Beyonder powers of others;

If the answer is very clear, the fourth step will follow what the information says, easily completing my goal. If the answer is vague or fraught with danger, the fourth step can be to ask my dear poet's present location.

The fifth step is to get Emlyn White to take this badge to find my dear poet to see if he has any corresponding items and if it's possible to do a transaction. I won't appear in person, for I might end up being recognized. That will similarly make it very troublesome. As for Emlyn, he's presently considered someone from the Church of Earth Mother, no—considered a ghost of the Church of Earth Mother. To get him to initiate first-contact, even if he were reported by my dear poet or ends up captured on the spot, he wouldn't be framed or put up for torture.

With the plan on what to do and how to proceed, Klein immediately felt refreshed. In his good mood, he decided to head out to eat a Bayam delicacy—roasted fish.

…

Above the blue sea, the Golden Dream, which was sparkling thanks to the setting sun's golden rays, was silently cruising forward.

Receiving his captain's permission, Danitz apprehensively walked into her room with his head up as people stared at him with envy.

Bookshelves filled the room and on top of them were different books.

Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina stood in front of a desk as she held a black fountain pen in her hand. She quickly wrote the following: “…I do not have similar items. Same for Jodeson. He says he will help you look out for it, but that will require you to be sufficiently lucky."

Edwina raised her head and turned her clear, aqueous blue eyes to look at Danitz.

"You, hold the ritual, the ritual to summon Gehrman Sparrow's messenger."

At that moment, Danitz was wondering if he would receive any special treatment from his captain, but when he heard that, he pointed at himself in astonishment. "Me?"

"Yes." Edwina folded the letter, straightened her body, and nodded. "This can help you familiarize yourself with similar rituals. In the future, I'll be testing you on this."

"Alright…" Danitz hid his disappointment as he tried his best to recall the procedure as he slowly set up the ritual that only needed one candle.

Finally, under Edwina's watch, he took out a shiny Loen gold coin and placed it on the altar.

After taking the letter, Danitz ran through the subsequent ritual in his mind twice before he dared to do it.

He took a step back and said in ancient Hermes, "I!

"I summon in my name:

"The spirit that wanders about the unfounded, the friendly creature that can be subordinated, the messenger that belongs to Gehrman Sparrow."

Whoosh!

The wind howled in the wall of spirituality, sending Danitz's yellow hair flailing upwards.

The flame rapidly burgeoned to the size of a human's head. It was as pale as the letter in Danitz's hand.

Soon, Danitz saw long blonde hair, bloodshot eyes, and a gorgeous head appear.

Hiss. Gehrman Sparrow's messenger is very unique. How can a spirit world creature look like a human, and it's so beautiful at that. She's just slightly inferior to Captain, uh… Danitz suddenly choked because he discovered that the head didn't have a neck underneath. Furthermore, it was held up by a pigtail with a hand.

He looked in a daze as one head after another appeared. he saw the headless figure dressed in a complicated dress appear before him.

She's indeed a creature from the spirit world… He felt ashamed for having those thoughts.

Taking a deep breath, Danitz hurriedly handed over the letter and saw one of the beautiful heads open its mouth to bite at it with pearly-white teeth.

At this moment, Reinette Tinekerr's other head bit on the gold coin on the altar.

However, she didn't immediately leave. The four bloodshot eyes on other two heads darted towards Edwina Edwards who was outside the wall of spirituality. She sized her up a few times.

Edwina felt herself being observed, and it made it impossible to contain the horror that ensued.

Reinette Tinekerr retracted her gaze as her body turned illusory, fusing into the white candlelight.

The flame lit up again as the colors spread outwards. Everything had restored to normal.

Just as Danitz removed the wall of spirituality, he heard his captain say in a deep voice, "That's not an ordinary creature from the spirit world…”

Not an ordinary creature from the spirit world? Danitz was stunned.

He knew that his captain's profession was a researcher of spirit world creatures. If she said it wasn't ordinary, it definitely wasn't one. It was far more extraordinary than ordinary!

Gehrman Sparrow really is a man with many secrets… Danitz reflected.

…

Backlund, Cherwood Borough.

Fors mustered every fiber in her body before she triumphed over the laziness brought from the fireplace. She switched to a thick dark blue cotton dress, wrapped a light gray scarf around her, and wore a warm lady's hat. In the not-too-cold temperatures, aside from the cold that seeped into her bones thanks to the prevailing fog, she took a carriage to Williams Street.

She took in the cold air and told herself that this was a common excursion for an author to gather material outside. There was no need for her to be nervous or appear abnormal.

Taking a few steps forward, Fors entered a coffee shop and sat by the window. As she drank the thick, warm liquid, she observed the pedestrians and the houses across the road.

There's nothing abnormal. There's no fighting or theft at all… This is a place where the rich live, so the security is much better than East Borough… Heh, I can still see someone from Feysac. He's really tall and muscular, like a bear. He also has companions… Haha, are those people from Intis? They really wear exaggerated clothes, it's like they're acting in a play… Backlund is indeed the Capital of Capitals. I can meet many foreigners here… Fors gradually forgot her goal and opened up a notebook to record down material for her novel.

After she finished her coffee, she circled the street and left after finding nothing peculiar. She planned to come again on Thursday.

…

After taking Edwina's reply letter from Reinette Tinekerr's "hands," Klein watched as the messenger vanished, confirming that she hadn't asked for an additional gold coin.

From the looks of it, using a gold coin as a ritual material works… He smiled, feeling pleased with himself as he opened the letter.

With a fruitless answer, he planned on going out to walk the streets to find a chance to engage in true acting so as to conclude the principles.

At this moment, he heard knocking at the door. It was Captain Elland.

Klein silently opened the door and said, "I was just about to look for you."

Elland chuckled and said, "There's no need. As long as you register a place with your identity, I'll be able to know where you're staying."

The governor-general's office and the military have quite good control on the inns after all… Klein nodded without a word.

Elland turned his body halfway and pointed at the corridor.

"I'll bring you to see someone.

"The White Agate is about to return to Pritz Harbor. If you need help or have any information to provide, you can find him. We're often generous when it comes to payment."

This was what Klein had previously mentioned to him before.

"Alright." Klein reached out to the coat rack.

After wearing his coat, Elland led him straight to the Amyris Leaf Bar and to a corner inside.

…

In the basement of the Amyris Leaf Bar.

Wormtongue Mithor King looked at Strongman Ozil opposite him and asked, "Have you gathered the recent intel about Blazing Danitz?"

"Yes," Ozil said with a smile. "Last week, Blue Eyes Meath saw Blazing Danitz with an unknown adventurer."

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CHAPTER 598
WINDFALL

In a corner of the Amyris Leaf Bar.

Elland found a man wearing a coffee-colored jacket, patted him on the shoulder, and laughed.

"Why aren't you drinking Lanti Proof?"

The man was in his thirties, having a rather common face. It was obvious that he had Loen blood running through his veins.

He had brown hair and eyes, with a somewhat high nose bridge. His tipsy appearance instantly vanished as his eyes turned sharp.

He swept a glance at Elland and Klein before his eyes turned turbid again. He said, sounding completely intoxicated, "I've already drunk. I'm drinking Zarhar to lessen the effects of the alcohol."

Zarhar was a locally-produced malt beer. It was cheap and tasted quite good.

Elland chuckled and pointed at Klein.

"Gehrman Sparrow."

Then, he introduced the man to Klein, "Oz Kent. You can call him Kent.

"Chat amongst yourselves. I'll have to return to make preparations. I'll be setting off early, tomorrow morning."

He waved his hand and left without any hesitation.

Klein pulled over a nearby chair and sat down. He didn't get any alcohol as he expressionlessly looked at Oz Kent.

The staring made Kent feel extremely uncomfortable as he downed a mouthful of Zarhar and said, "Find me if there's anything in the future. You'll be paid as long as you provide any intel of value, or if you help us do certain things."

He wasn't worried that the drunkards around them would hear their conversation, as many gangs and pirate crews would say the same thing. The words used to rope in informants were usually the same.

"Alright." Klein had the strong urge to ask if he could be reimbursed for dressing up as Helene to assassinate Vice Admiral Ailment despite it being paid by Danitz.

However, it was just a thought.

Oz Kent chuckled while appearing completely drunk.

"I heard Elland mention some things about you, but I have to remind you that one shouldn't be too crazy out at sea. You need to take note and try your best not to provoke the pirates. What I mean is to not fight them head-on. Privately providing us information would be fine. We will keep it a secret for you."

This time, he had clearly suppressed his voice.

Seeing no response from Gehrman Sparrow, he added, "Pirates wouldn't bother with any chivalrous code, nor will they abide by the kingdom's laws and rules. *Burp*. If you have a family at different port cities or some island colony, they'd definitely be capable of attacking your family."

Family… Klein fell silent for a second before calmly saying, "I do not have a family."

"…" Oz Kent was nearly at a loss for words. All he could do was say, "They will also attack your friends."

Then, he heard Gehrman Sparrow reply in an unperturbed tone, "I do not have friends."

"…" Oz Kent instantly choked up. He subconsciously drank a mouthful of Zarhar beer to calm himself.

After coughing twice, he said in a deep voice, "They will also ambush you. They will also bribe people to learn about your schedule and intercept your ship. At sea, a single person's strength is often so inconsequential."

Klein said rather calmly, "I wouldn't reject them from giving me money.

"That's basic courtesy."

Giving money? Oz Kent was clearly taken aback as he found Gehrman Sparrow's words incomprehensible.

A few seconds later, he realized that the man was treating pirates as mobile bounties.

He drank mouthful after mouthful of beer, momentarily at a loss for words.

…

In the basement of the Amyris Leaf Bar.

"An unknown adventurer?" Wormtongue Mithor King's mind stirred as he sat straight up.

Strongman Ozil nodded.

"According to Blue Eyes Meath, that adventurer is new. He likely hasn't been to the archipelago for long, but Meath felt that he was considerably dangerous."

Considerably dangerous? Could he be the person who killed Steel Maveti and company with Blazing Danitz? Could it be the person who disguised himself as Helene to attack Captain? Mithor immediately made certain connections as he asked with a deep voice, "Do you have his photograph or a portrait?"

Ozil beckoned to a subordinate and received a piece of white paper.

"We used a ritual to get Blue Eyes Meath to draw the unknown adventurer's appearance. As you know, it's different having a firm footing in Bayam's underground world than being a successful pirate. I need supporting members. Sigh, to hire them, I spent quite a bit of money."

Mithor could read between the lines as he chuckled.

"As long as you get to the bottom of this matter, Captain wouldn't be stingy with her reward."

He took the portrait, spread it out, and discovered a cold-looking man with black hair and brown eyes. His face was slightly thin, and he had a cut face. He wore a black double-breasted frock coat and a half top hat.

Never seen him before. It's impossible to confirm if he's the person who disguised himself as Helene… Mithor raised his head and said, "Find out his identity and whereabouts."

"I've already instructed my men to do it," Strongman Ozil said with a deep laugh.

The two fell silent at the same time as they drank their Southville red wine.

A few minutes later, a bar bouncer entered and broke the silence.

He glanced at Wormtongue Mithor, leaned in towards his boss's ear, and whispered.

Ozil's expression instantly turned odd as an unconcealed smile appeared.

He put down the wine glass and said after pausing, "That unknown adventurer has been found."

"Where is he?" Mithor asked.

Ozil pointed upstairs.

"At this very bar."

Mithor looked up at the ceiling and remained silent for a few seconds.

"I'll go up to verify."

He believed that having had some interaction with the disguised Helene, he had a general understanding of the man's abilities. He believed that no matter how good the man was at disguising himself, he would definitely feel a sense of familiarity; therefore, he decided to confirm it himself.

According to his usual habits, he wouldn't have taken such initiative and would instead perform an investigation from the outskirts. Only with enough confidence would he get himself involved. But this time, he wasn't too convinced of Ozil's subordinate. If it was really the person who disguised himself as Helene, he would immediately change his appearance and identity and vanish once he noticed something was amiss.

Besides, Mithor knew that he was presently being punished by his captain. He had to quickly perform a deed of merit in order to return to the Black Death.

Sigh, regardless if I was lacking in ability or not being careful enough, the outcome cannot be changed. I was fooled by that disguise and brought

"her" onto the Black Death, nearly killing Captain…

If it were Qilangos, he wouldn't have spared me. Heh, he has always been very greedy. He had long thirsted for my Beyonder powers…

*Captain didn't believe that I had been in cahoots with the assassin simply because Qilangos could also change his appearance with Creeping Hunger. She didn't summon people to surround and kill me. She only sent me to Bayam to investigate this matter. She's already being forgiving enough… Compared to Qilangos, she is truly a captain worthy of being loyal to. I have to quickly provide some meritorious service and find an excuse to contact her, so as to live up to her treatment towards me. *As Mithor King got up and walked out, he couldn't help but have these thoughts churn through his mind.

Although he was a pirate who had killed countless and had plundered countless ships, he had a soft spot in his heart. Besides, he didn't notice that he was being constantly mesmerized by Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy via prolonged interactions with her. His fondness for her had seeped deep into his bones. Even if Ailment Maiden didn't have helpers, he wouldn't have resisted, kneeling down and kissing her toes at her behest.

Of course, this didn't affect his fantasies of doing countless deeds with Tracy. If he had the chance, he believed he would take the initiative to do so even if he didn't get her permission.

As a pirate, he had done such things plenty of times.

When he went upstairs, Mithor King followed the guidance of Ozil's subordinates and circled halfway around the bar's walls. From afar, he saw the unknown adventurer sitting in the corner.

Identical to the portrait… but I don't feel any familiarity… Is it because his disguise is sufficiently good, or is he someone else, for example, Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina? She can mimic the Beyonder powers of those she had seen before. It's not impossible for her to change appearance like

Qilangos… Mithor's gaze paused for two seconds before he cautiously retracted it.

But at this moment, Klein's spiritual intuition as a Seer told him that someone was observing him.

Without concealing anything, Klein immediately turned to look back. He saw a man with short eyebrows, deep eye sockets, and bronze eyes.

Wormtongue Mithor King… Third mate of Vice Admiral Ailment's flagship, Black Death… Klein instantly recognized the person observing him.

Instantly, two thoughts flashed in his mind.

One of them was: *5,400 pound bounty!*

The other was: *Why is he observing me? He managed to find me by investigating Danitz?*

The military contact person, Oz Kent, discovered Gehrman Sparrow's abnormality as he traced his gaze. However, due to his angle, he was blocked by a few drunkards.

At this point in time, Klein already instinctively came up with a solution. It was to pretend that he didn't recognize Mithor King, retract his gaze, and get a cup of alcohol to drink. He could then secretly observe where he went, and then use his powers as a Faceless to infiltrate where Mithor hid himself before silently hunting him.

As this thought flashed past his mind, Klein suddenly discovered a problem.

That's me being myself.

But I'm now Gehrman Sparrow, a seemingly calm but crazy adventurer!

With this thought, he suddenly turned around, drew his revolver, and aimed at Wormtongue Mithor King inside the rowdy bar.

*Bang! *

A gunshot rang through the bar as many customers reflexively crouched down while hugging their heads. All of them were extremely experienced.

Many drunkards slumped to the ground, with more than ten people throwing themselves to the side or rolling on the ground to dodge. These series of actions were well-practiced. And Mithor King was one of them.

However, Klein didn't really pull the trigger, as he was afraid of injuring the innocent bystanders by mistake. There were many customers in between him and Mithor.

The gunshot stemmed from his powers of Illusion Creation!

At that moment, everything before him opened up as people crouched down. Hence, having aimed at Mithor, who had thrown himself sideways to the ground, he pulled the trigger this time.

*Bang! *

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CHAPTER 599
DRAGON MIGHT

*Bang! *

The brass bullet traversed past half the bar, flying straight for Wormtongue Mithor King's body.

But just as it was about to hit him, Mithor's brown eyes suddenly turned dark.

The bullet made a turn, and its trajectory was thrown upwards slightly as it accurately hit a glass cup filled with golden beer.

Amidst a loud noise, the glass instantly shattered, splashing beer everywhere.

At the same time, Mithor grabbed a cup from a customer, extended his arm, and threw it at Klein.

What's the point of that? Klein only dodged slightly to allow the glass cup to miss him, shattering onto the wall.

At this moment, Wormtongue Mithor immediately lunged forward and rolled, heading for the entrance to the basement. He attempted entry in order to get help or escape via a secret path.

He had initially confirmed that the unknown and crazy adventurer was the assassin, who had disguised as Helene and boarded the Black Death, targeting Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy.

Furthermore, his series of actions, which had nearly succeeded, told him that in a one-on-one situation, he wasn't a match for him!

This was a powerhouse at the pirate admiral level!

*Tap! Tap! Tap! *Klein quickly chased after Wormtongue Mithor.

He was fast and agile. Despite being inside the chaotic bar, he didn't step onto anyone.

Seeing that the bouncers in the basement were coming with revolvers in hand and how Mithor King was about to enter the basement with bouncers in the bar approaching, Klein didn't hesitate. He suddenly clenched his left hand.

The black glove was instantly covered with dense dark golden scales. His dark brown irises turned pale and became vertical.

Right on the heels of that, an invisible wave surged outwards with him as its epicenter.

In the areas where the wave passed, the customers who were holding their heads down turned limp or trembled. The military contact, Oz Kent, also clearly lost his sense of reason, as though he had encountered the most terrifying thing in the world. All he wanted to do was to escape.

The bouncers who had approached were no different. Extreme horror gripped their hearts as they ran around aimlessly, making the situation turn even more chaotic.

Clang! Clang! Clang! The bouncers in the basement threw away their weapons, either running to a corner and shrinking into a ball, or they were trembling on the spot, their crotches rapidly turning moist.

Wormtongue Mithor felt as though he was struck by lightning. In his fear, he began running in circles at the entrance.

This was a Psychiatrist's Awe, also known as Dragon's Might or Mass Chaos!

This was Klein's only crowd control Beyonder power!

At this moment, Klein's rapidly approaching figure didn't stop. In a few steps, he had arrived beside Mithor.

In that instant, a scene suddenly surfaced in his mind. Mithor, who looked to be lost in extreme horror, suddenly raised his head and swung his right fist over, aiming straight for Klein's head.

Without any thought, Klein fully trusted his Clown's intuition for danger. He immediately bent down and turned his body sideways.

Almost at the same time, Wormtongue Mithor suddenly raised his head. His brown eyes were dark and clear, without any sense of muddleheadedness.

At some moment in time, he had shaken off the effects of Dragon's Might!

This was something that exceeded Klein's expectations.

*Bang! *

Mithor's muscles bulged as he bent his back and threw a punch that resembled a cannonball. However, he didn't hit his expected target and instead hit the wall of the entrance.

Creak!

The spot where his fist connected threw up pulverized bricks. Quickly, a huge hole that seemed to be covered in a "spider-web" appeared. The entire bar seemed to shake.

The power of the punch was far stronger than a revolver's bullet!

But at this moment, Klein had already flashed behind him. His body straightened up again as his glove seemed to be covered in a layer of gold.

His brown eyes lit up with two flashes of lightning as they shot out like bullets.

Interrogator's Psychic Piercing!

"Ah!"

Mithor King let out a shrill cry, but he didn't fall to the ground. He rolled as he grimaced in pain, holding his arms to protect his head.

He soon magically recovered from the pain of Psychic Piercing, but he felt ice-cold metal at his forehead. He saw the cold and thin adventurer pull the trigger.

At such a close distance, even though Psychic Piercing's effects could only be maintained for a second, it was enough for Klein to raise his right arm and place the revolver's barrel at Wormtongue Mithor King's head!

*Bang! *

Mithor King's pleas shrank back from his half-agape mouth and into his throat as a picture seemingly formed of blood and white material appeared on the wall behind him. it was melancholic, fresh, and messy.

The luster in his eyes vanished as Mithor collapsed backward, leaning against the wall before sliding to the ground.

At noon on the 1st of February 1350, Wormtongue Mithor was hunted.

Klein glanced around at the chaotic bar and closed the door to the basement. He chained the door with the existing chains and forcibly made a knot.

He bent down and dragged Mithor King down a few steps, but he didn't directly enter.

As he was wary of enemies who might suddenly charge out from inside, he opened up his palm and aimed it at Wormtongue Mithor's corpse from above.

He had no qualms about Grazing the Black Death's third mate. He believed that he was definitely someone with heinous crimes to his name. Firstly, he was once a subordinate of Vice Admiral Hurricane Qilangos, and the deceased pirate admiral had once massacred an entire ship. He was a rather coldblooded person. It was simply obvious from what the Red Glove Nightmare inside Creeping Hunger had encountered. Secondly, Mithor was working for Vice Admiral Ailment, which was equivalent to working for the Demoness Sect. It was unknown how many cases of human trafficking he had been involved in.

Creeping Hunger restored its thin human skin appearance as his palm cracked open, producing two bloodshot eyes.

In an instant, a biting cold wind stirred in the entrance's passageway to the basement. It constantly spun around Wormtongue Mithor's corpse, slowly outlining a blurry figure with short eyebrows and deep eye sockets.

Black but undull points of light rapidly surged out of the corpse, combining with Mithor's Spirit Body. All of them were injected into Creeping Hunger, where an empty finger was waiting for it, forming a connection with the surroundings to a certain degree.

Creeping Hunger first went from a black color with a sinister and noble vibe before returning to its original state as it suffused its desire for flesh and blood.

Klein silently diverted his senses to it for a few seconds and was pleasantly surprised that the powers he received were rather useful. Although there

were only two, they were much better than the previous three he had obtained from the Zombie Sequence!

At this point, he learned that the Mid-Sequence Beyonder was a Sequence 6 Baron of Corruption from the Lawyer pathway. One of them came from a Baron of Corruption and the other came from the Sequence 7 Briber.

The former was Distortion. By distorting the target's words, actions, and intent, he could formulate a certain order that provided himself with an advantage, so as to achieve the goal of restraining and influencing his opponent.

The latter was Bribe, which was one of the various powers of a Briber. More accurately, it would be Bribe—Weaken.

The premise behind using this power was to give the target a certain item, then for a certain amount of time, greatly weaken the target's attacks, defense, and control over him.

Give the target a certain item? His act of throwing a cup of alcohol was considered a Bribe? As expected of the Black Emperor pathway. It finds loopholes in "order" while it appears domineering… It's no wonder my Dragon's Might and Psychic Piercing powers weren't as effective as I imagined them to be on Mithor. Even my bullet's strength was reduced. I thought that shot would've blown his entire head up… Klein came to a realization.

At the same time, he understood why he had involuntarily flown towards the Black Emperor where King of the Five Seas, Nast, was. It was because Nast had distorted his intent to proceed forward, making it impossible for him to stop.

Not bad at all… Klein lowered his head to steal a glance at Wormtongue Mithor's corpse before he went down to the basement.

He was trying to find some food for Creeping Hunger.

It was unknown whether it had to do with him throwing Creeping Hunger above the gray fog repeatedly, but Creeping Hunger wasn't as crazy anymore. It seemed to be able to bear with its hunger; therefore, Klein wasn't in a hurry. He slowly proceeded forward so as to be careful of encountering any accidents.

Before long, he saw Strongman Ozil leading his subordinates over. There were Beyonders and gunmen, and their numbers were sizable!

Klein's expression remained stoic as his black glove was covered in dark golden scales once again.

His irises turned light in color as they suddenly turned vertical. Invisible waves instantly surged forward.

Psychiatrist's Dragon's Might!

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CHAPTER 600
CLEARING THE PLACE

With Dragon's Might surging out, Strongman Ozil and his subordinates quaked on the spot, as though a gigantic hammer had struck them.

Suddenly, some of them ran in every direction, escaping aimlessly. Some kept going in circles on the spot, while others stood on the spot, trembling uncontrollably. There were all kinds of different reactions.

Unlike previously when he was afraid that Wormtongue Mithor would recover, making it necessary to make every second count, Klein had plenty of time to observe his surroundings at that moment. He instantly grasped the situation.

Different reactions stem from their mental fortitude and resilience. The weakest and most ordinary ones were the ones who ran wildly. Those with relatively stronger mental fortitude among the ordinary people would run about aimlessly. For Beyonders, who had their psyche enhanced, as well as ordinary people who had strong mental fortitudes, they would circle around on the spot, trying to escape but stopping themselves as well. The strong Beyonders with strong mental fortitude would stand on the spot as they tremble or go around in circles on the spot.

Those who suffer from incontinence as a result of fear belong to the escaping and avoiding group…

Klein swept his gaze and was about to raise his gun to shoot, making the enemies who could threaten him lose the ability to do combat.

At this moment, he discovered that a man who had been trembling on the spot had recovered the clarity in his eyes. He was about to escape the

influence of Awe, as for the others, they were also showing symptoms of recovering.

Considering how he didn't have the ability to finish all of them off in such a short period of time, and how a gunshot would jolt a number of them back to their senses, as well as how different Beyonders, when combining their different powers together, could cause him harm, Klein changed his mind and made the glove on his left palm be tainted with a sinister, reflective blackness.

His eyes turned dark as he forcefully distorted the intents of the people who were waking up.

The trembling man pounced forward suddenly. He could no longer resist his thoughts of fleeing. He ran straight for the secret exit, leaving his employer, Strongman Ozil, as a constantly shrinking back.

Klein rapidly switched between Psychiatrist and Baron of Corruption, using Dragon's Might followed by Distortion as he repeated this sequence. Soon, and he chased all the mentally Ozil's strong or resilient bouncers to the basement.

Although there was no way of comparing Creeping Hunger to a genuine Shepherd, switching between different souls required a certain amount of time to cooldown, Klein grasped this rhythm very well. He easily completed his goal while there were still some remnant effects from Dragon's Might.

However, he also discovered a problem. For certain targets, if they were repeatedly exposed to Dragon's Might and Awe within a short period of time, the effects would weaken with repeated use. Of course, most of Strongman Ozil's subordinates were already slumped on the ground after repeatedly being hit by Dragon's Might. They were pissing and defecating themselves, emitting a stench.

Dragon's Might and Distortion are quite a good combination… If Mithor hadn't tried to counterattack, he could've escaped with Bribe—Weaken and

Distortion, and I might not have necessarily been able to catch up to him and finish him off. Yes, that counterattack of his was very potent. There weren't any signs prior to it. If it wasn't due to a Seer and Clown's reliance on their spirituality and intuition, I might not have been able to use Paper Figurine Substitutes in time, much less talk about dodging the strike.

This reminds me that even though Creeping Hunger provides the combat strength of a Sequence 5, I shouldn't belittle other Sequence 6s. A careless mistake might have me killed…

Amidst his thoughts, Klein made the glove turn as though it was gilded. His eyes suddenly lit up with two bolts of lightning.

Strongman Ozil immediately cried out in pain as he couldn't bear it anymore. He crashed to the ground like a toppling mountain peak. He held his head as he struggled in pain like a catfish that had just been caught.

Unfortunately, I don't have Beyonder powers that can perform an area-of-effect attack. Otherwise, I'd be able to keep the other Beyonders back… I remember that there's a Lightning Storm in the Sea King's domain… However, such charms are of too high a level. It exceeds the realm of my knowledge… Klein swept his gaze across all the goons before unhurriedly walking to the basement.

This place was originally a market, but with everyone fleeing, it was empty.

Dressed in his double-breasted frock coat, Klein pulled a chair out from behind a stall. He placed it before Ozil and leisurely sat down. He leaned forward as he observed the boss of the Amyris Leaf Bar without a word.

After Ozil tumbled around for a while, he finally recovered from the pain that nearly made him lose control. However, he still suffered from a splitting headache.

He was just about to stand up when he saw a pair of pale-colored eyes that reflected pale gold light. He saw a glove covered in dark golden scales.

In that instant, cold sweat was still dripping from his forehead. He felt that one maelstrom after another was appearing in his eyes, sucking in all his attention.

Klein calmly asked, "Were you once a pirate?"

"Yes." Ozil realized that he had the strong intention of answering the man.

This was a Psychological Cue!

Klein asked again without a change in tone, "What deeds have you done in the past that violate the kingdom's laws?"

Ozil didn't hide anything from him. He simply explained what he had done as a pirate and as the boss of the Amyris Leaf Bar. It included his plundering of liners, raping female passengers, and killing the innocent. This included striking down competitors and kidnapping their family members, setting ambushes to sink an entire family to the bottom of the ocean.

Klein listened to all of this in silence, and the corners of his mouth curled up slowly. He clapped his left palm against his right hand and said, "What a competent pirate and passable gang boss."

Amidst his praise, he extended his left hand as a ferocious mouth opened up on the thin human skin.

Shrill screams resounded in the basement, but it stopped after a few seconds. All that was left were echoes.

Klein sat in his seat, watching silently as the bright points of light slowly gathered in front of him.

Around him, all the goons who were suffering from incontinence instinctively distanced themselves from him. As they crawled, they left stains on the ground.

Moments later, Klein slowly stood up. He bent down to pick up a pure spherical light that was the size of a baby's fist, as well as the wallet inside Ozil's clothes.

After stealing a glance at the thickness of the wad of cash, he put away the two items and holstered his revolver. He took off his half top hat and bowed at the trembling goons in the corner.

Klein checked the underground area after he was done with everything. To his regret, he didn't discover any items like a safe. All he could do was return via the passageway, pick up Wormtongue Mithor King's corpse, and walk to the entrance.

He paused for two seconds as the scene outside was naturally outlined in his mind. He discovered that the bouncers, who he imagined would attempt to open the door to provide help, had already disappeared.

The Dragon's Might from just now made them realize that it's a battle between Beyonders, so they retreated? As expected of a region where pirates are everywhere. Some ordinary people still have a chance of understanding about Beyonders… It seems such matters happen often here? Some fugitive suddenly gets arrested by the Mandated Punishers? Klein undid the metal chains and reached for Mithor King's pocket in passing and took his cash.

He held back the urge to count his earnings as he burned a paper figurine and threw it outside before opening the door to the entrance. He then walked out with Mithor's corpse.

At this moment, most of the customers in the bar were gone. There were only about eight people hiding in different spots to await the outcome.

Klein surveyed the area without any expression as he saw gazes frantically retract.

The only person who dared to look at him head-on was Oz Kent. he was frowning as he watched Gehrman Sparrow carry a corpse over slowly.

*Bang! *

The corpse flew in front of him, smashing over a table.

Oz Kent focused his gaze as his pupils instantly contracted.

Wormtongue Mithor King! Vice Admiral Ailment's third mate, Mithor King! He looked up in shock, stealing another glance at Gehrman Sparrow.

Klein revealed a faint smile.

"Remember my bounty."

With that said, he took his half top hat, bowed slightly as a form of bidding farewell, and turned to leave through the Amyris Leaf Bar's main door.

…

Bayam Harbor. On the White Agate.

Elland watched as the door to his captain's cabin was slammed open. He asked in surprise, "Kent, what happened?"

Oz Kent questioned him with a warped expression, "Elland, what kind of monster did you introduce me to?"

“…Gehrman Sparrow?" Elland returned with a question, feeling somewhat uncertain.

Oz Kent nodded.

"He killed Wormtongue and Strongman without batting an eye, right inside Amyris Leaf Bar, right in front of me! It didn't even take him five minutes!"

He felt like he was going crazy.

"Mithor King?" Elland asked, but he sounded like he was repeating the name to himself.

Then, he revealed a rueful smile.

"From the looks of it, we have to report to the higher-ups."

He didn't mention Blazing Danitz nor Steel Maveti's death.

"Alright!" Oz Kent was waiting for him to say that.

At three in the afternoon, inside a garden building near the governor-general's office.

Elland and Oz Kent were sitting in an elegantly decorated living room as they awaited the reply from an important figure.

After an unknown amount of time, a young man with neatly combed back blond hair walked down the staircase and said to the two, "The General says that since he temporarily doesn't show any animosity, we should honor the agreement and continue our cooperation from before. However, we must be careful. Send a telegram back to Backlund and secretly investigate his true identity and intentions here at sea.

"Also, spread the news that he killed Mithor King. To the pirates."

"Yes, Mr. Luan." After receiving clear instructions, Elland and Oz Kent immediately heaved a sigh of relief.

…

Inside the inn, Klein did a divination and counted his cash, confirming that he had received 327 pounds 9 soli 5 pence, and a Beyonder characteristic from a Sequence 8 Pugilist from the Warrior pathway.

This is also an item worth six to seven hundred pounds… Furthermore, there's Mithor's bounty. Even if I deduct the "labor fees," there will still be several thousand pounds. Heh, Oz Kent might not dare to take his cut… This is quite a good harvest. It's like a windfall! Klein thought in comfort before holding a ritual, sending Creeping Hunger up to the gray fog.

To be frank, he felt that Dragon's Might, Frenzy, and Psychological Cue were three rather useful Beyonder powers that he couldn't bear to part with. However, since he had already promised Miss Justice, he ultimately chose to abide by his promise.

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